MARVEL

SPIDER-MAN

BY TODD McFARLANE

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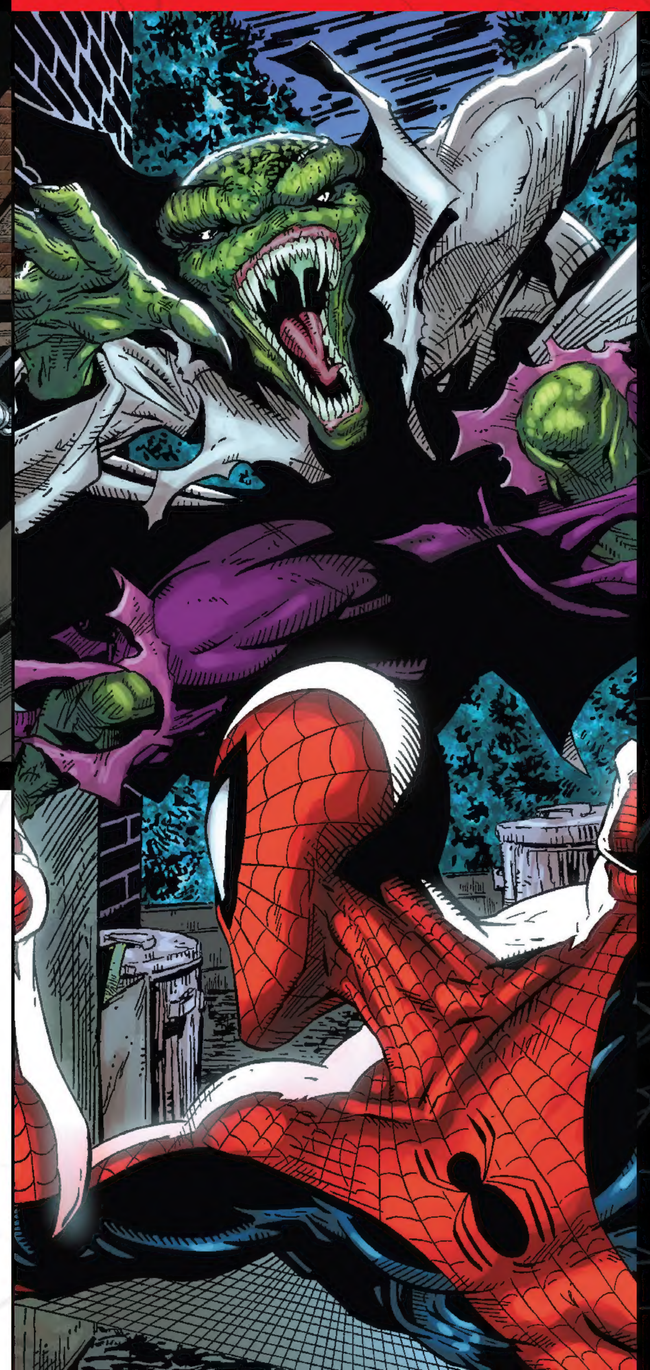
SPIDER-MAN

BY TODD McFARLANE



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1ST ALL-NEW COLLECTOR'S ITEM ISSUE!

SPIDER-MAN®

THE LEGEND OF THE ARACHKNIGHT

"TORMENT"

PART ONE OF FIVE

McFARLANE ?

THE CITY.

NEW YORK.

LITTERED WITH TOWERING CONCRETE GIANTS THAT SEEM TO SWALLOW UP THE SKY.

THEY ARE SILENT--

--FROZEN--

--MAN-MADE GUARDIANS.

BELOW IS WHERE THE CITY'S HEARTBEAT IS.

PEOPLE SCURRY ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS.

OBLIVIOUS TO THE CROWDS--

--THE CONGESTION--

--THE PRESSURE--

YET--

--AT TIMES, SOME WISH THEY COULD--

--RISE ABOVE IT ALL!

HIS NAME-- SPIDER-MAN!

HIS POWERS-- EXTRAORDINARY!

HIS WEBLINE-- ADVANTAGEOUS!

BELOW, THE PEOPLE CONTINUE TO SCURRY.

STAN LEE PRESENTS:

TORMENT

PART 1

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RICK PARKER
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TOM DeFALCO

SOON IT IS NIGHT.

A TIME FOR THE SCUM AND VERMIN TO PLAY AMONG THE SHADOWS.

I SAID GIMME THE PURSE.

LISTEN, LADY-- IF YA WANT ME TO POP YA IN THE FACE AGAIN--

please.

--THAT'S FINE BY ME--

--BUT, I'M TRYING TO BE NICE ABOUT THIS.

IT IS ALSO A TIME WHEN SHADOWS MOVE.

WHEN THINGS START TO CRAWL.

THINGS LIKE--

--SPIDERS.

DROP THE GUN--

--PUNK!

YOU'VE GOT THREE SECONDS TO LET--

SUCK ON THIS!

A SPIDER-SENSE DELIVERS THE WARNING.

ENHANCED REFLEXES--

-- TAKE CARE OF THE REST.

UNFORTUNATELY FOR THE PUNK--

OH, NO! NOW YOU HAVE ME MR. THUG!

KLIK

--HE FORGOT TO COUNT TO THREE.

THE PUNK BEGINS TO RUN.

HE MUST HAVE ALSO FORGOTTEN THAT BESIDES SPEED AND STRENGTH--

IDIOT.

--SPIDER-MAN HAS--

--HIS WEBLINE!

WHICH AGAIN, CAN BE ADVANTAGEOUS.

BEFORE I GO-- A LITTLE HELPFUL HINT-- BREATHE THROUGH YOUR NOSE.

`CAUSE THOSE WEBS CAN TASTE PRETTY HIDEOUS!

HEH-HEH

NEW YORK.

IN A DARKENED SANCTUARY--

--IT BEGINS.

DOOM
DOOM
DOOM
DOOM

THE PRIMAL BEAT OF DRUMS.

THE RITUAL FIRE POT.

DOOM

THE PRAYING TO SPIRITS.

DOOM

THE ALLEGIANCE TO THINGS MOST UNHOLY.

DOOM

MAGIC BEGINS TO REACH OUT.

RISE.

FURTHER.

DOOM

DOOMDOOM

--AND FURTHER.

UNTIL THE BLACKNESS STARTS TO BUBBLE.

ITS POWERS REACH INTO THE EAST RIVER--

SUMMONING THE EVIL WHICH LURKS BELOW.

BECKONING IT TO--

--RISE!

DOOMDOOM

SOHO.

HOME TO A YOUNG COUPLE.

HIS NAME--

--PETER PARKER.

HIS ALIAS--

--SPIDER-MAN.

HER NAME--

MARY JANE--

-- YOU KNOW, I JUST DON'T *GET* THESE SMALL-TIME CROOKS.

THEY *BAFFLE* ME.

I MEAN, ARE THESE GUYS SUCH *BIG CEMENT-HEADS*?!

I GUESS.

MARY JANE LISTENS.

DON'T THEY REALIZE I'VE BEEN *SPIDER-MAN* FOR A FEW YEARS NOW? I'VE HAD *HUNDREDS*-- PROBABLY *THOUSANDS*-- OF FIGHTS AGAINST DR. DOOM, HULK, THE GOBLINS, RHINO--

--RED SKULL--

--VENOM--

... AND LISTENS.

HECK, I EVEN HAD ONE AGAINST THANOS FOR GOD'S SAKE!

MAYBE I'M JUST TOO LOGICAL, BUT IF NONE OF THOSE GUYS COULD KILL ME, WHY DID THIS PUNK TONIGHT THINK THAT HE'D BE THE ONE?

THAT'S DUMB.

... AND LISTENS.

NOW, TELL ME IF I'M BEING RIDICULOUS, BUT DON'T YOU THINK--

UNTIL--

YOU KNOW, SWEETHEART, YOU CAN BE CUTE AND CUDDLY WHEN YOU GET PHILOSOPHICAL.

KEEP IT UP!

IF I WAS THE SENSITIVE TYPE, MJ, I'D ALMOST THINK--

--THAT YOU DIDN'T LISTEN.

THROUGH THE GARBAGE--

-- IT MOVES WITH QUICKNESS.

HOPING TO QUENCH ITS BURNING HUNGER.

DOOM

IT STOPS.

NOW INSTINCTS TAKE OVER.

SENSING THE KILL--

--IT WAITS UNTIL THE MOMENT IS RIGHT.

DOOM

THEN IT ACTS!

DOOM

IT IS ABOUT TO FEAST, WHEN--

DOOM

--IT SPOTS EVEN BIGGER RATS.

DOOM

SOHO.

NOW, *PETER*, AREN'T WE GETTING A *TEENY* BIT HIGH ON OURSELF.

PROBABLY.

BUT I'VE GOT TO TELL YOU, WHEN IT COMES *RIGHT* DOWN TO IT, I CAN BE PRETTY *AWESOME* IF I WANT.

OH, YEAH?

THAT'S BECAUSE YOU'VE *NEVER* BEEN ATTACKED BY ME!

HEY, NO FAIR!

SOMETIMES--

OH, GOD!

LIFE CAN BE UNFAIR.

DOOMDOOMDOOM

DOOM
DOOM

IT DOES NOT THINK.

THIS UNHOLY MONSTROSITY.

DOOM
DOOM
DOOM
DOOM
DOOM
DOOM
DOOM
DOOM
DOOM

IT ONLY HEEDS THE CALL OF THE **DRUMS.**

WITH QUICKNESS...

...WITH VICIOUSNESS.

THE MONSTER DOES EXACTLY WHAT IT WAS **CREATED** FOR.

DOOM

DOOM DOOM DOOM

THIS PERFECT KILLING MACHINE--

--IS KILLING.

DOOM DOOM DOOM

IN

THE

BLACK-
NESS

IT

BEGINS

AGAIN.

DOOM

MOVE IT, MAN!

WHAT WAS THAT THING, PUFF SOME SICK NIGHTMARE? PUFF LUCKILY I HAD MY GUN.

SHUT UP! JUST SHUT UP!

C'MON-- WE CAN GO THIS WAY TO LOUIE'S, HE'LL KNOW WHAT TO DO.

DOOM

LOUIE WILL BE WAITING-- FOREVER.

DUSK.

DON'T YOU WANT ANY BREAKFAST?

SORRY, HONEY--

SUGAR BOMB

CIGAR

--BUT I'VE GOT SOME LAB WORK TO FINISH UP AT THE UNIVERSITY BEFORE CLASSES START.

DO YOU KNOW WHERE MY *TIGHTS* ARE?

FOUND IT--

WITH LUCK, I'LL BE HOME FOR DINNER.

ON THE LEFT HAND SIDE OF THE CLOSET.

CAN YOU SAVE THE PAPER FOR ME?

TV GUIDE PAGE A7

DAILY BUGLE

JUNE

KILLING MEN SLASHED TO DEATH

BYE, SWEETIE!

NOW THIS IS THE LIFE!

A NICE FRESH DAY.

A LITTLE WARMTH, A LITTLE SUNSHINE--

--AND SOME OF THE BEST DARN SUPER POWERS AN UP-AND-COMING YUPPIE COULD WANT.

YOU'RE A LUCKY GUY, PETEY.

I FEEL BAD THAT MJ CAN'T SHARE THIS EXHILARATING FEELING WITH ME.

MAYBE SOME DAY.

IN THE MEANTIME I'LL JUST ENJOY BEING GOOD OLD SPIDEY.

IDOL OF MILLIONS.

HA!

NO CASH PROBLEMS.

SURE.

BUT MOST IMPORTANT, IS THE FACT THAT I DON'T WEAR A CAPE--

--'CAUSE I'D NEVER BE ABLE TO DO THESE GREAT MID-AIR CARTWHEELS.

I WONDER HOW THOR MANAGES.

HE MUST USE STARCH.

AS NIGHT FADES AWAY IN THE BIG CITY.

THE DARKNESS BEGINS TO DISSOLVE.

IT IS ONCE AGAIN, TIME FOR PEOPLE TO SCURRY.

HIS NAME IS RALPH DILL.

HE LIKES TAKING THIS BACK WAY TO WORK BECAUSE IT SAVES HIM SEVEN MINUTES.

JUST ENOUGH TIME FOR A JELLY DONUT AND COFFEE.

BESIDES, IT'S BRIGHT AND THERE AREN'T THAT MANY SHADOWS.

UNFORTUNATELY FOR RALPH--

SKRITCH

--ONE OF THOSE SHADOWS IS HUNGRY.

DOOM DOOM DOOM

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THE ARACHKNIGHT RETURNS!

"TORMENT"

PART TWO OF FIVE

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BLOOD LUST OF THE LIZARD!™

McFARLANE

NEW YORK.

IT'S BEEN A LONG DAY.

TIME NOW TO ENJOY A FEW DRINKS WITH A FRIEND.

I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU DO IT, STAN-- WORK FOR THAT IDIOT BOSS OF OURS AND STILL COME OUT SMILING!

BAR

HEY, IT'S EASY. WHEN OLD MAN BORDERS COMES INTO HIS OFFICE TOMORROW-- HE'S GOING TO FIND THE BIGGEST PIECE OF RUBBER VOMIT I COULD FIND, ON HIS DESK!

AND THE BEST PART, MORLEY, IS HE WON'T HAVE A CLUE.

HA-HA-HEE! YOU KILL ME, STAN! I'D NEVER HAVE THE GUTS TO DO SOMETHING LIKE THAT.

THAT'S BECAUSE YOU'RE TOO BUSY FLIRTING WITH ALL THE SECRETARIES.

GOOD POINT!

SPEAKING OF WHICH--I'VE GOT TO READ YOU THIS AD FROM THE PERSONALS COLUMN.

"YOUNG SENSUOUS FEMALE. 27 YEARS OLD. LOOKING FOR RICH, WALL STREET TYPE. MUST BE WILLING TO PROVIDE A VARIETY OF EXPENSIVE GIFTS--"

VOL. XX JULY 26,

AILY BI

KILLIN

IED

EATH

"--IN RETURN FOR THE BEST LOVE-SLAVE YOU CAN FIND. WILL GIVE YOU PLEASURE THE MOMENT YOU'RE DONE WORKING. ANY PLACE, ANY STYLE--"

YOU ARE ONE SICK PUPPY, MORLEY!

QUIET, THERE'S MORE!

"SO WRITE TO BAMBI, P.O. BOX 12287, STATION G, NEW YORK, N.Y., 10103. P.S.-- I GUARANTEE THAT IT WILL BE WILD, WET, WONDERFUL AND WORTH IT!"

"PLEASE WRITE, BECAUSE TOGETHER WE CAN TAKE A FANTASY TRIP AND TRY TO---"

DOOM

DOOM

DOOM

DOOM

DOOM

DOOM

"--RISE ABOVE IT ALL!"

DOOM

DOOM

DOOM

DOOM

ONLY THE FAINT HISS OF EVIL ALERTS STAN AND MORLEY.

THEY LOOK UP--

--BUT BEFORE THEY EVEN HAVE A CHANCE TO FOCUS ON THE BLUR--

--THEIR LIVES ARE OVER.

IN THE EARLY EVENING, IN A DARK ALLEY, ONE COLOR DOMINATES THE DIRT AND THE GARBAGE.

THAT COLOR--

--IS RED.

STAN LEE PRESENTS:

TORMENT

PART 2

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DAILY BU

3 KILL

JULY 2 1980

YANKEES 'HIRE N'TIN?

BLOOD RED.

SOHO.

THE NEXT MORNING.

PETEY--

--I THINK YOU SHOULD TAKE A *TEENIE WEENIE* BIT OF TIME THIS WEEKEND SO WE CAN GO PICK OUT SOME WALLPAPER FOR THE BATHROOM.

UH--OH, SURE, MARYJANE, SOUNDS GREAT!

SOMETIMES--

THIS CITY CAN BE DISTURBING.

NOW *THAT* WAS AN ENTHUSIASTIC RESPONSE IF I'VE *EVER* HEARD ONE! *C'MON*, PETER, PUT DOWN THE PAPER.

DAILY BUGLE

JULY 27 19??

2 MORE DEAD

MYSTERY OVER BLOODWRITING

GANGS SUSPECTED--

POLICE HAVE FEW LEADS

I SAID--

PUT *DOWN* THE PAPER!

OKAY OKAY =HEH!=

METS

BUT IT'S NOT *MY* FAULT IF I SPILL THE JAM.

I'VE GOT AN *IDEA!* LET'S GO OUT TONIGHT, JUST YOU AND ME. TWO CAREFREE LOVERS HAVING A *GOOD* TIME!

YOU MEAN LIKE *LAST NIGHT!*

YEAH! *EXACTLY* LIKE LAST NIGHT, TIGER! YOU TURNED INTO A REGULAR *MONSTER!*

MONSTER--

NO. IT CAN'T BE.

NOT HIM.

JULY 27 1990

GRETZKY RETIRES

ETS WIN

LIEFELD TO INK. WHY?

PLEASE--

--NOT--

--CONNORS.

DAILY BUGLE
2 MORE DEAD
PETER, WHAT'S WRONG--
-- PETER ?!
SHE STARTS AFTER HIM, THEN SUDDENLY STOPS.
SHE HAS SEEN HIM LIKE THIS BEFORE. THERE ISN'T MUCH SHE CAN SAY.
WHEN PETER BECOMES OBSESSIVE, SHE KNOWS THAT HIS MIND IS STARTING TO PULL.
AND TUG.
AND STRETCH.
SHE ALSO KNOWS THAT PETER PARKER IS SPIDER-MAN. HE HAS GONE THROUGH MANY TRYING TIMES.
HE IS A HERO.
HE IS STRONG.
NOTHING CAN PUT HIM OVER THE EDGE.

INSIDE THE MONOLITHIC STRUCTURE--

--SPIRITS OF THE DEAD DANCE ABOUT THE ROOM, READY TO OBEY A HIGHER ORDER.

IT IS TIME.

TONIGHT, THE DANCE WILL LEAVE NONE STANDING.

FOR ITS CONDUCTOR HAS NO SOUL.

TIME FOR THE BATTLE--

"--TO BE JOINED!"

THE ANCIENT POTION HAS BEEN HANDED DOWN THROUGH THE CENTURIES.

ITS SIMPLICITY MAKES IT EVEN MORE FRIGHTENING.

THE RIGHT INCANTATION MIXED WITH THE RIGHT INGREDIENTS.

A SPIDER.

BODY ASHES.

A REPTILE.

MIXED TOGETHER--

--IN A POOL OF FRESH BLOOD.

IT IS TIME.

HA HA HA HA HA DOOM DOOM DOOM

DOOM

WHAT'S HAPPENING?!

MY SPIDER-SENSE HAS BEEN BUZZING STRONGER AS I HEAD TO THE UPPER EAST SIDE.

BUT IT'S GETTING HARDER AND HARDER TO FOCUS. AND NOW--

-- THIS SOUND POUNDING IN MY HEAD.

IT'S EVIL.

PENETRATING.

DEEP

WITHIN

YOUR SUBCONSCIOUS.

DOOM DOOM DOOM DOOM DOOM DOOM DOOM DOOM DOOM DOOM DOOM DOOM DOOM DOOM

UNG!!

SCREWING WITH YOUR SPIDER-SENSE.

SLOWING DOWN YOUR REFLEXES.

YOU HAVE ONE CHANCE.

SHOOT YOUR WEBLINE BLINDLY--

--AND HOPE IT HITS!

CRIPES!

WHAT WAS THAT!

MY SPIDER-SENSE WON'T SHUT OFF.

THE POUNDING-- --THE BUZZING--

CAN'T CONCENTRATE.

WHY WON'T IT STOP--

--GO AWAY--

DOOM

DOOM

WRONG, SPIDER-MAN.

DOOM

IT IS NOT GOING AWAY.

IT IS COMING!

DOOM

THIS KILLING MACHINE IS POSSESSED.

IT HAS BUT ONE MISSION: TO DESTROY ITS ENEMY, THE SPIDER.

AAAGH!

DOOM

FIRST IT MUST WEAKEN THE SPIDER.

THE POISON ON ITS CLAWTIPS WILL ENGULF YOUR SYSTEM.

DOOM

FOR THE FIRST TIME IN A WHILE YOU BELIEVE YOU CAN DIE!

SO YOU FIGHT.

FIGHT WITH EVERY FIBER OF YOUR BEING.

BECAUSE YOU KNOW, THAT WITH ALL YOUR VAUNTED STRENGTH--

-- TONIGHT, IT MAY NOT BE ENOUGH!

DOOM DOOM DOOM DOOM DOOM DOOM

IT'S NO GOOD-- I'VE GOT TO GET AWAY--

--GIVE MYSELF A CHANCE TO REGROUP

THEN WHAT?!

WHO KNOWS?

MUST-- GO-- CAN'T-- THINK--

ELEVATOR--

ESCAPE.

PAIN.

--GO--

--PLEASE--

--GOD--

--MARY JANE--

MARY

JANE

HELP

ME.

BLOOD!

THE LIZARD IS DRIVEN INSANE BY THE THOUGHT. MIND EXPLODING--

--THE CREATURE MUST HAVE BLOOD!

DOOMDOOMDOOMDOOMDOOMDOOMDOOM

IT SLICES THROUGH THE METAL DOORS LIKE SOME SAVAGE CARNIVORE TEARING AT MEAT.

SPIDER-MAN DOESN'T HAVE TIME TO THINK--

--ONLY TO REACT.

SOLID STEEL PIERCES UNHOLY FLESH AND BONES.

YET, THE MONSTER MAKES NO SOUND.

DOOM DOOM DOOM DOOM DOOM DOOM DOOM

THE EVIL SPIRITS DANCE NO LONGER.

WHAT HAVE I DONE?

DIDN'T-- THINK.

THE DOC--

--THE DOC--

THE DANCE IS OVER--

DIDN'T MEAN

HAD TO MOVE

SORRY

PROTECT MYSELF

--BUT THE POISON LIVES ON.

I AM--

--SO--SORRY--

DOC--PLEASE--

YES, THE DANCE IS OVER.

forgive--

UNFORTUNATELY, THE NIGHTMARE HAS JUST BEGUN.

WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME?!

PLIP PLIP PLIP

MANHATTAN.

ONE OF THE MORE FABULOUS NIGHTCLUBS.

HOURS

Trixie SEZ

LET'S GO ITALIANO, BABY!

MARY JANE WATSON-PARKER HAS DONE MANY THINGS IN HER LIFE. MOPING AROUND THE HOUSE ISN'T ONE OF THEM.

SHE FIGURES HER HUSBAND WILL BE OUT, PLAYING SPIDER-MAN, MOST OF THE NIGHT.

SO WHY WASTE A NIGHT OFF.

COME ON, GUYS! LET'S SEE YOU TRY TO KEEP UP!

A CLASSIC 'SEIZE-THE-MOMENT' TYPE PERSON, MARY JANE CAN DO THIS BECAUSE OF SELF-CONFIDENCE--

-- AND HER CONFIDENCE IN HER HUSBAND.

SPIDER-MAN ALWAYS WINS. THE DAY SHE STOPS BELIEVING THAT--

-- HER DANCE WILL BE OVER TOO.

BACK AT THE SOMBRE MANSION--

PERFECT.

--SPELLS, POTIONS, AND CURSES **ECHO** THROUGH THE HALLS.

COME SIT, MY LITTLE ONE.

THE **SPIDER** IS HANDLED EVER SO DELICATELY.

LULL YOURSELF INTO A **FALSE** SENSE OF SECURITY.

LET YOUR MIND RELAX AND YOUR **SOUL** BECOME VULNERABLE.

YOU'VE GOT TO THINK, **PETER.** IGNORE THE PAIN--IGNORE-- THE PAIN IN YOUR BODY.

POISON.

TRY TO MAKE SOME SENSE OF THIS.

THE **DOC**--THE **LIZARD**--

--WHY DID HE **KILL** THOSE PEOPLE?

HE'S OUT OF CONTROL. SOMETHING'S SCREWY-- AND MY GUTS--THEY'RE **KILLING** ME--

POISON.

HE WAS NEVER A **MURDERER**--

--BUT, THE LOOK IN HIS EYES-- LIKE TWO BLACK HOLES.

WHAT WENT **WRONG?**

DR. CURT CONNORS WAS A FRIEND. A WAR INJURY COST HIM HIS ARM. THROUGH EXPERIMENTS--

--HE DEVELOPED FORMULAS FOR **REGENERATION** OF LIMBS-- LIKE THOSE OF REPTILES.

USING HIMSELF AS A **GUINEA PIG**, HIS FORMULA **GREW** BACK HIS MISSING LIMB!

BUT TO WHAT END?

HOWEVER, IT CHANGED THE **DOC**--CHANGED HIM INTO A SAVAGE **MONSTER**--

A HUMAN LIZARD!

WITH A BLINDING HATRED FOR ALL MAMMALS! NOW-- I'VE KILLED HIM.

WHY?

HIS BODY--

--IT DISAPPEARED.

WHERE?

IS HE DEAD?

AM I GOING-- CRAZY?!

THIS PAIN--

POISON.

CAN'T LET MARY JANE SEE ME LIKE THIS.

MY SPIDER-SENSE IS ALL OUT OF WHACK.

THE PAIN--

POISON.

--IS CLOUDING MY MIND.

NOW, MY PET--

--IT IS TIME FOR THE HERO--

--TO FALL!

MDOOMD OMDOOMD

HEY, BABE, WHAT'S HAPPENING?

WATCH IT, BUDDY--

YOU'RE GOING TO CAUSE AN--

ACCIDENT.

IT BEGINS.

THE SOFT TRINKLE OF DROPLETS.

SKEWERING THE NIGHT WITH RHYTHMIC BEATS.

A SHOWER OF LIFE FROM THE HEAVENS.

ADDING TO THE PAIN--

OH, GREAT!

--THE ANGUISH-- THE POISON OUR HERO NOW FEELS.

DOOM DOOM DOOM DOOM

RISE.

BEATING.

POUNDING.

DOOM DOOM DOOM DOOM

IT IS TIME.

POUNDING LIKE A SLEDGEHAMMER. UNTIL IT REACHES INTO HIS HEAD.

SORRY, LADY, DIDN'T MEAN TO *RAIN* ON YOUR PARADE.

INTO HIS SUBCONSCIOUS.

TOYING WITH HIS SOUL.

PLAYING HIM THE FOOL!

UNH--!

BLOOD.

BLOOD!

WHAT'S GOING ON?!

THE STORM. THE PAIN. THE POISON. HIS SENSES HAVE BEEN BOMBARDED.

HE SITS MOMENTARILY FROZEN.

THEN LOOKS UP TO THE HEAVENS.

NO.

DOOM

DOOM

HIS MIND TELLS HIM THAT WHAT HE SEES CAN-NOT BE.

DOOM

THAT THIS IS ALL A DREAM.

DOOM

OUR HERO HAD BETTER WAKE UP THEN, BECAUSE TONIGHT IT IS RAINING DOWN-- DEATH!

DOOM

PRAY FOR OUR HERO.

Part 3

DOOM

MT. FARLANE
"TORMENT"
PART THREE OF FIVE
SPIDER-MAN
HERE
SOMETHING STRANGE IS GOING ON
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NEW YORK.

THE CITY IS COVERED WITH A BLANKET OF RAIN.

IT IS JUST PAST MIDNIGHT, BUT WEATHER AND TIME HAVE NO MEANING TO THIS SPRAWLING LANDSCAPE.

HIDING THE DENIZENS WHO DWELL WITHIN.

THE BUILDINGS ARCH UPWARD.

HIGHER AND HIGHER THEY CLIMB.

REACHING HEIGHTS UNIMAGINED A CENTURY EARLIER.

QUIET.

UNFEELING.

THESE GIANT BARRICADES SERVE AS PROTECTORS.

STOIC, THE TOWERING BEHEMOTHS ARE TOTALLY UNAWARE OF THE ENVIRONMENT.

THEY ARE IMMOVABLE THESE BUILDINGS THAT SEEM TO--

DOOM

--RISE ABOVE IT ALL!

YES, THESE BRICKS ARE UNMOVABLE BUT ONLY UNTIL THEY ARE MET WITH A FORCE GREATER THAN THEIRS.

LOCKED IN A DEADLY BATTLE.

THE REASON FOR WHICH SPIDER-MAN HAS ABSOLUTELY NO CLUE.

THE PLAYERS, SPIDER-MAN. THE LIZARD.

DOOM

DOOM

DOOM

STAN LEE PRESENTS:

TORMENT

PART 3

ARTIST-WRITER TODD McFARLANE

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EDITOR IN CHIEF TOM DeFALCO

DOOM

THE LIZARD HAS BEEN ON A KILLING SPREE. THE BODY COUNT IS AT SIX.

FOR NOW.

DOOM

WITH A POISON GNAWING AT HIS INSIDES--

--SPIDER-MAN FIGHTS BACK. HIS SENSES HAVE GONE HAYWIRE. HIS MIND CLOUDED.

YET SPIDER-MAN KNOWS THAT, UNLESS HE CAN FOCUS HIMSELF--

DOOM

--THIS MONSTROSITY, THAT WAS ONCE DR. CURT CONNORS, WILL NOT HESITATE--

--TO KILL HIM!

ELSEWHERE IN THE CITY.

EASY, MY PET--

DOOM DOOM DOOM

-- LET US FEAST ON THE MOMENT.

FOR WE DO NOT WANT TO MAKE THIS TOO EASY.

HE WILL BE MADE AN EXAMPLE TO THE WORLD.

BUT FIRST, HE MUST SUFFER.

THE SPIDER--

--MUST SUFFER

DOOM

UNG!

FOCUS.

I'VE GOT TO FOCUS.

COME ON, PETER-- CONCENTRATE.

GOT TO GET-- HIM--OFF-- ME--

DOOM

NEED--TO-- BUY--TIME.

THE DOC'S TRANSFORMATION-- I'VE NEVER SEEN HIS BLOOD-LUST SO CONSUMING.

THERE!

DOOM

HAVE TO GET-- AWAY--

WHY?

THERE DOESN'T -- SEEM -- TO BE ANY -- HUMANITY -- LEFT -- IN -- HIM.

NOT HIM SPIDER-MAN -- IT!

HE HASN'T SAID ONE WORD.

WHY?

DOOM

DOC! TALK TO ME! WHAT'S HAPPENING?!

DOOM

DOOM

please -- tell me -- what's -- happening...

SILENCE IS YOUR ONLY ANSWER.

THE PAIN, THE POISON, THE RELENTLESS POUNDING IN YOUR HEAD -- HAVE TAKEN THEIR TOLL.

DOOM

YOU FEEL YOURSELF WOBBLE-- JUST AS THE CREATURE PREPARES TO FEED.

THE POUNDING BECOMES LOUDER.

DOOM AND LOUDER.

DOOM AND LOUDER.

STOP!

DOOM DOOM DOOM

--HE WERE DEAD.

SHE WAITS FOR A TAXI.

WHAT A NIGHT!

ALTHOUGH THE WEATHER DOESN'T SEEM TO WANT TO COOPERATE.

OH, WELL... HOPEFULLY WHEN I GET HOME, PETER WILL HAVE FINISHED PLAYING SUPER HERO.

THEN I CAN USE THE WEATHER--

--AS AN EXCUSE TO CUDDLE-UP TO HIS--

"-- WARM BODY."

DOOM

AS THE RAIN BEGINS TO SUBSIDE, THE CREATURE MOUNTS ITS PREY.

DOOM

IT HAS GONE HUNGRY LONG ENOUGH.

DOOM

DOOM

DOOM

DOOM

TIME TO SATISFY ITS CRAVING.

DOOM

LIKE SOME BLOOD-CRAZED VAMPIRE, THE LIZARD MEANS TO RIP OUT THE SPIDER'S JUGULAR.

STOP.

THE MONSTER FREEZES.

EVIL BLOWS IN THE DARKENED HALLS.

ANCIENT SPIRITS LEND THEIR SOULS TO THE UNHOLY RITUAL. THE POWER BUILDS.

THE MAGIC INCREASES.

UNNATURAL FORCES FEEDING UPON ITS DESIRE FOR ANOTHER VICTIM.

THE SPIDER MUST SUFFER.

DOOM

DOOM

DOOM

DOOM

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DOOM
DOOM

SUFFER HE WILL.

THE CREATURE LIFTS THE BROKEN HERO TO THE HEAVENS ABOVE.

THE GODS GIVE NO REPLY.

OBEYING ITS COMMANDS, THE CREATURE HURLS THE LIMP FIGURE DOWNWARD.

FALLING TO EARTH--

--WITH INCREASING SPEED.

ONLY THE DISCARDED GARBAGE, MADE FOR MAN'S USE, SAVES SPIDER-MAN FROM DEATH.

THE SPIDER IS SUFFERING.

THE TAXI HAS FINALLY ARRIVED.

THAT TRIXIE, WHAT A TRIP. SHE DOES EXACTLY WHAT SHE WANTS.

A LITTLE ECCENTRIC, BUT YOU'VE GOT TO ADMIRE HER FORTITUDE.

BROADWAY! AUG. 10

COMING!

TAXI

CANAL STREET AND WEST BROADWAY.

HOPE PETER IS HOME. HE'S BEEN WORKING HARD LATELY. BETWEEN HIS UNI-VERSITY WORK AND FREE-LANCE PHOTOGRAPHY--

--AS WELL AS PLAYING SPIDER-MAN.

RAIN SEEMS TO BE SLOWING.

--I THINK HE COULD USE A BREAK.

WITH THE WEEKEND HERE, HOPEFULLY HE CAN GET LOTS AND LOTS OF SLEEP.

SLEEP--

-- SPIDER, SLEEP.

YOU HAVE EARNED THIS REST.

NESTLED IN YOUR BED OF GARBAGE--

IT WAS A GOOD LIFE.

--WHEN YOU MET--

--THE SPIDER.

--LET YOUR MIND DRIFT.

BACK TO A SIMPLER TIME.

A TIME WHEN YOU HAD NO WORRIES.

THEN CAME A DAY--

It was a day like any other. The sun was shining. Spring was in the air.

Your high school class was attending a science fair.

While you were busy admiring the technology-- along came the spider.

It glowed.

It also bit you and somehow transformed your body into a human spider.

Oh, how you loved science.

You donned a costume--

--and made the rounds with the media.

In one of the halls you were shown the latest in radioactivity.

They dubbed you 'Spider-Man'.

Then came that day. You let a two-bit crook get by you when you had the chance to stop him.

Not your problem.

WRONG!

A WEEK LATER, JUST AS YOU REACH HOME, YOU SEE THE CLUSTER OF POLICE AT YOUR DOORSTEP.

THEY TELL YOU THAT ONE OF THE KINDEST AND GENTLEST PERSONS ON EARTH -- WHO ALSO RAISED YOU AS A CHILD -- HAD BEEN KILLED.

YOUR UNCLE BEN WAS MURDERED.

YOU CHECK ON YOUR AUNT MAY, MAKE SURE SHE'S OKAY --

--THEN YOU FLY INTO A BLIND RAGE.

YOU BECAME A HERO.

YOU BECAME A MAN.

CLIMBING FROM THE SHADOWS --

-- YOU COME FACE-TO-FACE WITH A KILLER. THE SAME TWO-BIT CROOK YOU IGNORED LAST WEEK.

IN THAT MOMENT YOU GREW UP.

YOU GO TO WHERE THE KILLER IS -- A WAREHOUSE.

A SPIDER-MAN!

SOMEWHERE IN THE DARKNESS--

--REALITY IS BEING DISTORTED.

NOW IS THE TIME.

COME TO ME, MY PET.

DOOMDOOM

DOOMDOOM

COME!

DOOM

DOOM

DOOM

DOOM

LIKE SOME DEMONIC CANINE, THE CREATURE HEEDS ITS MASTER.

THOUGH IT THIRSTS FOR BLOOD, THE LIZARD IS COMPELLED TO OBEY. SUCH IS THE STRENGTH OF EVIL WITH A PURPOSE.

BELOW, MOST OF THE CITY RESTS.

BUT ON THIS DARK EVENTIDE, THE SHADOWS HAVE A PLAYMATE!

BELOW.

MARY JANE IS LOOKING FORWARD TO SEEING HER HUSBAND.

--AND KEEP THE CHANGE.

HEY!

IDIOT!

WHY DO I EVEN TRY WITH THOSE GUYS?

FIRST MY DRINK AND NOW THIS. I LOOK LIKE THE REST OF THE GARBAGE AROUND HERE.

SOMETIMES MEN CAN REALLY BE--

"--A BUG".

THE SPIDER-- STIRS.

DESPITE WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO HIM, HE IS STILL FIGHTING.

HIS MIND AND SENSES COME BLISTERING BACK TO REALITY. HERE, IN THE BOWELS OF MAN'S GARBAGE, OUR HERO IS TRYING TO SWIM BACK INTO OUR WORLD.

SLOWLY.

SLOWLY.

HE REACHES THE SURFACE.

FORTUNATELY, FOR ALL OF US--

--BOY-- --DO I-- --FEEL-- --TRASHED!

-- SOME THINGS NEVER CHANGE.

THEN EVERYTHING BECOMES CLEAR.

PAINFULLY CLEAR.

NOT--

THE POISON.

--AGAIN.

THE POUNDING.

-- PLEASE --

THE AGONY.

YOU ONLY HAVE ONE THOUGHT ON YOUR MIND AS YOU STAGGER TO YOUR FEET.

GET HOME.

FAST!

STAY A WHILE LONGER, SPIDER-MAN--

--FOR THE NIGHT HAS *JUST* BEGUN.

SUDDENLY, YOUR SANITY IS IN QUESTION.

Part 4

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THE DEATH OF THE ARACHKNIGHT?!

SPIDER-MAN®

"TORMENT"
PART FOUR OF FIVE

NO MATTER HOW MANY TIMES YOU KILL HIM— THE LIZARD™ LIVES!

McFARLANE

DEAD.

YOU THOUGHT HE WAS DEAD.

ASSUMED, AND ABUSED YOUR SECRET IDENTITY.

THE HUNTER HAD KILLED HIMSELF. COMMITTED SUICIDE.

--OR THE FEVER SEEMINGLY BURNING YOU ALIVE.

HE CAN'T BE BACK FROM THE GRAVE!

PUT A GUN TO HIS HEAD.

NOW HE WAS BACK.

HE CAN BEAT ANY ODDS, THE SICKLY SMIRK TELLS US.

HE HAD BURIED YOU ALIVE FOR TWO WEEKS.

YOUR MIND SAYS THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE.

MAYBE IT'S THE POISON RAGING THROUGH YOUR BODY--

BUT YOUR MIND SAYS SOMETHING IS WRONG.

AGAINST DEATH--

AGAINST SPIDER-MAN.

DOOM

NO MATTER WHAT, HE WILL ALWAYS--

--RISE ABOVE IT ALL!

EVEN IF HE STILL LOOKS DEAD.

MY HUNT IS OVER. I HAVE FOUND MY FRIEND, THE SPIDER.

KRAVEN?!

AND THE MONSTROSITY CALLED THE LIZARD.

NO!

FOR THE HUNDREDTH TIME YOU TRY AND DENY IT. THIS ISN'T HAPPENING--

--WELL, TONIGHT SPIDER-MAN, WHETHER YOU PLANNED IT OR NOT, YOU HAVE A DATE WITH A DEAD MAN!

DOOM

DOOM

DOOM

STAN LEE PRESENTS:

TORMENT

PART 4

ARTIST-WRITER COLORIST
TODD McFARLANE

LETTERS
RICK PARKER

EDITOR
JIM SALICRUP

EDITOR IN CHIEF
TOM DeFALCO

YOU'RE NOT PREPARED FOR THIS. AT LEAST, NOT NOW.

DOOM

YOU CAN'T BREATHE.

CAN'T SEE.

AS YOU SPRAWL ABOUT IN THE TIDE OF GARBAGE--

--YOUR SANITY BEGINS TO DESERT YOU.

BLACKNESS ENVELOPES YOUR MIND, PULLING AT THE VERY FIBERS OF CONSCIOUSNESS.

YOU ARE BEING BURIED AGAIN.

DOOM

THAT NAME WILL NOT ALLOW YOU TO GIVE UP.

THE WEIGHT OF THE DARKNESS BECOMES TOO HEAVY.

SO YOU FIGHT.

INCHING UPWARD.

MARY JANE.

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

CLOSER.

EVER CLOSER.

YOU SWEAR YOU CAN TASTE THE AIR OUTSIDE.

VICTORY IS YOURS ONCE AGAIN!

HERE LIES

HERE LIES SPIDER-MAN SLAIN BY THE HUNTER

THEN IT BEGINS TO GIVE WAY.

THE FOOL.

DOOM

CAT BEER

DOOM

LOOK AT HIM FLAIL AT SOME UNSEEN GHOSTS.

BUT EVEN HEROES HAVE THEIR LIMITS. TONIGHT SPIDER-MAN HAS MET HIS.

THE SPIDER DOES NOT MOVE.

DOOM DOOM

MERELY SOME INSANE ENEMY WITH AN UNKNOWN PLAN.

IN THAT MOMENT--

ILLUSIONS, --CREATED WITH THE HELP OF ANCIENT INCANTATIONS-- GIVE WAY TO REALITY.

PERFECT.

--THE SPELL IS BROKEN.

FOR THIS IS NO DEAD MAN THAT TORMENTS OUR HERO.

DOOM

EVERYTHING HAS TURNED OUT PERFECT.

SHE CACKLES INTO THE NIGHT.

DOOM

SOMEONE IS CONTROLLING IT.

LET US GO.

DOOM

AT HER SIDE IS THE TRANSFORMED FIGURE OF DR. CURT CONNORS.--

DOOM

DOOM

WITH AN UNSPOKEN COMMAND, THE LIZARD TURNS. INSTINCTS, WANTING TO LEAP FORWARD AND TEAR APART THE HERO, ARE HELD IN CHECK.

--NOW KNOWN AS THE LIZARD!

DOOM

SINCE ITS REAPPEARANCE TWENTY-FOUR HOURS AGO, THE USUALLY TALKATIVE CREATURE HAS NOT UTTERED ONE SYLLABLE.

DOOM

SOMEHOW, THIS CREATURE LIVES ONLY TO SERVE ITS NEW MASTER.

BUT IT CAN SMELL THE BLOOD OF ITS ENEMY-- THE SPIDER--

DOOM

DOOM

DOOM

DOOM

DOOM

NOW!

DOOM

--HOW LONG IT WILL CONTINUE TO OBEY, NO ONE KNOWS.

DOOM

DOOM

NEITHER DOES SHE!

SOHO.

DARN.

HER NAME IS MARY JANE WATSON-PARKER.

WIFE OF PETER PARKER.

WIFE OF SPIDER-MAN.

I JUST HOPE PETER RETURNS SOON.

PARTYING BY YOURSELF--

I WAS HOPING PETER WOULD BE HOME ALREADY.

I HATE NOT KNOWING WHEN HE'LL BE BACK.

OH, WELL... IT'S NOT THE FIRST TIME. I'LL LEAVE A QUICK MESSAGE, THEN HIT ANOTHER PARTY.

THE NIGHT IS STILL YOUNG!

-- CAN GET LONELY.

WHA--?!

WHERE

AM

I?

NEW YORK.

UPPER EAST SIDE.

AND FOR THE MILLIONTH TIME--WHAT'S GOING ON?!

AWAKE ALREADY? YOUR PERSISTENCE IS ADMIRABLE.

--WHO--
--ARE--
--YOU--

THERE'S SOMETHING FAMILIAR ABOUT HER--CAN'T PINPOINT.

DOOM DOOM DOOM

DOOM

AND-- WHERE-- IS-- KRAVEN!

YOU POOR, POOR FOOL. KRAVEN IS DEAD!

HIS WEAKNESSES KILLED HIM. HE DID NOT HAVE THE POWER. HE WAS NOT WORTHY.

THE LADY IS A PSYCHO, PETER--

--UNFORTUNATELY, YOU'RE NOT IN MUCH OF A POSITION-- TO DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT.

DOOM

I'M BURNING UP INSIDE--WEAK-- HAVE TO BUY SOME TIME --

--RECOVER.

OR ELSE-- I'M DEAD.

THE WORST THING IS-- I'VE GOT NO IDEA WHAT'S-- GOING ON!

DOOM

HEY, DOC-- C'MON, BUDDY-- FIGHT THIS THING-- YOU DON'T NEED HER-- PLEASE HELP--

IS THAT-- A SMILE! DOES HE UNDER-STAND--?

DOOM DOOM

WRONG!!

STOP!

THE CREATURE FREEZES.

DOOM

SOON, MY PET, YOU WILL FEAST.

DOOM

SHE APPROACHES A BASIN OF WARM, WET, SHIMMERING BLOOD.

THE LIQUID POTION CONTAINS TWO ESSENTIAL INGREDIENTS -- LIZARDS AND SPIDERS.

DOOM

DEFYING THE GODS -- SHE LAUGHS!

CRIMSON GORE SPURTS IN SMOOTH ARCS ACROSS THE STILL BLACKNESS OF THE ANCIENT SANCTUARY.

DOOM DOOM

POWER COURSES THROUGH THE RED LIQUID.

POWER TO CONTROL.

TO TORMENT.

TO UTTERLY TOY WITH THE LIVES OF OTHERS, TO SATISFY SOME INSATIABLE NEED.

SHE BEGINS TO DRIFT. BARELY AWARE OF SPIDER-MAN NOW. HER MIND IS ELSEWHERE.

IN SOME SORT OF TRANCE, THE MYSTERIOUS WOMAN CLOSES HER EYES--

-- AND LISTENS TO THE RHYTHM OF THE MAGIC.

DOOM DOOM DOOM DOOM DOOM

♪ DUM DUM DE DOOM DUM DE DO DU ♪

MJ, YOU'RE THE LIFE OF THE PARTY.

IT'D BE A LOT MORE FUN IF PETER WERE HERE, BUT HE'S PROBABLY HAMMERING SOME SUPER-VILLAIN.

MY CUTE LITTLE HERO.

BUT--IN THE MEANTIME, A GIRL'S GOT TO KEEP HERSELF OCCUPIED.

ONE NIGHT ONLY: hypnolove wheel

OUTSIDE THE NIGHTCLUB YOU CAN HEAR THE MUSIC.

INSIDE THE SOUND IS DEAFENING. ALTHOUGH NONE OF ITS PATRONS IS COMPLAINING.

THEY ALL SEEM TO BE UNDER THE SPELL OF THE--

--"BEAT"

DOOM

DOOM

DOOM

DOOM

TALK TO ME--LADY. TELL ME-- ALL YOUR PLANS. ISN'T THAT-- WHAT YOU-- BAD GUYS-- LIVE FOR?

SHE STANDS UNMOVING.

NO-- GOOD--

SHE'S-- A SICK-- ONE

WHY IS-- SHE DOING-- THIS?

WHY?!

THE POISON, THE BEATINGS--

WHAT'S-- IT ALL FOR--?

AND THE DOC-- WHERE DOES HE-- COME INTO-- ALL OF THIS--

EMOTIONLESS, SHE STANDS TRANSFIXED.

HER MIND SKIRTING BACK IN TIME, TO A SMALL CARIBBEAN ISLAND, WHERE MAGIC IS RULER OF THE LAND.

WHERE DREAMS ARE NOT MADE, BUT DESTROYED.

THE POWER THAT THE TRIBAL HEADS WIELDED MADE HER ENVIOUS.

SO SHE STUDIED, GIVING OF HERSELF TOTALLY.

EMBRACING THE WAYS OF EVIL.

BEING DRAWN DEEPER AND DEEPER INTO THE DARKNESS.

SHE SAVORED EVERY RITUAL.

KNOWING THAT SHE WOULD SOON BE HER OWN MASTER.

THEN CAME THE SACRED, CEREMONIAL BAPTISM.

BEFORE THE NIGHT WAS OVER--

--SHE HAD HER FIRST KILL.

YEARS LATER, SHE MET HIM.

THE HUNTER.

HE PLEASED HER.

HE LOVED HER.

WHEN THE HUNTER LEFT, HER LUST NEEDED DIRECTION.

SO SHE SEDUCED THE GODS IN HER QUEST FOR IMMEASURABLE POWERS.

SHE NEEDED TO BECOME, NOT A WITCH--

--BUT THE WITCH.

AT A SECRET ALTAR, HER YOUNGER SISTER BEGGED FOR HER LIFE.

WITHOUT HESITATION--

--THE WITCH HAD HER SECOND KILL--

-- AND FIRST SOUL!

FINALLY, SHE HAD HER POWER. SHE HAD HER--

VOODOO!

DOOM!

HER PASSION IS NOW FOR EVIL.

AT PRESENT, THE NUMBER OF SOULS SHE HAS TAKEN IS STAGGERING.

BUT TONIGHT--

-- SHE MEANS TO ADD ONE MORE TO HER LIST.

DOOM

THEN IT STOPS.

THAT OF THE SPIDER.

THE INSANITY, UNFORTUNATELY, CONTINUES.

DOOM

THE WITCH STANDS FROZEN, CHANNELING THE EVIL SPIRITS THAT SERVE HER.

DOOM

THOUGHTS ARE SCATTERED.

KRAVEN

FOOL

WEAK

POWERLESS

DOOM

DOOM

THE CRESCENDO BUILDS. THE NUMBING BEAT BECOMES A FRENZIED POUNDING.

IT IS TIME.

THE LIZARD SHIFTS ITS WEIGHT, SALIVA OOZES FROM ITS TOOTHY MAW. FINALLY, IT SHALL FEAST!

DOOM

DOOM

DOOM

DOOM

TIME'S UP, PETER! IF YOU'RE-- GOING-- TO-- ACT-- YOU HAD BETTER-- DO IT--

DOOM

DOOM

--NOW!

YOU'RE BOTH CRAZY!

BUILT JUST ENOUGH STRENGTH.

DOOM

NOW WHAT?!

I'VE ALREADY FOUND OUT I *CAN'T* KILL THE *LIZARD.*

DOOM

MY GUTS ARE-- STILL ON FIRE--

--BUT I HAVE TO LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO-- FIND OUT-- WHY?

WHAT IS THIS WHOLE NIGHT ABOUT--?

ANCIENT FIREPOTS SPEW FORTH THEIR FLAMES.

DOOM

FIRE DANCES AROUND THE CREATURE. CRAWLING FROM ITS HOLE, BLOOD-LUST IS ALL THAT IS BURNING ITS FLESH.

IT IS UNAWARE OF THE POSSIBLE DEADLINESS ITS DESTRUCTION HAS CAUSED.

DOOM DOOM DOOM DOOM DOOM DOOM DOOM

THE TRANCE HAS BEEN BROKEN.

IDIOTS! THE FLAMES--THEY ARE ABOUT TO--

TOUCH THE RUPTURED GAS LINES.

THE SPIDER DOES NOT MOVE.

THERE IS NO TIME.

MARY--

--JA

Part 5

THE FINAL CHAPTER

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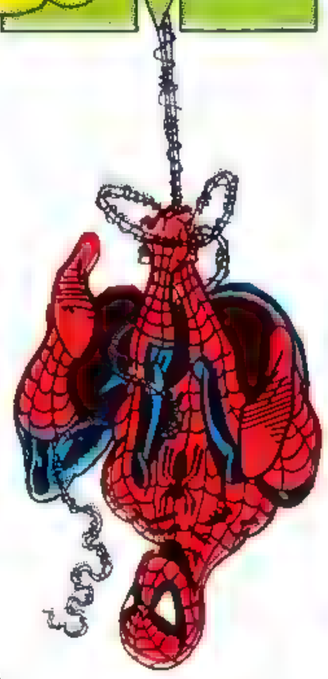

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SPIDER-MAN®

THE ARACHKNIGHT TRIUMPHANT?!

"TORMENT"

PART FIVE OF FIVE

McFARLANE

A NEW YORK CITY POLICE PRECINCT.

2:54 a.m.

HEY, BOYS, WE'VE GOT A *BAD* ONE! HUGE EXPLOSION ON THE UPPER EAST SIDE. HAPPENED A FEW MINUTES AGO.

AT LURIVE REACTION FIRE DEP NOT!

96 ST. AND AVE. UNITS IN AREA V CAUTION T

REPORT IM

I'LL CALL THE FIRE MARSHAL.

CRIPES, LOOK AT THE NUMBER OF REPORTS! THIS IS SERIOUS. C'MON, *GEORGE*, WE'D BETTER CHECK THIS ONE OUT.

YOU'D BETTER HURRY. THERE MIGHT NOT BE *ANYTHING* LEFT WHEN YOU GET THERE.

ALL UNITS, WE HAVE AN EXPLOSION WITH FIRE IN *PROGRESS*--

FIRE DEPARTMENT NEEDS ASSISTANCE AT *NINETY-SIXTH* AND *THIRD*.

" PROCEED WITH *CAUTION*. POSSIBLE CHAIN REACTION IF SURROUNDING PIPING GETS *HIT*.! "

" GIVE PROGRESS REPORT AS SOON AS POSSIBLE. "

" TEN-FOUR, OUT. "

THE STILLNESS OF NIGHT HAS BEEN BROKEN.

SIRENS BEGIN TO *WAIL* AS THEY SPEED ALONG CENTRAL PARK.

HIGH ABOVE THE CITY, SMOKE *SNAKES* UPWARD. ITS POINT OF ORIGIN BEING LEFT BEHIND FOR *OTHERS* TO CARE FOR.

THE CONFUSION-- THE *DESTRUCTION*, HAVE NO MEANING TO THE SMOKE, THE SKY, THE WIND.

THE SMOKE'S SOLE PURPOSE IS TO DRIFT *AIMLESSLY* AND TO--

--RISE ABOVE IT ALL.

IT WILL TAKE FOUR AND A HALF MINUTES FOR THE FIRE TRUCKS TO ARRIVE.

THE NEXT FOUR MINUTES WILL SEEM LIKE AN ETERNITY FOR OUR HERO.

HIS NAME IS SPIDER-MAN. THE EXPLOSION DID NOT KILL HIM. SOON HE MAY BE SORRY FOR THAT.

HELP ME--SOMEBODY!

PLEASE--TELL ME WHAT'S HAPPENING!?

WHAT--HAS THIS ALL--BEEN--FOR?

THE LIZARD. THAT WOMAN--

--ARE THEY--DEAD--

--ALIVE--

--WHAT?

WHY?

SOMEONE--TELL ME--WHY---

WHY?!

STAN LEE PRESENTS:

TORMENT

PART 5

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GREGORY WRIGHT

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TOM DeFALCO

OUTSIDE, THE CROWD THAT HAS GATHERED, IS ASKING THE SAME QUESTION.

WHY IS THIS HAPPENING? KRAVEN THE HUNTER IS DEAD. WHO WOULD WANT TO DESTROY HIS HOME?

IT DOESN'T---

--MAKE SENSE.

GOT TO-- FIGHT--

--THE PAIN--

POISON.

SWEATING LIKE--A PIG.

SOMETHING-- IS--KILLING ME--

POISON

HOME---

--HAVE TO GET--- --UNG--HOME---

--GOT TO--SEE-- --HER--

--NEED-- --TO HOLD--

"---MARY JANE."

LISTEN TO THOSE SIRENS, *LADY.* WHAT DO THEY WANNA DO-- *WAKE UP* THE WHOLE NEIGHBORHOOD?

TAXI

THEM *IDIOTS!*

THEY'RE ONLY DOING THEIR JOB, JUST LIKE *PETER.* HOPE HE'S DONE PLAYING *SPIDER-MAN.*

WASN'T HOME AT MIDNIGHT.

OCT 17

WHY DON'T THEY GET A MUFFLER FOR THOSE THINGS. IT'S ALMOST 3 O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING---

FIRE DEPT

---WHAT, DO THEY THINK, TRAFFIC'S GONNA SLOW THEM DOWN?

IT'LL BE NICE JUST TO CUDDLE UP TO HIM--

IDIOTS!

FIRE DEP

--MAYBE EVEN GET A *LITTLE HOT.*

BURNING-- UP--

THE SMOKE-- THE FLAMES-- THE PAIN--

POISON

THE LIZARD---

--THE DOC---

---INSANE---

YOUR MIND REELS, YOU TRY TO REMEMBER THE PAST FEW HOURS---

---INSTEAD ALL THAT COMES IS THE LAST FEW MINUTES.

--RUPTURING A GAS LINE.

GAS THAT MET FIRE FROM OVERTURNED FIREPOTS.

---WAS DEVASTATING!

YOU HAD DRIVEN THE LIZARD INTO A WALL---

THE RESULT---

ALL BECAUSE OF THE WITCH.

SHE CAME FROM NOWHERE AND GAVE NO ANSWERS.

SHE POSSESSED THE LIZARD, USED HIM. HE KILLED SIX PEOPLE, AND FOR WHAT?

SHE'S SICK-- EVIL. YOUR DEATH, SPIDER-MAN, SEEMED TO BE THE ONLY CAUSE FOR TONIGHT'S TORMENT.

YOU HAVE NOTHING. YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW HER NAME.

THAT IS WHAT GNAWS AT YOU THE MOST. IF YOU ARE GOING TO DIE--

--THEN AT LEAST LET THERE BE A REASON.

SLOWLY YOU BEGIN TO CRAWL DOWN.

THEN YOU FREEZE -- THE PAIN INSIDE YOU CRAMPS YOUR STOMACH. YOUR GRIP BEGINS TO SLIDE.

YOUR HEAD POUNDS.

DOOM

HARDER.

DOOM

AND HARDER.

DOOM

DOOM

DOOM

DOOM

DOOM

EVIL HAS RISEN FROM THE DEAD.

MY PET--

DOOM

--NOTHING CAN STOP US.

THE WITCH BLEEDS. LIFE DRAINS FROM HER-- BUT SHE IS BLINDED TO IT ALL.

CONSUMED WITH AN IMAGE THAT MUST BE OBLITERATED, CLEANSED FROM HER MIND.

AN IMAGE OF--

-- THE SPIDER.

THANK GOD IT'S FRIDAY. PETER AND I CAN SLEEP IN UNTIL NOON. MAYBE DO A LITTLE SHOPPING.

JUST TRY TO RELAX FOR A CHANGE.

HEY, LADY--

WHAT IN THE WORLD...?

HANG ON!

THOSE COPS JUST ABOUT HIT ME HEAD ON! I'LL SUE 'EM! THEY WEAR A BADGE SO THAT GIVES 'EM A DEED TO THE WORLD!

IDIOTS!

EASY, MARY JANE! JUST SIT BACK AND RELAX.

WHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE!

SPIDER.

SPIDER.

LOCKED IN A SUPERNATURAL TRANCE, THE WITCH NOW FOCUSES ON--

--THE SPIDER!

THE GROTESQUE CREATURE AT HER SIDE CAN ONLY DROOL IN ANTICI-PATION.

DOOM

DOOM

DOOM

DOOM

DOOM

HER SOUL BELONGS TO SOME UNGODLY SPIRIT.

IN RETURN, SHE HAS BEEN GRANTED POWER.

DOOM

DOOM

DOOM

DOOM

SHE SAVORS THE STRENGTH IT GIVES HER.

THE MAGIC.

THE LUST FOR BLOOD.

DOOM

DOOM

DOOM

SHE KNOWS HE IS ALIVE. THE SPIDER WILL NOT HIDE MUCH LONGER.

DOOM

NOW SHE MUST CONCENTRATE ON THE POISON.

DOOM

IT IS HER BEACON.

DOOM

IT IS HIS DEATH.

WHAT'S SHE DOING?

--ABOVE.

THERE! HE IS--

HAVE--

--TO--

--DO--

--SOMETHING.

CAN'T LET HER FIND ME--TOO WEAK.

DEATH WIDENS ITS JAWS!

ENOUGH!

ACHING.

BLEEDING.

POISONED.

HE HAS HAD ENOUGH.

IT IS TIME FOR THE SPIDER TO MEET EVIL HEAD ON.

AGAIN, THE CREATURE DROOLS WITH ANTICIPATION.

DOOM DOOM DOOM DOOM

DOOM

THE SPIDER HAS BECOME UNGLUED.

RACKED WITH PAIN, POISON EATING HIS MIND.

HE FEELS HIS LIFE EBBING AWAY. BUT **BEFORE** HE GOES HE MUST KNOW--

WHY?!

THE CREATURE ATTACKS WITH SAVAGE FORCE.

IT, TOO, HAS BECOME UNGLUED.

FRENZIED.

OBSESSED.

INSANE.

DOOM

DOOM

DOOM

IT HAS BEEN FAR TOO LONG SINCE ITS LAST KILL.

IT IS TIME TO FEAST.

TIME TO RIP THE LEGS OFF THE SPIDER ONE BY ONE.

IN THE DISTANCE, THE WITCH CACKLES.

LAUGHING AT THE SOUND OF BONES CRUSHING.

THE SPIDER IS PATHETIC.

A FOE WHO IS TOO WEAK TO BEAT THE POWERS OF DEATH.

THE POWERS OF--

---THE VOODOO.

THE CAB RIDE HAS GONE SILENT.

BOTH PASSENGER AND DRIVER HAVE BEEN SPOOKED.

THE CABBY STILL HAS FIVE MORE HOURS TO DRIVE. IT IS GOING TO BE A LONG, LONELY NIGHT. THE SOUND OF SIRENS HIS ONLY COMPANY.

FOR MARY JANE, HOME IS ALL SHE WANTS.

C'MON, RELAX, GIRL! WHY ARE YOU SO *UPTIGHT*? CAN'T BE BECAUSE I WAS ALMOST *KILLED* A MINUTE AGO.

HOW DOES *PETER* DEAL WITH IT?

DAILY.

DEATH. FIGHTING. CRIME. IT DOESN'T SEEM TO GET UNDER HIS SKIN. *MOST* OF THE TIME.

MAYBE YOU BECOME NUMB TO IT.

MAYBE YOU DON'T.

WHERE *PETER* FINDS THE STRENGTH, I GUESS I'LL NEVER KNOW.

NO!

SOMETHING IS WRONG, MY PET. THE POISON SHOULD HAVE KILLED HIM BY NOW.

IT IS TIME TO SPEED UP THE PROCESS.

LOW MUMBLINGS ESCAPE HER LIPS. POWER IS PUT INTO PLAY.

THE SPIDER'S GUTS ARE ABOUT TO BURST.

DOOM DOOM DOOM DOOM DOOM

HIS HEAD ABOUT TO EXPLODE.

HE DOES NOT SCREAM.

NOR BEG.

ONLY WONDER.

--JUST-- TELL-- --ME --- WHY--

YET AGAIN, THE MONSTER IS TO BE DENIED.

THE MONSTER HAS GONE THROUGH ITS OWN TORMENT THIS NIGHT.

HER SILENCE TAUNTS HIM.

DOOM

THAT'S IT, PETER--- YOU'VE WASTED-- ENOUGH TIME-- HAVE TO-- ESCAPE--

-- FIGURE THIS-- OUT-- LATER--

--MUCH LATER--

DOOM

SPIDER-LIKE QUICKNESS ENABLES OUR HERO AN AMAZING TWENTY-ONE FOOT LEAP.

ENHANCED POWERS KEEP HIM ATTACHED TO THE WALL.

HUMAN NEEDS GIVE HIM THE STRENGTH TO FIGHT AT ALL.

MARY-- JANE--

--I'M-- COMING--

DOOM

THE CREATURE HAS OTHER PLANS.

DOOM

HE HURLS THE CHAINS WITH EVERY OUNCE OF POWER HE HAS LEFT.

DOOM DOOM DOOM

ENOUGH TO BREAK A NECK.

THE SPIDER IS WINNING.

THE CREATURE HAS BEEN DENIED ITS FINAL TIME.

ITS TORMENT IS OVER.

TIME NOW TO BLUFF.

--GUESS-- WHO'S-- NEXT--

SIRENS.

LOTS AND LOTS OF SIRENS.

THE FOUR AND A HALF MINUTES HAVE PASSED.

YOU, DEAR INSECT, ARE ABOUT TO *DIE!*

THE WITCH WILL NOT TAKE ON AN ARMY. THERE IS NO NEED. SHE HAS AN ***INFINITE*** AMOUNT OF TOMORROWS.

HER VOICE, THOUGH, HAS BEEN DROWNED OUT.

PLENTY OF TIME TO ***HUNT*** AND ***KILL*** HER CHOSEN PREY.

WITH THE WAVE OF AN ARM, EVERYTHING ROCKETS TOWARD HER. SHE IS COLLAPSING THE STRUCTURE.

ON HERSELF!

TEN TONS OF DESTRUCTION BURY THE EVIL. THE SOUND OF LAUGHTER ***ECHOES*** INTO THE NIGHT.

OUR HERO WILL NOT BE PART OF THE DEAL.

THE SPIDER HAS WON.

HE HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH ITS START. LESS TO DO WITH ITS END. YET HE IS THE VICTOR.

CRIPES! WHAT-- DID SHE-- DO?

MERELY BY DEFAULT.

TORTURED ENOUGH, HE WILL LEAVE OTHERS TO DEAL WITH THE AFTERMATH.

TOMORROW MORNING THE PAPER WILL TELL OF A MYSTERIOUS FIRE.

IT WILL GIVE A MONETARY VALUE TO PROPERTY DAMAGE.

IT WILL STATE THAT ONLY ONE FIREMAN RECEIVED MINOR INJURIES.

IT WILL ALSO SAY THAT **NO** BODIES WERE FOUND.

OUR HERO WILL HAVE EVEN **MORE** UNANSWERED QUESTIONS.

FOR NOW, THERE ARE OTHER CONCERNS.

THE POISON WILL NOT **KILL** HIM.

WHATEVER IT IS THAT MADE HIM A **SPIDER-** MAN, WILL ALSO **SAVE** HIS LIFE.

HE WILL NEED TIME.

REST.

AND SO, THE SPIDER HAS RETURNED TO HIS **WEB.**

HONEY-- I'M-- HOME.

BUT IN THE DAYS AHEAD IT IS NOT THE PHYSICAL PAIN THAT WILL CRIPPLE YOU.

YOU WILL HEAL.

FOR, WITHOUT REASON, THE MIND CAN ONLY IMAGINE.

THAT WILL BE YOUR TORMENT.

IT IS THE FACT THAT BEING A HERO MAKES YOU A TARGET. UNPROVOKED ATTACKS THAT MAKE NO SENSE, THAT GIVE NO ANSWERS.

SPECULATIONS THAT CAN DRIVE YOU CRAZY.

YET SOMEHOW, YOU MUST SEEK--

--TO RISE ABOVE IT ALL!

DOOM

NEXT ISSUE: THE HOBGOBLIN!

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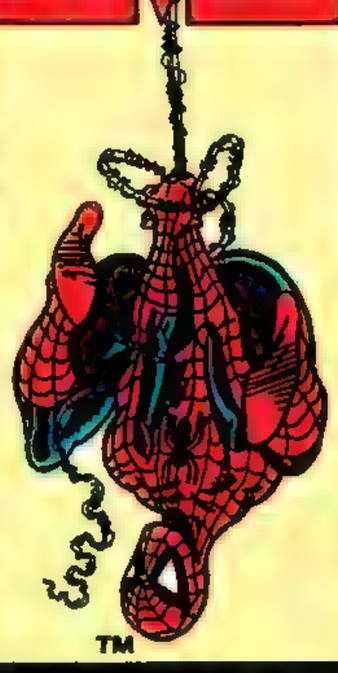

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SPIDER-MAN®

PART 1 OF 2

FACE IT, SPIDEY--AWARDS DON'T MEAN #@*!! AGAINST

THE HOBGOBLIN!™

McFARLANE

50 YEARS OF CAPTAIN AMERICA 1941 – 1991

AND WAIT 'TIL YOU SEE OUR

SURPRISE GUEST-STAR!

FACE

lord save me.

SCARRED

HIDEOUS

UGLY

DON'T LOOK

DEFORMED

it's coming off.

MOMMY WHY IS HIS FACE--

TORTURED

DON'T LOOK

NOT REAL

DISFIGURED

HORRIBLE

HIS FACE

HIS FACE

HIS FACE

THERE! IT'S OFF. I SAID IT'S OFF!

HIS FACE

HIS FACE

HIS FACE

HIS FACE!

NOW STOP! STOP IT, ALL OF YOU. CAN'T YOU SEE IT'S OFF. NOW SHUT UP!! OR I SHALL MAKE YOU SUFFER EVEN MORE.

ONE BY ONE I'VE REMOVED YOU. EACH ONE SCREAMING YOUR LIES. THOSE ON THE OUTSIDE REMAIN PURE.

PLEASE DON'T MAKE ME LOOK.

DO I NEED TO REMOVE MORE OF YOU? I TOOK YOU FROM THE STREETS TO TEACH YOU NOT TO MOCK ME. TO ELIMINATE YOUR LIES.

BUT IF THEY SLIP I SHALL DEAL WITH THEIR BLASPHEMY. THE PAIN AND PUNISHMENT WILL BE MUCH SWEETER THAN YOURS.

HIS FACE.

MY GOD!

Stan Lee PRESENTS:

ARTIST / WRITER TODD McFARLANE / RICK PARKER LETTERS / GREGORY WRIGHT COLORS / JIM SALICRUP EDITOR / TOM DeFALCO CHIEF

Part 1 MASQUES

QUIET! WHY MUST YOU TEST ME?!

I COULD KILL YOU ALL IN A SECOND, YET I CHOOSE TO FORGIVE YOU. ALL I WANT IN RETURN IS YOUR SILENCE.

DEFORMED.

WHAT IS WRONG WITH YOU? WHY DO YOU CONTINUE TO CURSE ME?

WE HAVEN'T SAID A WORD.

mom.

LIAR! THEN LOOK AND TELL ME WHAT YOU SEE.

NO. PLEASE I CAN'T--

YOU MAKE ME SICK.

DON'T--- HURT MY CHILD.

CAN'T YOU SEE THE DEVIL IS CONTROLLING YOU, BLINDING YOU TO THE TRUTH. AND YOU'RE TOO WEAK TO RESIST HIM.

THAT'S WHY I MUST ELIMINATE YOUR KIND-- AND YOUR LIES.

I HAVEN'T SAID... A... WORD.

SUCH A PITY---

'CAUSE YOU HAD THE LOOKS OF AN ANGEL.

OH? NOW YOU CAN LOOK ME IN THE FACE.

AH, OU

DO YOU *SEE* THE TRUTH?!

NO! YOUR KIND IS ALWAYS BLIND. *HYPOCRITE. BLASPHEMER.* ONLY PRAY THAT *HE* SHALL FORGIVE YOU TOO!

mmngh!

MOM?

WHAT HAPPENED TO MY MOM?

SHE IS IN A BETTER PLACE.

BUT *YOU*, CHILD, LOOKED AT ME DIRECTLY. YOU AREN'T AFRAID. THERE IS STILL HOPE FOR THIS WORLD. MY EFFORTS ARE NOT IN VAIN.

COME, YOU SHALL BE MY *DISCIPLE*, I WILL GIVE YOU STRENGTH. KNOWLEDGE.

OUR MISSION IS JUST BEGINNING.

I WANT MY MOM.

FORGET YOUR EARTHLY WANTS.

OUR NEEDS ARE FAR BEYOND THOSE OF MORTALS.

BROOKLYN.

IT'S NOT MY FAULT, THEY LIKED IT. THEY WANTED IT.

YOUR KIND CAN *ALWAYS* RATIONALIZE IT AWAY.

DEGRADING CHILDREN IN VILE PORNOGRAPHIC MOVIES CAN HAVE *NO* LOGICAL EXPLANATION.

THEY'RE JUST STREET KIDS. NOTHING *SPECIAL*. I GAVE THEM A HOME AND WORK.

IS THAT SO BAD?

THAT IS A CRIME I CANNOT FORGIVE.

YOU STOLE THEIR *INNOCENCE!* AND WHEN YOU WERE DONE YOU STOLE THEIR LIVES!

NO!

I ONLY FULFILLED THEIR WANTS-- THEIR DESIRES. THEY WERE HOMELESS, I GAVE THEM *LOVE.*

I'VE DONE NOTHING. IT WAS THEM. THEY WERE WORTHLESS. MY ONLY *SIN* IS THAT I CARED.

YOU ARE SICK.

NOW YOU MUST SUFFER FOR YOUR DEEDS.

NO!

YES!

HE FALLS A DOZEN STORIES, SCREAMING ALL THE WAY---

--YET, BELOW, THE GHOST RIDER WAITS, READY TO METE OUT HIS VENGEANCE.

YOU CHOOSE TO HIDE BEHIND LIES AND DECEIT. NOW *FEEL* THE ANGUISH YOU HAVE BROUGHT UPON THE *INNOCENT.*

G--G-- G--GOD.

THE SPIRIT HAS DELIVERED HIS MESSAGE.

tippy toe--
tippy toe--
nice--
--and--
--slow.
PETER PARKER!!
UH-OH.
AND JUST WHERE ARE *YOU* SNEAKING OFF TO?
UH, I THOUGHT THAT I-- --um-- TOLD YA THAT- er-
PETER, YOU'RE A *WORKAHOLIC.*
MADAME, I'LL TAKE THAT AS A COMPLIMENT. WISH WE COULD GAB, BUT I'M IN A RUSH, AND A MAN'S *GOTTA* DO WHAT A MAN'S *GOTTA* DO.
I'LL CHECK MY CALENDAR, MAYBE SQUEEZE YOU IN FOR LUNCH.
HUGS AND KISSES,* mwa mwa mwa *

BYE!

THAT *MARY JANE*; WHAT A SPORT! SOMEDAY I'M GOING TO HAVE TO *DIVORCE* HER -- JUST SO I CAN MARRY HER ALL OVER AGAIN.

BUT TIME TO GET DOWN TO SOME SERIOUS SUPER-HEROING ---

--- IF I DON'T GET *CAUGHT* IN THIS WEBBING FIRST.

WHY DO I SHOOT SO *MUCH* OF IT ANYWAY?

MONSTER
CRUEL
EVIL
UGLY
FACE
HIS FACE
WHY WON'T THEY STOP CURSING ME?
BEFORE, I WAS A MERCENARY--A GUN FOR HIRE. NOW I'M TRYING TO *FORGET* MY PAST AND ASCEND TO SOMETHING *BETTER.*
EVIL
NO! IT IS YOU WHO ARE EVIL.
MY CHILD WE MUST LEAVE.
ONLY THE STRONG WILL LIVE, BUT THEY SHALL BEAR THE *MARK*, SHOWING THEY HAVE CHANGED THEIR WAYS.
SHOWING THEIR *SALVATION.*
FOR NOW, WE MUST FIND NEW QUARTERS.
THIS PUMPKIN BOMB WILL TEACH THEM TO MOCK ME.

WHAT'S THE BODY COUNT?

TWELVE, SIR. ANOTHER FIFTEEN ARE STILL ALIVE-- BUT *ALL* ARE DISFIGURED BADLY.

DO WE KNOW HOW MANY ARE UNACCOUNTED FOR?

NOT YET. BE ANOTHER SIX TO SEVEN HOURS TILL WE SIFT THROUGH THIS GARBAGE.

UNBELIEVABLE.

SOME OF THE VICTIMS ARE GIVING INFORMATION. LOOKS LIKE *ANOTHER* SICKO *SUPER-VILLAIN.*

MY GOD, HOW MANY OF THOSE GUYS ARE THERE?

WAY TOO MANY, SIR.

LUCKY US, HUH?

"THESE BATTLES ARE GETTING *WAY* OUT OF OUR LEAGUE.

"WHERE'RE THE SO-CALLED HEROES-- TOO *SCARED* TO COME OUT AT NIGHT AND HELP CLEAN UP THE *MESS* THEY MADE.

"SEEMS LIKE EVERYONE'S A *FLAMING* LUNATIC THESE DAYS!"

ONCE AGAIN WE REPEAT OUR TOP STORY. TWELVE PEOPLE ARE DEAD, ANOTHER FIFTEEN INJURED IN WHAT SEEMS TO BE AN UNPROVOKED ATTACK BY THE VILLAIN CALLED HOBGOBLIN---

-- WERE THE VICTIMS OF KIDNAPPING. PREVIOUSLY BELIEVED TO BE MISSING. THE SURVIVORS WERE ALL SCARRED BADLY, ALTHOUGH THE DOCTORS INDICATE THE WOUNDS WERE NOT FROM THE FIRE, BUT MORE LIKELY---

CNN

-- FORMERLY THE JACK O'LANTERN, HIS PAST DOES NOT INDICATE ANY OF THIS. IT IS MY OPINION THAT THE HEROES HAVE INADVERTENTLY BRED A CESSPOOL OF ADVERSARIES THAT CANNOT BE RESTRICTED TO POLITE GRUDGE MATCHES--

EDITORIAL

-- AUTHORITIES HAVE SAID, IN THIS SENSELESS SLAUGHTER, THE FANTASTIC FOUR ASSURED THE MEDIA THAT SPIDER-MAN WOULD BE THE POINT MAN IN THIS INVESTIGATION WITH PLENTY OF BACK-UP SHOULD HE REQUIRE---

NEWS

ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT!

COME TO DADDY, YOU BEAUTIFUL ANGEL. SHOW ME HOW TO FEEL GOOD. C'MON NOW, HERE WE GO.

READY! ONE, TWO--

--LORD ABOVE!

NOT *QUITE*, BUT IT'LL DO FOR NOW.

HERE, LET *ME* TAKE YOUR LITTLE TREASURE FIRST.

NOW HERE'S THE PLAN, EVERYONE'S POINTED ME IN *YOUR* DIRECTION TONIGHT. THEY SAY YOU MIGHT KNOW WHERE THE *HOBGOBLIN* IS HOLED UP.

I DON'T LIKE THE WORD *MIGHT!*

SO IF YOU TELL ME WHAT I NEED TO KNOW, THERE'S A GOOD CHANCE YOU CAN HAVE SOME DESSERT.

MOMENTS LATER.

NOW BE A GOOD LITTLE BOY.

MY WEBBING WILL DISSOLVE IN ABOUT AN *HOUR*, AT WHICH TIME YOU ARE *FREE* TO GATHER UP YOUR DRUGS.

THANKS FOR THE INFO.

IN THE MEANTIME, I WOULDN'T SNEEZE.

OKAY! ALL RIGHT! JUST DON'T SPILL ANY OF IT!!

STUFF'S EXPENSIVE, YA KNOW.

HEY, THE WIND! YOU FORGOT ABOUT THE *WIND*!

WHAT KIND OF A *MONSTER* ARE YOU!!?

--SAID YOU COULD TAKE--

UNNGH!

I'VE ASKED YOU ONCE-- NICELY. I DON'T GIVE SECOND CHANCES.

HOBGOBLIN. WHERE IS HE?

PLEASE--I'VE TOLD YOU WHERE THE GUN SHIPMENT AND MONEY ARE--*ANYTHING* YOU NEED, IT'S *YOURS*-- JUST BACK OFF--PLEASE LET ME MOVE AND---

---I'LL---

okay okay

I'LL DEAL WITH YOUR GUNS *ANOTHER* TIME.

GOD, NO.

FOOL.

I'M GLAD YOU'VE *CONVERTED* OVER TO THE LORD'S SIDE, CHILD.

I, MYSELF, HAD FALLEN INTO SIN ONCE. CASTING ABOUT FOR MY LOT IN LIFE, I LATCHED ONTO THE *NEGATIVE* THINGS. BUT RECENTLY, I'VE DISCOVERED HOW MANY PEOPLE HAVE FALLEN FROM GRACE.

THEN THE VOICES STARTED. THE *TAUNTS*. THE *LIES*. AND I KNEW I HAD A REKINDLED PURPOSE.

ONE BY ONE I'VE DEALT WITH THEIR *TRANSGRESSIONS*. ONLY YOU HAVE SHOWN ME THERE IS STILL HOPE FOR THE TRUTH.

GOOD. YOU ARE READY TO REDEEM YOUR SOUL.

THAT WILL MAKE THIS EVEN *EASIER*.

YEAH, YEAH, I'VE HEARD IT *ALL* BEFORE.

WHO *DARES*?!

ONCE COMPLETE, THE *DEVIL* WILL NOT BE ABLE TO GET NEAR YOU.

OTHERS WILL SOON FOLLOW.

THE WAYS OF EVIL CAN BE *SO* DESTRUCTIVE.

YES, MR. GOBLIN, SIR.

LISTEN, I'M GETTING SICK AND TIRED OF YOU PSYCHOS USING INNOCENT PEOPLE TO GET AT ME!

YOU'VE GOT A PROBLEM, THEN DEAL WITH ME DIRECTLY. FILTH LIKE YOU HIDING BEHIND CHILDREN...KILLING RANDOMLY--

WHERE DOES IT END?!

THE DEVIL!

HE HAS COME TO CHALLENGE MY NEW ALLEGIANCE.

WHAT--?!

LORD, DID YOU EVEN HEAR A WORD I SAID?!

STAY HERE, KID.

MR. GOBLIN-- HELP ME.

LEAVE HIM ALONE, DEMON!

KID, MOVE IT!

GOBLIN, ARE YOU NUTS?! DUMB QUESTION.

I'M NOT EVEN GONNA WASTE A *BAD* JOKE ON YOU.

YOU'RE TOO FAR GONE.

OOMF!

WHY WON'T YOU SEE THE TRUTH?

ADMIT TO YOUR *SINS*.

REPENT! REPENT!

WHAT AM I DEALING WITH?

Please--

--stop.

PLEASE, I SAID STOP.

STOP!

DON'T HURT HIM, SPIDER-MAN. HE HASN'T DONE ANY HARM.

BESIDES, ME AND MR. GOBLIN ARE NOW BEST BUDDIES.

HE'S TRYING TO DO GOOD.

HE LOVES ME.

THE SPIRIT OF VENGEANCE RACES CLOSER.

NEXT ISSUE: The CONCLUSION

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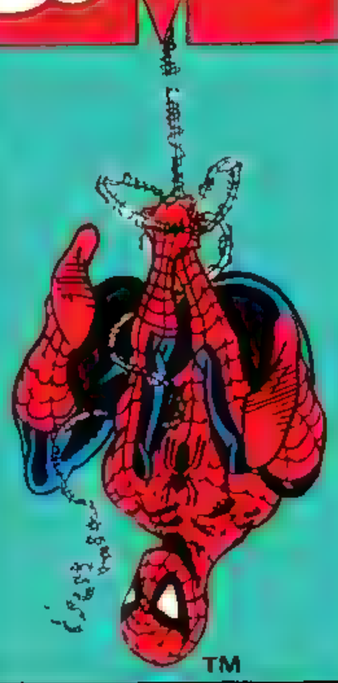

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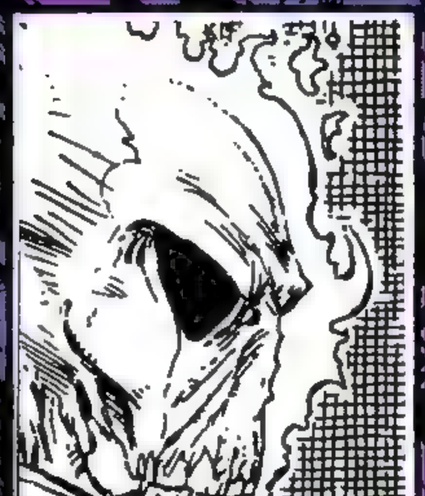
IF YOU LIKE GHOSTS AND GOBLINS — YOU'LL LOVE THIS ISSUE!

SPIDER-MAN®

PART 2 OF 2

THE GHOST RIDER WANTS THE HOBGOBLIN™ AND SPIDEY'S® CAUGHT IN THE MIDDLE!



McFARLANE

GOD, NO.

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?

DIDN'T YOU KILL ENOUGH *ALREADY*?! ARE YOU THAT *SICK* THAT YOU'D MAIM AN INNOCENT CHILD'S FACE?

MY DISCIPLE HAS THE MARK OF TRUTH. YOUR LIES CAN NO LONGER INFECT HIM.

WE ARE NOW PROTECTED BY ONE WITH MORE POWER THAN YOURS.

CHILD, TELL THE *DEVIL* WHERE YOUR ALLEGIANCE IS.

IT'S OKAY, SPIDEY, MR. GOBLIN IS ONLY TRYING TO GET RID OF THE BAD PEOPLE...

...AND HELP THE GOOD.

HE SENT MY *MOMMY* TO HEAVEN.

Stan Lee PRESENTS:

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ARTIST/WRITER

JIM NOVAK
GUEST LETTERER

GREGORY WRIGHT
COLORIST

JIM SALICRUP
EDITOR

TOM DeFALCO
EDITOR IN CHIEF

EVIL!

ITS BEACON IS STATIONED HERE!

LUCIFER! THE SPIDER-DEVIL HAS SENT FOR LUCIFER HIMSELF!

WHA...!?

IS THE WHOLE WORLD GOING NUTS!?

NOT ALL OF IT, BUT SOMEONE MUST HELP BRING ORDER TO THE ABSURD.

TONIGHT, THE SPIRIT OF VENGEANCE HAS A MISSION.

MASQUES PART 2

SO NOW MY ACTIONS MUST ENDURE THE WRATH OF SATAN. BE WARNED, WICKED ONE, YOUR EVIL WILL NOT TEMPT ME.

KID... WATCH IT!

MY FAITH SHALL BE YOUR DOWNFALL. I WILL CONQUER YOUR EVIL, THEN WATCH YOU BEG FOR FORGIVENESS.

FOOL, I AM THE GHOST RIDER. I PROTECT THE INNOCENT FROM THOSE LIKE YOU.

TWELVE PEOPLE ARE DEAD. YOU WILL PAY DEARLY FOR YOUR CRIMES.

SOCIETY CANNOT CONTINUE TO LIVE IN FEAR OF THOSE WHO PREY UPON THE WEAK.

KID, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? DOES IT HURT?

PLEASE, SPIDER-MAN, YOU'VE GOTTA HELP MR. GOBLIN. HE DOESN'T WANT TO *HURT* ANYONE.

HE'S OUR *FRIEND.*

BLASPHEMER! I'VE DEALT WITH YOUR KIND! ALWAYS DENYING YOUR WAYS... TRYING TO TRICK US!

YOUR INSANITY WILL NOT HELP YOU.

IT'S TIME TO SUFFER FOR YOUR EVIL.

EVIL! LUCIFER ***HIMSELF*** CALLING ME EVIL. HOW ***DARE*** YOU JUDGE ME. IT IS SCUM (FORGIVE ME, FATHER) LIKE YOU WHO MUST BE DESTROYED.

MAKE YOUR MOVE.

TO ME, MY SLED.

YOU ARE ABOUT TO ENCOUNTER WHAT HAPPENS WHEN GOOD MEETS EVIL...

HEAD ON!

COME.

NO!

THIS IS GETTING WAY OUT OF CONTROL. IF I DON'T DO SOMETHING, WE COULD ALL DIE!

KID! *WHATEVER* YOU DO, DON'T MOVE! I'M ABOUT TO HELP OUR *FRIENDS!*

DO NOT GLOAT EVIL ONE. YOU'VE NOW FORCED ME TO CALL UPON MY *FATHER* FOR POWER AND ENCOURAGEMENT.

BEHOLD HIS GIFT!

GREAT.

IF HOBGOBLIN EVER MANAGES TO CONTROL HIS NEW POWERS, WE'RE ALL GONNA BE TOAST!

UUNGH!!

STAND ASIDE HERO...

IT'S TIME TO TEACH THIS *WORM* THAT HE CAN'T HARM THE INNOCENT...

...WITHOUT BEING *PUNISHED!*

HEY! WHAT'RE YOU DOING, YA *FLAMIN' IDIOT?!*

LISTEN, I'VE HEARD ABOUT YOUR ACTIONS, GHOST RIDER. I DON'T NEED SOME ROOKIE CAUSING ME HEADACHES. THE GOBLIN WANTS ME!

JUST BACK OFF AND GIVE ME SOME BREATHING ROOM. I'LL YELL IF I NEED HELP.

YOU ARE NOT THE ONLY ONE HERE WITH POWER, HERO.

SO, THE DEVIL AND DEMON FIGHT AMONGST THEMSELVES.

DO NOT PUSH ME, SPIDER. THE EVIL YOU SEEK TO BEAT HAS FAR MORE RESOURCES THAN YOU WILL KNOW.

THANKS FOR THE CONCERN, PAL, BUT THERE'S A LITTLE BOY CAUGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF ALL THIS.

THE CHILD?

I DO NOT WISH TO SEE YOU HURT.

YOU HAVE THE CHILD!

NEVER! NEVER WILL YOU CONVERT THE BOY. HE IS PURE. HE IS TRUE.

ALL YOUR LIES HAVE BEEN EXPOSED TO HIM.

HIS SOUL IS MINE.

RETURN THE BOY!

YOU'RE PSYCHO, GOBLIN! YOU'LL KILL US ALL IF YOU DON'T STOP! THE BUILDING CAN'T TAKE THIS!

WHERE IS HE, SATAN?! SHOW ME THE BOY!

IS ANYBODY LISTENING TO ME?

TALK! WHY ARE YOU SILENT NOW? WHERE ARE YOUR BOASTS?

I SWEAR I'LL KILL YOU, DEVIL! NOW WHERE IS THE BOY?!

DO NOT TRY TO SCARE ME.

BETTER THAN YOU HAVE TRIED. AND FAILED.

KID, IT'S TIME TO GET OUTTA HERE AND I MEAN FAST.

WHERE'S MR. GOBLIN? I WANT HIM TO COME TOO.

DIE!

FOOL.

SPIDER-SENSE TINGLING--NOW WHAT!?

NOTHING CAN STOP ME.

I'M HERE TO PROTECT THE *INNOCENT.*

GHOST RIDER! THE BOY AND I ARE LEAVING. YOU WANT THE GOBLIN SO BAD, HE'S YOURS. JUST LET ME GET THIS INNOCENT KID OUTTA HERE.

EXCUSE ME IF I'M NOT *STUNNED* AT YOUR RESULTS SO FAR.

PREPARE YOURSELVES, **DEMONS!!** YOU HAVE PUSHED ME TO THE LIMITS, SENT YOUR HORDES TO TAUNT AND RIDICULE MY LOOKS. BUT I'VE ELIMINATED THEM ONE BY ONE.

NO LONGER WILL THEY SPEAK THEIR LIES THAT I HAVE THE **MARK** OF THE DEVIL. THEIR EVIL WAYS ARE NO MORE. STILL, YOU SEEK TO **CORRUPT** THE CHILD. HE AND I WILL DIE FOR OUR CAUSE, BEFORE THE LIKES OF YOU POSSESS US.

I GIVE YOU ONE LAST CHANCE. **REPENT! REPENT!**

HE IS TRULY MAD.

BUD, YOU DON'T KNOW THE HALF OF IT. HE'S GONE **NUTS** NOT ACCEPTING HIS CHANGE INTO A **REAL** GOBLIN.

MR. GOBLIN! DOWN HERE! PLEASE HELP US!

LISTEN UP, KID--

SAY, WHAT'S YOUR NAME ANYWAY?

ADAM.

HOW APPROPRIATE.

I DON'T HAVE TIME FOR GAMES. SO JUST STAY HERE AND DON'T MOVE A ***MUSCLE***. IT'S TIME FOR ME TO TAKE THE OFFENSIVE.

I'LL BE BACK WHEN I'M FINISHED WITH THIS MESS.

DIE!

DIE!

DIE!

ONLY THEN WILL YOU KNOW THE TRUTH!

I HAVE THE POWER! I HAVE THE FAITH!

WHY DON'T YOU SHUT UP?!

FATHER, FORGIVE THEM! THEY KNOW NOT THEIR EVIL DEEDS!

IT IS TIME TO TAKE THE BOY, MY *DISCIPLE*, AND LEAVE THIS HOUSE OF HORRORS.

VICTORY WILL BE OURS ANOTHER TIME.

FORGET WHAT I SAID, ADAM! *RUN! RUN!*

MR. GOBLIN, PLEASE STOP.

I'M SORRY, CHILD, BUT WE CAN NEVER STOP. OUR CAUSE--OUR MISSION WILL *FOREVER* BE CHALLENGED. WE CANNOT LET OUR MINDS AND BODIES BE WEAKENED.

ENDURANCE--

--AND FAITH.

THEY SHALL GUIDE US TO A BETTER WORLD. A BETTER WAY.

YOUR MOTHER WOULD BE SO PROUD OF YOU-- UH--

ADAM.

ADAM?! OF COURSE.

THANK YOU, FATHER. YOUR RIGHTEOUS WAYS AGAIN HUMBLE ME.

COME, ADAM, LET'S GO MAKE A NEW GARDEN. WHERE ALL THINGS GOOD SHALL DWELL AND PEOPLE WILL LIVE FOREVER.

THAT'S WHERE YOU SENT MY MOMMY, *RIGHT?*

YOUR MOTHER WAS NOT ONE OF US, DEAR CHILD.

LET US PRAY.

NO. NO.

GHOST RIDER! HE HAS THE BOY! SLOW DOWN! YOU'RE GOING TO KILL 'EM! CAN'T YOU SEE HE *HAS THE BOY?!*

THE BOY.

GOD SAVE HIM.

NO.

NOT GOD.

ADAM! ADAM! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

--MOMMY--

NOW, SAINT--

IT'S TIME TO PAY THE PRICE!!

UNNGH

FEEL WHAT REAL POWER IS. NOT SOME DELUSION OF FAITH.

THIS, IS REAL.

BACK OFF!

THE GOBLIN'S OUT COLD, RIDER.

CAN'T YOU SEE WHAT'S HAPPENING? ***WE'RE*** THE HEROES! DO YOU UNDERSTAND? WE SAVE THE INNOCENT AT ANY COST.

NOT ***COST*** THE INNOCENT DURING A SAVE.

YOU WERE SO BLINDED BY YOUR JUSTICE, THAT YOU ***FORGOT*** WHO IT WAS YOU WERE PROTECTING.

YOU MAKE ONE MOVE AND YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO ***GO THROUGH ME.***

YOU'RE GOOD, 'RIDER, BUT NOT *THAT* GOOD. YOU STILL NEED TO LEARN THE RESPONSIBILITIES THAT HAVE BEEN GIVEN YOU.

YEAH, IT'S OUR JOB TO STOP CREEPS LIKE THE GOBLIN, BUT OUR *MAIN* GOAL--

--OUR *MAIN* CONCERN, IS TO PROTECT--

--THE ADAMS OF THIS WORLD.

HE'S GOING TO NEED MEDICAL HELP.

THEN FIND IT.

BUT SOMEDAY THE HOBGOBLIN WON'T HAVE YOU THERE TO SAVE HIM.

THEN I'LL HAVE MY VENGEANCE.

GOOD-BYE--

--HERO.

HE DOESN'T GET IT.

PLAYING SUPER HERO ISN'T A GAME. IT'S FATE. WE CHOOSE TO DO GOOD. CHOOSE TO DO BAD.

WE HAD A CHOICE.

BUT YOU DIDN'T, DID YOU, ADAM? YOUR MOM IS GONE. I HOPE WE CAN FIND YOUR DAD. PUT YOUR LIFE BACK TOGETHER.

NOW YOU MUST ***CHOOSE***. LET THIS RUIN YOUR LIFE OR USE IT FOR SOME POSITIVE PURPOSE. THE DECISION WILL PROVE JUST WHO IS--

"--THE *REAL* HERO."

NEXT: WOLVERINE!

MARVEL® COMICS

"PERCEPTIONS" PART 1 OF 5

SPIDER-MAN®

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APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

50 YEARS OF CAPTAIN AMERICA 1941 – 1991

McFARLANE

ARTIST WRITER • TODD McFARLANE

LETTERS: RICK PARKER COLOR: GREGORY WRIGHT

EDITOR • JIM SALICRUP EDITOR IN CHIEF • TOM DeFALCO

Routine. That's what it was supposed to be. A routine story.

I'd been sent to cover the possible conflict between loggers and environmentalists as the chain saws got ever closer to another old growth forest.

Support to protect the thousand-year-old trees was strong all across British Columbia. The people had another cause to rally behind.

Yet, unknown to me, it was not the giant trees' continued existence, nor the loggers' fight to keep their jobs that would become the Story.

Instead the forest had unlocked one of its hidden doors and released a mysterious, evil legend.

I now realize that the dark forests that surround everyone's town, survive with their own rules. their own unknown purpose.

Stan Lee PRESENTS:

PERCEPTIONS PART ONE

Maybe I'm being a bit melodramatic. Trying to give depth and meaning where none exists. But the events of the past few hours affected my life like nothing before.

Like I said , it was supposed to be a routine story.

Trees. Loggers. Environmentalists. We've heard it all before.

But in the blink of an eye--

--My eye--

-- The mundane took a sickening twist.

Before I get too far ahead of myself, let me tell you how the events unfolded.

It was about 12:15 a.m. A long day on the road and a late dinner was putting me into Hope, B.C., later than I'd wanted.

The story of my life.

Suddenly, through the midnight fog, I spotted a figure standing in the middle of the road.

Another darn hitchhiker. Always looking for others to complete their journey.

That quick assessment nearly cost me my life.

And my story.

The details become blurred after that. I hit the creature doing 80 kilometers an hour. What I hit is unknown for now. One thing is for sure, it wasn't human.

Experts would tell me later that traces of white fur were embedded in my radiator. Animal fur.

But I digress. Smoke and pain brought me back to reality just in time to see it again..

At first, I thought I was dead. The second wrong assessment of the night.

Slowly, and I recall this with such clarity, the creature CALMLY disappeared into the fog and smoke.

But not before it had left behind--

-- a message.

What it had left was the remains of eleven-year-old David Neusel.

Naked. Decayed. Mutilated almost beyond recognition. The body of this tiny child looked no better than a road kill.

For the first time in my life I prayed.

When the authorities arrived, I could barely give them a complete sentence. They questioned me well into the morning. The first deliberate thing I did, almost upon instinct, was call my editor.

Granville

The Vancouver Sun

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BIGFOOT KILLS BOY

I, Anna Brooks, had just set in motion the wheels of hysteria.

I later found out David wasn't the first child missing recently in the valley. Others thought to be runaways were now being speculated upon. Unfortunately, David's parents were the only ones to see the results.

David's mother is now in a hospital.

The R.C.M.P. immediately began a search. Chief Inspector Krahn was to be the media's contact.

Besides the police, what seemed like every male with a gun also began his own search.

They were determined not only to kill the 'BIGFOOT' but to totally annihilate it.

For the next few days everything became a target. Paranoia replaced logic.

The rules were simple. Anything that moved was shot.

The body count of mistaken animals continued to mount.

The media exposure soon grew out of hand.

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The Vancouver Sun

Bigfoot Kills Again?

Before we had any answers to David Neusel's murder, a whole new set of questions and fears surfaced.

Even more frightening was that another young boy had disappeared.

What had started as a local Vancouver story about old trees, had quickly turned into the news sensation of the year. It spread across Canada, soon

Calgary Herald

Sasquatch on Ramp

Combine this with activists out to protect the senseless slaughter of wildlife. Environmentalists still trying to save the trees. Loggers. More police. Scientists. Even more media.

You can begin to grasp the utter chaotic state that this Fraser Valley community was now faced with.

Los Angeles Post

The tragic death of young David Neusel had been turned into a Circus.

BIGFOOT VICTIM STILL MISSING

Complete with crowds, lights, and someone to call the ringleader.

Weather
Today: Cloudy with rain possible High 48 Low 40. Wind 8-16 mph
Tuesday: Clear and windy High 53. Wind 8-16 mph
Yesterday: Temp range 40-56
AQI 25 Details on Page D2

The Washington Pos

113TH YEAR No 363

I kept trying to convince myself that it was my job. If I hadn't started the story, someone else would have come across the young boy's body. But I remembered that at the first chance, I had called my editor.

Creature Still in Hiding

Grateful Germans Vote to Keep Kohl

Unification Key to C

By Marc Fisher
Washington Post Foreign Service

BONN, Dec. 2—Germans from both sides of their formerly divided country today rewarded Helmut ... steward of the smooth, quick ... East Germany is almost identical to that in the west. This means that ... al of Germany we are the ones trusted to take responsibility."

Challenger Oskar Lafontaine, 47, ... Social Democrat who tried to

I keep repeating "Anna Brooks, you were only doing your job."

LET ME GET THIS STRAIGHT. YOU *ACCIDENTALLY* (emphasis mine) HAD A KNIFE UP TO THAT DEAR LITTLE OLD LADY'S THROAT BECAUSE SHE WAS GOING TO BUY IT AND COULDN'T READ THE BRAND NAME.

SOUNDS CONVINCING SO FAR.

WELL, NOW I'M WONDERING, *MR. GINSU*, WHAT KIND OF DEAL YOU CAN *CUT* ME. GET IT?

I TELL YOU, MAN, SHE CAME UP TO ME FIRST. REGULAR CUSTOMER, YA KNOW?

OF KNIVES. I DOUBT IT.

S-SURE MAN, SHE'S THE WIFE OF THE LOCAL BUTCHER. THE WERE RECENTLY ROBBED AND-- COULD YOU MOVE IT A BIT TO THE LEFT, THANKS--

--ANYWAYS, THEY WAS ROBBED AND NEEDED TO REPLACE SOME -- UH-- EQUIPMENT, MAN.

LISTEN UP, *MAN!* JUST BETWEEN YOU AND ME, THIS LIE IS GETTING *WAY* OUT OF HAND. I'VE WASTED ENOUGH TIME ON YOUR TWO-BIT EXCUSES.

ALL I'M AFTER IS A SIMPLE CONFESSION.

SO HERE'RE YOUR OPTIONS. EITHER YOU TELL ME THE TRUTH, OR, WHEN AN HOUR PASSES--

--these webs will dissolve--

--AT WHICH TIME, YOU WILL FIND YOURSELF SWIMMING FACE FIRST IN GARBAGE. I *HIGHLY* RECOMMEND YOU DECIDE QUICKLY.

'CAUSE ACCORDING TO MY WATCH, YOUR TIME IS JUST ABOUT--

--UP--

--OR SHOULD I SAY DOWN?

PERFECT!

HONESTLY, I DIDN'T--

UNG!

ALMOST ONE HOUR TO THE SECOND. FILTH HAS JUST MET FILTH.

I HAVE TO ADMIT, THAT WAS A PRETTY AWESOME BELLY-FLOP.

A QUICK CALL TO THE AUTHORITIES AND MY BUSINESS IS DONE HERE.

A CALL LATER...

'AND THEY SAY THE FUN HAS GONE OUT OF SUPER-HEROING.

JUST WHEN I THINK I'VE BEEN IN THIS BUSINESS TOO LONG, I'M REJUVENATED BY A NEW BURST OF CREATIVITY.

MY NEW MOTTO IS "IF YOU CAN'T SCARE 'EM INTO HONEST LIFE, THEN ANTAGONIZE 'EM WHILE THEY'RE DOWN."

I LIKE IT.

I'D BETTER GET HOME NOW, 'CAUSE I'M ONLY ABOUT *FOUR* HOURS LATE. MARY JANE'S NOT GOING TO BE TOO IMPRESSED.

OKAY, SO I GET A LITTLE CARRIED AWAY PLAYING *SPIDER-MAN*.

NOW REMEMBER, PETER, YOU JUST FINISHED TEACHING THAT HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY.

HOME, THINK QUICK.

HI, M.J.? YOU SEE, I MET THIS KNIFE SALES-MAN AND--

ALL RIGHT!!

I'M OFF THE HOOK! FAST ASLEEP, LIKE A LITTLE BABY.

BRINGGG!

I'LL GET IT, M.J.

PETER! WHEN DID YOU GET HOME?

OH, JUST A MINUTE OR TWO AFTER YOU WENT TO BED.

HELLO?

PARKER, YOU'VE GOT *EXACTLY* TWENTY-FIVE MINUTES TO PACK, GRAB YOUR EQUIPMENT, AND GET TO THE BUGLE. I'M SENDING YOU ON THIS 'BIGFOOT' STORY.

WHY ME?

BECAUSE *EVERYONE ELSE* WAS BUSY!

WELL, SINCE YOU'VE ASKED SO NICELY, I'LL BE THERE IN *TWENTY-FOUR* MINUTES.

PARKER, I'M IN NO MOOD FOR YOUR--

FEAR

CLICK

HATE HAVING TO LEAVE MY *SWEETIE* AGAIN. I'LL MAKE IT UP TO HER WHEN I GET BACK.

DAILY BUG

BUT BEING THE MATURE SUPER HERO WIFE, SHE UNDERSTANDS. AND ON TOP OF ALL THAT, SHE'S GONNA TAPE THE *SIMPSONS* AND *TWIN PEAKS* WHILE I'M GONE.

ONE HURRIED EXPLANATION AND TAXI DRIVE LATER.

SO JONAH DOESN'T WANT HIS PAPER TO BE LEFT IN THE DUST WITH THIS SASQUATCH STORY. FINE, I CAN UNDERSTAND.

THAT HE CHOSE *ME* TO TAKE THE PICTURES, THAT'S A GIVEN.

BUT-- TO HOOK ME UP WITH *MELVIN GOONER* AS THE REPORTER, THIS TRIP COULD BE LONGER THAN I THOUGHT. MAYBE JONAH'S TRYING TO TORTURE ME.

HOPE BRITISH COLUMBIA'S A NICE PLACE.

Miami Chronicle

Town Gripped with Fear

Hope, B.C., Canada

It is now the seventh day of this 'EVENT.' My reports will continue to come in on a daily basis until everything is settled. The idea of writing it from my perspective has been suggested by my editor.

Since I broke the story, it seems only natural to tap my own emotions. I am tied to this in some involuntary way. More than that, I actually created this hysteria.

I created it.

But my duty is to report the facts to the people of this province and help guide my paper's journalistic duties.

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Hunter Killed as Search Continues

Through all of this I keep asking myself the same question.

WHY?

What possible meaning can this have, On a human level or on a divine level?

One boy is already dead. His body so viciously abused that forensics still can't determine the actual cause of death.

Another boy, BILL RICE, is still missing. Who knows what horrors he has been through.

We can only hope the boy will return home soon--

--having lost his way in the forest, and that it is just a matter of time--

--before someone finds him.

Safe.

On the eighth night things turn horrific.

WELL, BOYS, LOOKS LIKE THAT SIGHTING THE INSPECTOR RECEIVED IS JUST ANOTHER SCARED FARMER. BETTER CALL IT A NIGHT.

sweet mother of mercy.

MITCHELL! WHAT IS IT?!

GOD--IS THAT THE RICE BOY? THE DOGS ARE GOING WILD. KEEP THEM BACK. NOW!

CRIPES! WHAT'S WRONG WITH THEM? INSPECTOR, OVER HERE. HURRY!

I THINK IT IS THE BOY.

LOOKS LIKE THE REPORT WAS RIGHT.

THIS IS INSPECTOR KRAHN, I WANT AN EMERGENCY CREW AND ALL AVAILABLE AGENTS OVER TO THE NICHOLLS' FARM. I MEAN *NOW*.!

AND FOR *CRISSAKES*, KEEP THE REPORTERS *AWAY*.!

JEEZ! I CAN TELL BY THE REMAINING CLOTHES THAT IT IS LITTLE BILLY RICE. MITCHELL, GET OVER TO HIS PARENTS' HOUSE AND MOVE THEM BEFORE THE MEDIA GETS WIND OF THIS.

THE REST OF YOU BOYS, WE'VE GOT TO GET THIS CREATURE. I'M NOT TALKING IN TWO WEEKS, I MEAN FAST. AS IN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS FAST.

MRS. NEUSEL IS STILL IN THE HOSPITAL WITH *HER* BREAKDOWN.

SOMETHING EVIL IS OUT THERE. IT'S OUR DUTY TO BLOW ITS *BRAINS* OUT.

Two dead.

Anyone who was a skeptic until now has been instantly converted. People have waited long enough. They want results. Most of the citizens have pulled their kids from school.

At night, save for the police and media, the streets are silent.

People hiding their emotions behind steel.

Others arm themselves for war.

The situation has gotten completely out of control. The media are not helping matters in the least.

Quite the opposite.

Calgary Herald

MUTILATED BOY FOUND

Part of the boy's limbs were missing. That seems to be the only worthy fact to us, the media.

DAILY NEWS

35¢ NEW YORK'S PICTURE NEWSPAPER®

KILLING CONTINUES

DAILY BUGLE 30¢

★★★★ FINAL — THE PICTURE NEWSPAPER®

Partly cloudy, chance of snow High 25-30 Details p 2

30¢

BIGFOOT EATS CHILD

CANADA'S NATIONAL NEWSPAPER

THE GLOBE AND MAIL

Year, No. 43,995 ©1990

Victim Consumed

Dallas Observer

FLESH-EATER STILL FREE

MOTEL

VACA

HELLO, SWEETHEART, HOW'S EVERYTHING?

PETER, I WAS WONDERING WHEN YOU'D CALL. I'M DOING FINE. THE QUESTION IS HOW ARE YOU? ARE THINGS AS BAD AS THE PAPERS SAY?

UNFORTUNATELY, THEY'RE NOT GOOD, M.J.

MELVIN AND I ARE STAYING IN CHILLIWACK. EVERYTHING WAS BOOKED UP IN HOPE. BUT YEAH, THINGS ARE PRETTY HAIRY RIGHT NOW. I DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH LONGER I'LL HAVE TO STAY.

I KNOW, DARLING. DO WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO. I JUST CAN'T STOP THINKING ABOUT THOSE POOR BOYS' PARENTS. LIFE ISN'T SUPPOSED TO HAPPEN LIKE THIS.

NO PARENTS SHOULD HAVE TO SEE THEIR CHILD DIE BEFORE THEM.

I KNOW. I SAW A FEW MEDICAL PHOTOS OF BILLY RICE--IT JUST-- I COULDN'T TAKE IT. I LEFT THE ROOM AND CRIED. BIG *TOUGH GUY*, SPIDER-MAN.

YOU'D THINK I'D SEEN EVERYTHING. BUT ALL I COULD DO WAS CRY.

IT'S OKAY, PETER. WE SHOULDN'T EVER GET SO USED TO THE HORRORS IN THIS WORLD.

YOU GOING TO BE OKAY?

SURE, I THINK I'M GOING TO STEP OUT FOR SOME FRESH AIR.

I LOVE YOU, SWEETIE.

I LOVE YOU, TOO. 'BYE.

CANADA'S NATIONAL NEWSPAPER

THE GLOBE AND MAIL

Thursday, December 6, 1990

Year, No. 43,995 ©1990

Berserk Sasquatch: No End in Sight

Day nine. It seems like the creature is everywhere again. The town's imagination has torn apart any sense of logic. The beast can't possibly be in eight spots at once.

Rumors begin to fly. Maybe there is a whole race of them. Maybe they are biding time. Waiting to wipe out the entire town. A sadistic smorgasbord. Beast devouring man.

These thoughts people are whispering. It is no longer a circus. Biblical prophecy has taken its place.

My mind is becoming numb. My energy just isn't there. And, more importantly, neither is my heart.

I need to divorce myself from the brutal slayings of innocent animals just to atone for the actions of one.

BANG

Think about the boys; they were human. These are just animals.

Just animals.

Things

that

can't

reason.

STOP

THIS MADNESS MUST STOP.

Things that act irrationally.

FINAL

DAILY BUGLE 30¢

THE PICTURE NEWSPAPER®

30¢ Thursday, January 30

Partly cloudy, chance of snow. High 25-30. Details p. 2

BIGFOOT ATTACK— Hunters Left Alive

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"PERCEPTIONS" PART 2 OF 5

SPIDER-MAN®

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50 YEARS OF CAPTAIN AMERICA
1941 – 1991

DEEP IN THE WOODS LURKS...
WENDIGO!™

Stan Lee PRESENTS:

SPIDER-MAN

TODD McFARLANE PENCILS INKS STORY
GREGORY WRIGHT COLORS
RICK PARKER LETTERS
JIM SALICRUP EDITOR
TOM DeFALCO EDITOR IN CHIEF

THESE CANADIANS KEEP SAYING HOW CIVILIZED THEIR GUN LAWS ARE. HOW AMERICANS SHOOT ANYTHING THAT MOVES.

THING IS, THEY HAVEN'T HAD A REASON-- TILL NOW.

THE ANIMALS WERE HARMLESS. NOW THEY'RE DEAD. I'VE COUNTED FIVE DOZEN.

AMATEURS--LOOKING TO BECOME HEROES. WANT TO BE THE ONE TO BAG "BIGFOOT." TO BAG THE BABY-KILLER.

THEY DON'T UNDERSTAND, NO ANIMAL WOULD STICK AROUND IN THIS KIND OF WAR ZONE. IDIOTS ARE SHOOTING AT GHOSTS.

AND SHADOWS.

AND ANIMALS.

SAY YOUR PRAYERS, BUB. IT'S TIME YOU MET YOUR MAKER.

IF HE'LL TAKE YOU.

please-- no-- I beg you don't---

YOU WHAT?

I BEG YOU--

THAT'S IT? YOU BEG ME AND NOW I'M SUPPOSED TO CHANGE MY MIND AND FEEL REMORSE.

WHY? BECAUSE I CAN UNDER-STAND YOUR PLEAS. SEE IN YOUR EYES THAT YOU DON'T WANT TO DIE.

IT'S UNFAIR THAT YOU'RE DEFENSELESS AND MEAN ME NO HARM, YET I HAVE THE POWER TO *BLOW* YOUR HEAD OFF.

NOW YOU KNOW HOW THEY FEEL.

THOSE ANIMALS THAT YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS ARE SLAUGHTERING WANT TO LIVE JUST AS MUCH AS YOU.

DIFFERENCE IS, THEY CAN'T *BEG*!

NATURE'S BEEN TAKING CARE OF THEM FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS. SURVIVAL IS THEIR GOAL. THAT AND KEEPIN' THE SPECIES ALIVE.

A SIMPLE FORMULA UNTIL MAN BECOMES A FACTOR.

OUR CONSCIENCES WOULDN'T LET US.

BUT THEY DON'T AND NATURE WASN'T *KIND* ENOUGH TO GIVE 'EM A TRIGGER FINGER.

SO THE KILLING CONTINUES.

YOU KNOW, IF THEY COULD SPEAK AND SAY "PLEASE DON'T SHOOT, I *BEG* YOU," I DON'T THINK WE WOULD.

FORTUNATELY FOR YOU, I'M IN A GENEROUS MOOD TONIGHT.

YOU SPREAD THE WORD TO YOUR FRIENDS THAT KILLING IS WRONG. MAKE SURE THEY GET YOUR POINT.

OH, ONE MORE THING. YOU BREATHE A WORD OF OUR MEETING TO ANYONE--YOU WON'T BE GIVEN A CHANCE TO BEG.

sure--sure, okay, I-- I promise.

NO FURTHER WORDS ARE SPOKEN. NONE IS NEEDED.

KINDA FUNNY THOUGH, DON'T THINK I'VE EVER SEEN A FAT MAN MOVE SO QUICKLY.

HOPE HIS FRIENDS DON'T SHOOT HIM.

BUT SEEING AS MOST OF HIS KIND ARE USUALLY QUITE SIMPLE--

--AND A BIT FORGETFUL--

--HE MIGHT JUST NEED A LITTLE REMINDER.

HUNTER'S SMART ENOUGH TO TELL FOLKS THAT KIDS VANDALIZED IT.

I KNOW EXACTLY WHAT YOU MEAN, PETER, ALL THIS KILLING AND HYSTERIA. MAKES YOU *SICK*, DOESN'T IT?

UH--YEAH.

UM, EXCUSE ME A MINUTE, MELVIN, BUT YOU AREN'T *ACTUALLY* GOING TO EAT THAT MESS ARE YOU?

KETCHUP AND DONUTS, SURE-- LOVE 'EM!

PLEASE, MEL, DON'T *PUT* THAT IN YOUR MOUTH. I HAVEN'T HAD MUCH SLEEP AND MY STOMACH'S EMPTY.

SO UNLESS THE AROMA OF BARF SOUNDS *APPEALING*, I'D ABSTAIN.

JEEZ, PETER, WHAT A LIGHTWEIGHT.

NORMA

I'D HAVE FIGURED YOU TO BE TOUGHER THAN THIS. BUT AFTER THE WAY YOU *REACTED* TO SOME OF THE MEDICAL PICTURES OF THE MUTILATED BOY, IT'S UNDERSTANDABLE.

ON THE OTHER HAND, I DON'T QUITE KNOW WHY THEY'D *RELEASE* THOSE PHOTOS BUT SAY THE TESTS WERE INCOMPLETE.

USUALLY THEY WOULD DO THINGS QUITE THE *OPPOSITE*. PICTURES AREN'T THE NORM. MAYBE THERE'RE JUST DIFFERENT RULES HERE IN CANADA.

THE INSPECTOR AND HIS CREW SEEM TO BE AGGRAVATING THE REPORTERS MORE THAN ANYTHING.

WHY WOULD THEY WANT TO ADD MORE HASSLES TO THIS CASE. GUESS THEY LIKE ALL OF THE ATTENTION. BUT THE WAY INFORMATION'S GETTING OUT IS ONLY MAKING THIS TOWN *MORE* PARANOID.

YOU'D THINK THEY'D BE HIDING INFO, NOT THROWING OUT FLARES.

MMM, GOOD POINT. THINGS ARE GETTING *TOO* CRAZY.

BUT YOU CAN HARDLY BLAME 'EM. TWO KIDS MAULED BY SOME MONSTER. HUNDREDS OF MEDIA TEAMS CRAWLING EVERYWHERE.

NOT THE USUAL DIET FOR THIS TOWN.

SPEAKING OF WHICH-- IF YOU MOVE THAT BOTTLE ONE MORE INCH, I'LL--

KETCHUP

SORRY, PETE, MUST HAVE LOST MY--

---head?

SPECIAL

MOOSE

JEEZ! LOOKS LIKE A RIOT OUT THERE.

YEAH, I'M GONNA CHECK IT OUT. GIVE YOU TIME TO FINISH YOUR DONUTS IN PEACE.

WHAT GIVES YOU THE RIGHT?

PSYCHO.

BUTCHER.

LISTEN, I'LL CRACK YOUR SKULL--

YOU CAN'T SHOOT EVERY-THING.

FANATIC!

LIVES ARE AT STAKE.

HEY, PAL, WHAT'S UP?

SOMEBODY LEAKED OUT THAT THEY'VE FOUND OVER A HUNDRED DEAD ANIMALS. SO THE *GREEN-PEACE GROUPIES* ARE EXCHANGING OPINIONS WITH THE *RAMBO-TYPES.*

TOP IT OFF WITH THE NOSEY REPORTERS, AND WE'VE GOT US A DAY THAT ME AND THE MISSUS CAN BE PROUD OF.

I CAN SEE YOU'RE IMPRESSED WITH THIS, TOO.

SAY, YOU AIN'T ONE OF THEM, ARE YOU?

NO! NO! I'M FROM-- CHILLIWACK.

BIG CITY SLICKERS-- DON'T NEED 'EM. 'SPECIALLY THEM TROUBLEMAKING *YANKEES.* THEY DON'T UNDERSTAND NOTHING. AIN'T NO "BIGFOOT" OUT THERE.

JUST A CRITTER THE INDIANS CALL *WENDIGO.*

'COURSE NO ONE WANTS TO LISTEN.

'SPECIALLY THEM YANKS. GUYS SEEM TO STEAL EVERY-THING. OUR PRIDE. OUR EXPORTS.

AND THE *WORST* OF IT ALL--

--THEY EVEN *STOLE* GRETZKY FROM EDMONTON. WHAT KINDA HOCKEY PLAYER'D WANT TO LIVE IN *SUNSHINE* ALL THE TIME. I TELL YA, BOY, HE WAS BRAINWASHED.

NIGHTFALL.

DITCHED MELVIN. NOW I CAN DO MY OWN INVESTIGATING. ANYTHING TO SPEED UP THIS MESS SO I CAN GET BACK TO MARY JANE.

WOULDN'T HAVE TAKEN THIS ASSIGNMENT IF I'D KNOWN IT'D DRAG ON THIS LONG.

UNFORTUNATELY, I'VE GOT TO STAY IN THE SHADOWS WHILE I'M HERE. IT'D BE TOO EASY TO FIGURE OUT THAT THE PETER PARKER IN NEW YORK OF "WEBS" FAME IS ALSO IN HOPE, B.C. WITH SPIDEY.

I DON'T NEED COMPLICATIONS. I NEED ANSWERS.

BIGGEST MISTAKE I'VE MADE SO FAR IS NOT BRINGING THE THERMAL UNDERWEAR.

MELVIN THINKS THERE MIGHT BE ANSWERS AT THE TOP.

I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE HE EATS DONUTS AND KETCHUP. THE MAN'S TOUCHED.

IT IS. BUT TWO HOURS GO BY BEFORE THE PAYOFF.

FINALLY! I'M JUST ABOUT FROZEN TO DEATH.

HOPE THE R.C.M.P. BUILDING IS THIS WAY.

YOU'D THINK THEY'D HAVE THE COURTESY TO SHOW UP WHEN I DID.

LISTEN HERE, LADY, YOU GOT SOMETHING TO SAY, THEN SAY IT.

THAT'S HOW IT WORKS IN THE COMICS.

OTHERWISE, I'VE GOT PROBLEMS TO DEAL WITH. THERE'S 400 REPORTERS, ENVIRONMENTALISTS, AND ROOKIE HUNTERS I'M TRYING TO HANDLE. AS WELL AS KEEPING THIS TOWN IN *SOME* SORT OF ORDER WHILE THE MEDIA MAKES A CIRCUS OF IT.

IF I GIVE ANY INFORMATION, I'M CAUSING HYSTERIA. I GIVE NONE IT'S A COVER-UP. YOU GOT ANY *SUGGESTIONS* I'M ALL EARS.

YOUR JOB DOESN'T *INCLUDE* CAUSING A RIOT. YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO STOP THEM.

POOR YOU.

PEOPLE TELL ME YOU LEAKED THE BODY COUNT OF THE ANIMALS TO THE REPRESENTATIVE OF THE HUMANE SOCIETY.

YOU'RE CREATING YOUR *OWN* PROBLEMS.

IF NOT, THEN LET ME DO MY JOB.

JUST BECAUSE YOU BROKE THE STORY, MS. BROOKS, DOESN'T GIVE YOU PERMISSION TO SLANDER.

"SO WHY DON'T YOU GO WRITE YOUR NEXT STORY ABOUT FLESH-EATING MONSTERS AND SELL AN *EXTRA* TEN THOUSAND COPIES."

SPIDEY, MY BOY, THINGS ARE DEFINITELY STARTING TO HEAT UP.

SO THAT'S THE VANCOUVER REPORTER WHO RAN INTO OUR SO-CALLED BIGFOOT.

TIME TO CATCH A FLY, SPIDEY.

TOO BAD I CAN'T SCARE HER.

BUT THERE ARE OTHER WAYS TO EXTRACT INFO. NAMELY, THE FAMOUS, BUT OFTEN UNDER-USED PARKER-PERSUASION.

IT'S NOT FOR NOTHING THAT THE BABES **SWOON** OVER ME.

BETTY. GWEN. FELICIA. MARY JANE. AH, THE LIST IS ENDLESS.

AH, WHO'RE YOU KIDDING, PETEY. THE REAL REASON YOU WANT ANSWERS IS TO GET HOME TO YOUR WIFE SOONER.

OR, AS THE OLD MAN SAID, **WENDIGO.**

AND IN THE MEANTIME TRY TO **RID** THIS PLACE OF SOME GOD-FORSAKEN MONSTROSITY.

I HOPE THE BOYS, AT LEAST, DIED QUICKLY.

KEAHN HERE. SOMEONE BRING LUKE THORPE, I DON'T CARE WHAT IT TAKES. IT'S TIME WE TOOK THE OFFENSE.

IF ANYONE CAN TRACK THIS CREATURE, THORPE'S OUR MAN.

YEAH, YEAH, I KNOW. THEN SOBER HIM UP IF YOU *HAVE* TO.

ALSO, HAVE TEN MEN STANDING BY. WE'RE GONNA HAVE THORPE LEAD US TO IT--

--AND WE'RE GONNA GET RID OF THIS HEADACHE ONCE AND FOR ALL.

WHAT? YOU TELL THEM TO *SHOVE* THEIR POLICIES.

BETTER MAKE THIS QUICK. DON'T WANT TO LOSE HER.

THERE SHE IS. WELL, PETER, TIME TO GO TO WORK.

EXCUSE ME, MISS. THOUGHT YOU'D LIKE TO KNOW THAT THIS CREATURE YOU'RE CHASING IS CALLED WENDIGO.

FROM THE INDIAN MYTHS?

IT'S A FLESH EATER AND HAS WHITE FUR. SOUND FAMILIAR?

YOU WANT TO GET A COFFEE?

BINGO.

MOMENTS LATER.

THAT'S PRETTY IMPRESSIVE RESEARCH YOU'VE DONE. DIDN'T KNOW THE WENDIGO WAS AS POPULAR AS BIGFOOT. BUT THE BIT ABOUT IT ACTUALLY BEING A PERSON CURSED WITH A CREATURE'S SPIRIT AND BODY, IS A *BIT* MUCH.

STILL, IF A GUY LIKE *THOR* CAN EXIST, THEN ANYTHING'S POSSIBLE.

WHAT I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IS WHY, WHEN THEY HAVE AN EXPERT CORONER FROM CALGARY, THE R.C.M.P. INSIST ON SHIPPING RESULTS TO VANCOUVER FOR ANOTHER OPINION.

SEEMS LIKE RED TAPE IS MORE IMPORTANT THAN COMFORTING THE DEAD BOY'S PARENTS.

CAN YOU IMAGINE WHAT THEY MUST BE GOING THROUGH?

I GUESS IN A SMALL WAY I CAN. LOST A GIRL-FRIEND ONCE. THOUGHT THE WORLD OF HER. WAS THE FIRST TIME I WAS *TRULY* IN LOVE.

WE EVEN THOUGHT WE MIGHT GET MARRIED.

BUT I COULDN'T PROTECT HER. COULDN'T HELP.

NOW I'M HAPPILY MARRIED TO A WOMAN WHO GIVES MY LIFE MORE MEANING THAN I THOUGHT POSSIBLE. STILL, I CAN'T HELP BUT WONDER HOW THINGS MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

THEN THE GUILT SETS IN FOR EVEN THINKING ABOUT IT. BUT I CAN'T FORGET. THAT WOULDN'T BE RIGHT, EITHER.

I'M SORRY FOR YOUR PAIN, PETER. I'VE GOT TO TELL YOU, YOU SURE BREAK THE TYPICAL *NEW YORKER* STEREOTYPE ALL TO PIECES.

HUH?

OH, EXCUSE ME, ANNA, I DON'T USUALLY FEEL SORRY FOR MYSELF. IT'S JUST THE THOUGHT OF THOSE BOYS AND THAT THING.

I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN. THIS STORY HAS GOTTEN WAY TOO PERSONAL WITH ME, TOO.

"UNFORTUNATELY, I'VE GOT AN EDITOR BACK IN VANCOUVER WHO EXPECTS MY COLUMN EVERY DAY.

"AND TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, PETER, I COULD USE THE *BOOST* THAT THIS STORY HAS GIVEN MY CAREER.

"NOT TO *MENTION* THE EXTRA MONEY.

"MY JOB IS TO WRITE SOMETHING THAT SELLS PAPERS, EVEN IF I DON'T HAVE ALL THE FACTS."

The Vancouver Sun

50 CENTS

SAVAGE KILLER STILL LOOSE

Daniel R[illegible], the East Village drifter accused of murdering and dismembering a Swiss dancer, served a soup containing human body parts to homeless people in Tompkins

The centerpiece of the legal strategy used to force the city out of welfare hotels stood endangered yesterday.

In an unexpected move, the state attorney general stepped into Manhattan Supreme Court yesterday and argued that New York City is not obliged to place homeless families in welfare hotels with

NIGHTFALL, FINALLY.

TIME TO CHECK OUT WHERE THE FIRST BOY WAS FOUND.

REPORTER SAID CREATURE LAID BOY OUT ON ROAD.

THIS IS IT.

NO BLOOD. JUST SOME MOSS AND DIRT LEFT BEHIND.

STENCH OF RUBBER STILL STRONG FROM THE REPORTER'S CAR.

AND MY SUSPICIONS ARE CORRECT.

DIDN'T WANT TO BELIEVE IT WAS BACK.

BUT NOW I'VE GOT A TRAIL.

THEN WHY'D YOU COME?

YOUR INSTINCTS ALWAYS RIGHT.

WENDIGO.

THIS COUNTRY KEEPS TURNING ITS MYTHS INTO REALITY.

NOW WE'VE GOT A BABY-KILLER.

CREATURE'S SCENT IS LIKE A BEACON. ONLY THING INTERFERING IS THE SMELL OF THE DEAD ANIMALS.

NICE RATIONALE. WE CAN'T FIND ONE CREATURE, SO SLAUGHTER ANOTHER. EVENTUALLY WE MIGHT BE RIGHT.

HUMANITY. WHAT A CONCEPT.

FORTUNATELY, I WON'T LIVE FOREVER.

HERE'S WHERE THE BODY WAS BURIED.

THE GROUND IS STILL MOIST WITH BLOOD. NATURE'S WAY OF GIVING ME CLUES.

AND UNLESS MY SENSES HAVE GONE HAYWIRE -- WHICH THEY HAVEN'T -- THIS AREA IS IN BIG TROUBLE.

GOTTA FIND SOMEONE IN TOWN I CAN TRUST.

THERE ARE OTHER BODIES OUT HERE.

THORPE, WHERE ARE WE HEADED? ALL THE REPORTS HAVE BEEN FROM THE *WEST* END OF THE SUMMIT

THE MAN'S A LOONY, JOHN. HE'S ALSO GOOD AT WHAT HE DOES.

HE MUST HAVE HIS REASONS.

YEAH, WELL, I WISH HE'D LET US IN ON *SOME* OF THEM.

HOW MANY *MORE* HOURS WE SUPPOSED TO SPEND OUT HERE.

THE GUY MOVES THROUGH THIS FOREST LIKE A MAN POSSESSED.

MAYBE HE IS.

GREAT.

BEHOLD, GENTLEMEN--

--YOUR TREASURE.

NO ONE MOVE.

NO!

NOW LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE!

GUESS I'D BETTER TRY AND FIND MELVIN. HE'S PROBABLY WONDERING WHAT'S GOING ON.

PROMISED ANNA THAT I'D KEEP HER FACTS TO MYSELF.

MIGHT AS WELL GET A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP. LOOKS LIKE ANOTHER DUD EVENING.

THAT WASN'T AN ANIMAL'S SCREAM I JUST HEARD.

THE WENDIGO HAS JUST BEEN FOUND. BY FOOLS.

FINAL

DAILY BUGLE

THE PICTURE NEWSPAPER®

30¢

BIGFOOT EVERYWHERE

Could there be more than one?

Daniel Rako[illegible], the East Village drifter accused of murdering and dismembering a Swiss dancer, served a soup containing human body parts to homeless people in Tompkins Square Park days after the all[illegible] prosecution witness test[illegible] Julian Ivanov, a ben[illegible] covered a [illegible] soup dish[illegible]

On cross-examination, defense lawyer Franklyn Gould sought to discredit Ivanov, referring to his extensive crimi[illegible]

least 60 days, eliminating its daily produc-

[illegible]nding gaso-

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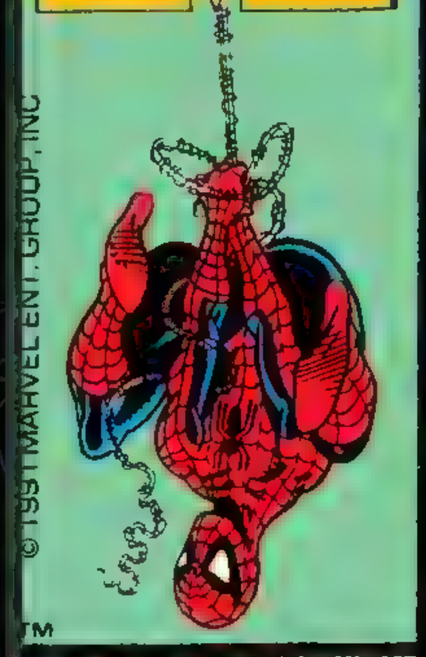
"PERCEPTIONS" PART 3 OF 5

SPIDER-MAN®



McFARLANE

50 YEARS OF CAPTAIN AMERICA
1941 – 1991

WOLVERINE,® WENDIGO!,™ AND THE WEB-HEAD!™

THOSE FRAGGIN' IDIOTS. WHY'D THEY TRY AND KILL SOMETHING WHEN THEY DON'T HAVE ALL THE ANSWERS?

A FEW DEAD KIDS AND ALL SENSE OF REASONING DISAPPEARS. GUESS HUMANS JUST NEED TO PIN THIS ON SOMETHING.

BUT TO GO AFTER THE WENDIGO. THAT'S INSANITY. CREATURE'LL SHRED 'EM APART BEFORE THEY BLINK.

BUT CONSIDERING WHAT THEY'VE DONE TO THE OTHER ANIMALS, IT'S THEIR OWN PROBLEM.

YEAH, AND I JUST HAPPEN TO BE RUNNING IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION BY COINCIDENCE.

CURSE MY CONSCIENCE.

PERCEPTIONS PART 3

TODD McFARLANE...PENCILER/WRITER
TODD AND FRIENDS...INKERS
RICK PARKER.....LETTERER
GREGORY WRIGHT...COLORIST
JIM SALICRUP.....EDITOR
TOM DEFALCO...EDITOR IN CHIEF

FIVE HUNDRED METERS AWAY, A NIGHTMARE IS OCCURRING. LED BY THE TOWN TRACKER, SIX MEN ATTEMPTED TO HUNT AND ELIMINATE A CREATURE THAT HAS BEEN KILLING THEIR CHILDREN.

BEFORE THEY COULD GET A JUMP, NERVES GOT THE BETTER PART OF ONE OF THE POSSE.

A SHOT WAS FIRED.

LIKE ANY ANIMAL BACKED INTO A CORNER, THIS WENDIGO MEANS TO DEFEND ITSELF.

TO THE DEATH.

THESE MEN HAD NO IDEA WHAT THIS CREATURE WAS, OR EVEN IF IT TRULY EXISTED. BUT THE ATTEMPT TO PROTECT THEIR OWN SPECIES MAY VERY WELL BE THE LAST THING THEY DO.

WITH A BULLET IN ITS BELLY, THE MONSTER CARVES A PATH THROUGH THE HUNTERS.

IT HAS BEEN HUNTED LONG ENOUGH. THE FOREST IS ITS HOME. A PLACE OF SAFETY, BUT RECENTLY THAT HAS BEEN SHATTERED.

THE SOUND OF MOTORS AND GUNS AND MEN HAVE DISTURBED THE NATURAL WAY OF THINGS.

THE FOREST CREATURES HAVE DEALT WITH ENOUGH.

WENDIGO WILL BRING ABOUT ITS OWN SENSE OF ORDER.

THE POSSE IS SMART ENOUGH TO LEAVE THE RULER OF THIS JUNGLE ALONE.

THEY CAN'T PAY ME ENOUGH...

NO WAY AM I GONNA DIE FOR SOME GODFORSAKEN MONSTER.

WE'VE GOTTA TELL THE INSPECTOR.

HEY, WHERE'S EDDIE?

"DID THAT *CHICKEN* GET A HEAD START ALREADY? HE BETTER NOT HAVE TAKEN THE WAGON."

WEN-DI-GO

G-GO AHEAD AND KILL ME. SEE IF IT TAKES YOU AS *LONG* TO SLAUGHTER A MAN, INSTEAD OF CHILDREN.

THE CREATURE JUST STARES.

FINALLY, IT RAISES ITS ARM FOR THE DEATHBLOW.

AT THAT MOMENT, EDDIE IS GRIPPED BY FEAR. IN THE BACK OF HIS MIND HE THINKS THAT THIS IS WHAT THE CHILDREN WENT THROUGH, TOO.

SUDDENLY..

... LIKE SOME WILD BANSHEE, WOLVERINE STRIKES.

BROKEN GLASS BEING DRAGGED ACROSS SHEET METAL BEST DESCRIBES THE SOUND HE MAKES.

WHETHER IT IS FOR BRAVADO OR INSTINCTIVE, THE NOISE ACCOMPLISHES ITS PURPOSE.

TO DISTRACT.

AND TO SAVE.

KEEP YOUR HEAD DOWN, BUB.!

I'M GONNA STATE THE OBVIOUS HERE. I THINK YOU SHOULD LEAVE-- NOW!

UH, YES, SIR, RIGHT AWAY, SIR.

THOSE MOUNTIES. SUCH A POLITE LOT.

WON'T POP MY CLAWS. THIS WHOLE SITUATION AIN'T WENDIGO'S FAULT.

I'LL JUST KEEP ON THE DEFENSIVE TILL THE HUNTERS ARE LONG GONE.

'COURSE, WENDIE DOESN'T KNOW I'M BEING SO CHARITABLE. THIS'LL MAKE THINGS A BIT MORE CHALLENGING.

C'MON, PETER, WAKE UP. WE'VE GOT A STORY. SOME COPS ARE BACK IN TOWN. SAID THEY MET THE *BIGFOOT*.

JEEZ, WHAT TIME IS IT?

MELVIN, I'LL SEE IF I CAN'T FIND YOU A *CLEAN* PAIR. C'MON IN AND SIT DOWN. I'LL BE READY IN A MINUTE.

THAT MELVIN, WHAT A JERK.

WHO CARES? WE'RE ONTO SOMETHING BIG HERE. IT'LL TAKE TWENTY MINUTES JUST TO DRIVE TO HOPE. SO HURRY IT UP.

THIS COULD BE THE BREAK WE NEED. SOMEONE OTHER THAN THAT VANCOUVER REPORTER WHO CAN VERIFY THIS CREATURE.

PLUS WE KNOW WHAT SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN HE'S ON.

THE THING DOESN'T HAVE A CHANCE. SAY, I DIDN'T KNOW THEY MADE *FELIX BOXER SHORTS*.

TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, MELVIN, I'M GETTING TIRED OF THIS STORY. I DIDN'T REALIZE IT WOULD DRAG ON THIS LONG.

PLUS ALL THE *MISINFORMATION* THAT'S BEEN LEAKED OUT IS JUST COMPLICATING THINGS EVEN FURTHER.

PETER, IF WE CAN BEFRIEND ONE OF THOSE INJURED COPS, THERE'S A CHANCE WE CAN ALL GO HOME SOON *AND* HAVE A GREAT STORY, TOO.

I THINK I SEE 'EM UP AHEAD.

LOVELY.

WENDIGO'S EXERTING HIMSELF TOO MUCH. HE CAN'T AFFORD TO LOSE MORE BLOOD. BULLET MUST HAVE HIT AN ARTERY.

SO IF HE DOESN'T STOP FIGHTING, HE'S GONNA BE IN SERIOUS TROUBLE.

NOT THAT I'M ENJOYING THIS.

AW, NO! NOT AGAIN.

C'MON, WOLVIE, DO BOTH OF US A FAVOR AND END THIS.

THEN GET INTO TOWN AND FIND AN ALLY. LET 'EM KNOW WHAT I'VE FOUND OUT HERE.

EVERYONE'S ON A WILD GOOSE CHASE.

Los Angeles Post

BIGFOOT ATTACKS ADULTS

CHICAGO GLOBE

MOUNTIES ESCAPE DEATH

FINAL **DAILY BUGLE** 30¢

THE PICTURE NEWSPAPER®

30¢

SASQUATCH DINES ON COPS

OKAY, BIGFELLA, I GUESS IT'S TIME TO JOIN YOU AT YOUR LEVEL.

COSTUME WAS BUGGIN' ME.

I NEED TO BE AS FREE AS POSSIBLE.

SEE HOW IT REACTS TO SOMETHING AS SAVAGE

AS ANIMALISTIC

AS WILD AS ITSELF.

I DRAG MY SCREAM OUT FOR THIRTY SECONDS, THEN I JUST STARE AT WENDIE. HE WON'T LOOK AT ME.

NEVER HAD A SHOWDOWN BEFORE. DON'T THINK HE LIKES IT.

NOT MY PROBLEM.

MAYBE HE'S LOST TOO MUCH BLOOD. MAYBE HE'S JUST HAD ENOUGH OF US STINKING HUMANS.

WHATEVER THE REASON, HE JUST LEAVES.

I'VE GOT TO GET TO TOWN AND STRAIGHTEN THIS MESS UP. BEEN TOO MANY INNOCENT DEATHS ALREADY.

ON BOTH SIDES.

MELVIN, I'M HEADING OVER TO THE POLICE STATION. I CAN'T BELIEVE THEY LET THOSE OFFICERS JUST RUN OFF AT THE MOUTH WITHOUT ANY KIND OF DEBRIEFING.

THEN I'M GOING TO FIND *MS. BROOKS* AND SEE IF SHE HAS ANY LEADS. I'LL CATCH UP WITH YOU TOMORROW BACK AT THE HOTEL.

SOUNDS GOOD. I'VE GOT THE ADDRESS OF THE TRACKER WHO TOOK THESE GUYS OUT TO THE MOUNTAIN. MAYBE *HE'LL* BE USEFUL.

PETER, SEE IF YOU CAN FIND OUT WHEN THE *NEW* FORENSIC REPORT WILL BE BACK FROM VANCOUVER.

YO, SPIDEY, I THINK I COULD USE A BIT OF YOUR HELP.

UH?! WHAT DID YOU SAY?

YOU HEARD ME, BOY. I'VE GOT A SLIGHT PROBLEM WITH THIS WENDIGO FELLA. I THINK YOU CAN HELP.

MEET ME A HALF MILE DUE NORTH OF TOWN IN A COUPLE OF HOURS. YOU'LL GET SOME ANSWERS THEN.

I DISAPPEAR INTO THE NIGHT. BELIEVE ME, I'M JUST AS SURPRISED WITH HIS PRESENCE AS HE IS WITH MINE.

TWO HOURS LATER.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON HERE, BUT IT'S *TIME* TO FIND OUT!

THAT STRANGER'S VOICE SOUNDED FAMILIAR AND HE DIDN'T SET MY SPIDER-SENSE OFF.

SO I'VE GOT *THAT* GOING FOR ME.

I'LL HAVE TO GO TO THE POLICE STATION TOMORROW MORNING THEN MEET MELVIN TO SEE WHAT HE FOUND OUT.

YA KNOW, PETER, YOU DON'T NEED THESE COMPLI-CATIONS IN YOUR LIFE. IT'S HARD ENOUGH TRYING TO FIGURE OUT THIS "*WENDIGO*" MESS WITHOUT WORRYING ABOUT SOME NIGHT-PROWLING STRANGER.

ON THE OTHER HAND, WHAT OTHER *GOOD-LOOKING* SUPER HERO IS IN TOWN?

SO I'VE GOT *THAT* GOING FOR ME, TOO.

UNFORTUNATELY, THAT STRANGER CALLED PETER PARKER "SPIDER-MAN," WHICH *IS* A PROBLEM.

I'M 3,000 MILES FROM NEW YORK AND SOME GUY IN CANADA KNOWS MY IDENTITY.

IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE.

I DON'T KNOW ANYONE IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

HECK, I HARDLY KNOW ANYONE IN CANADA, *PERIOD.*

MARY JANE AND THE PEOPLE AT THE *BUGLE* ARE THE ONLY ONES FROM THE CITY WHO KNOW I'M HERE.

MORE QUESTIONS, THAT'S *ALL* I NEED.

I'M CERTAINLY NOT IN ANY MOOD TO GO THROUGH ANOTHER *MEANINGLESS* ATTACK LIKE I DID WITH THAT *KRAVEN-WITCH* LAST MONTH.

SHE WAS SOMETHING *FREAKY.*

HECK, *ALL* THE VILLAINS ARE FREAKS.

AND I'LL KNOW IF I'M DEALING WITH ANOTHER IN ABOUT TEN SECONDS.

THE CLEARING IS JUST BELOW.

MIGHT AS WELL MAKE THIS DRAMATIC.

NEVER FEAR! SPIDEY'S HERE! IN HIS UNDERWEAR!

REAL MATURE, SCHOOLBOY.

WOLVERINE!!

YOU'D BE FACE DOWN RIGHT NOW IF I WERE THE BAD GUY. YOU DIDN'T KNOW IF I WAS FRIEND OR FOE. WHY WOULD YOU GIVE ME AN EDGE?

THE *FOOL* WHO SIGNALS AN ENEMY, ISN'T LONG FOR THIS WORLD.

YEAH, YEAH, YEAH! THANKS FOR THE LECTURE, *POPS*. I'LL HAVE THE CAR HOME BY ELEVEN.

WHAT'S YOUR PROBLEM? I'VE BEEN IN THIS BUSINESS LONGER THAN YOU. MY SPIDER-SENSE TOLD ME YOU WEREN'T HOSTILE. SO I THOUGHT I'D HAVE A *LITTLE* FUN.

SPEAKING OF WHICH, WHY THE OLD YELLOW AND BLUE SUIT. YOU GOT A REUNION TO ATTEND AFTER?

COUPLE SEAMS CAME LOOSE ON THE OTHER ONE, SO I WANTED TO PUT ON SOMETHING THAT REMINDED ME OF A TIME WHEN I *DIDN'T* KNOW YOU!

YOU NEVER STOP, DO YOU?

OH! HE MADE A *FUNNY!* I THINK THIS GUY HAS *SOME* POTENTIAL.

NAH! BESIDES, IT KEEPS ME YOUNG.

SO WHAT BRINGS YOU HERE? IT CAN'T BE THE CROWDS OR THE HYPE!

IT'S THE *KILLINGS*! THE THOUGHT OF DEAD ANIMALS, ESPECIALLY DEAD CHILDREN, SICKENS ME. I'VE SEEN MY FAIR SHARE OF SICK SITUATIONS, BUT THIS ONE'S CONTAGIOUS.

THOSE FRAGGIN' HUNTERS ARE DETERMINED TO KILL *EVERYTHING* UNTIL THEY GET IT RIGHT. AND, UNFORTUNATELY, I CAN'T STOP 'EM ALL.

WHICH IS WHERE YOU COME IN.

GREAT!

NOW I'M SUPPOSED TO STOP THE HUNTERS, AND LEST WE FORGET, THE R.C.M.P., THE ENVIRONMENTALISTS, AND THE REPORTERS.

AH, SHUT UP, KID! I DON'T WANT YA TO MOW 'EM DOWN. JUST REMOVE THEIR MOTIVATION. LET THEM KNOW THEIR TARGET IS IN TOWN. JUST KEEP 'EM OUT OF THE FOREST.

FACTS, BUDDY. I'VE GOT TO HAVE SOMETHING SOLID.

LISTEN, I'VE GOT A HUNDRED INNOCENT ANIMALS SLAUGHTERED OUT IN THE FOREST BY SOME HYPER-ACTIVE WEENIES. THEY THINK "BIGFOOT" KILLED THE BOYS.

I SAY HE DIDN'T.

I WENT TO THE ROAD WHERE THE FIRST BOY WAS FOUND. WHERE THE REPORTER FIRST SAW OUR "BIG-FOOT." THE SMELLS TOLD ME THAT IT WAS A *WENDIGO* THAT CARRIED THE BOY THERE.

I FOLLOWED THE TRAIL TO WHERE THE BOY HAD BEEN BURIED. THE STENCH OF A *HUMAN* ADULT WAS STILL EVIDENT.

THE WENDIGO DIDN'T KILL THAT BOY, HE JUS HAP-PENED TO STUMBLE UPON THE BODY.

TO VERIFY MY SUS-PICIONS, I WENT TO THE FIELD WHERE THEY FOUND THE SECOND BOY, BILLY RICE.

KNOW WHAT MY SENSES SAID? NO TRACE OF WENDIGO ANY-WHERE. ONLY THE SMELL OF THAT SAME *HUMAN* ADULT. AND *DOGS.*

SO I WENT BACK INTO THE FOREST TO TRACK DOWN THE WENDIGO. BEFORE I FOUND HIM I CAME ACROSS A COUPLE OF HIS KILLS.

BOTH WERE DEERS. NO HUMAN FLESH EVER NEAR.

MY PROBLEM, THE HUNTERS CONTINUE TO KILL THE ANIMALS. THAT WILL NOT CONTINUE!

LET ME GET THIS STRAIGHT. YOU'RE TELLING ME THAT THOSE TWO DEAD BOYS HAVE *NOTHING* TO DO WITH WENDIGO.

=Whew= THAT IS A PROBLEM.

WE'VE GOT AN ENTIRE TOWN BELIEVING THAT A SEVEN-FOOT MONSTER IS GOING TO SNATCH THEIR KIDS AND *DRAG* 'EM INTO THE DARK.

AND WITH THE MEDIA BLOWING THIS THING WAY OUT OF PROPORTION, I CAN HARDLY BLAME THEM.

PLUS, *ANNA BROOKS*, THE REPORTER WHO CRACKED THIS STORY, TELLS ME THAT SOMEONE IS *LEAKING* OUT INFORMATION THAT JUST ADDS FUEL TO THE FIRE.

I'LL TELL YOU, *WOLVIE*, FROM MY MEDIA EXPERIENCE, ONCE THE WHEELS OF PROPAGANDA HAVE BEEN SET IN MOTION--

--REALITY BECOMES A *MOOT* POINT.

THESE PEOPLE WANT A BIGFOOT. THEY'LL *GET* A BIGFOOT. IT'S THE ONLY WAY THEY'LL FEEL SAFE AGAIN.

AND I'VE GOT TO ADMIT THAT SIX OFFICERS GETTING *ATTACKED* BY WENDIGO DOESN'T HELP ANY.

THEY *ATTACKED* HIM! DO YOU UNDERSTAND? HE DIDN'T PROVOKE ANYTHING. THEY HUNTED HIM. AND WHEN HE WAS SHOT HE DID WHAT ANY INJURED ANIMAL WOULD DO.

HE *DEFENDED* HIMSELF.

NOT HIS PROBLEM THOSE COPS ARE EASILY SCARED.

BUT WE'RE GETTING OFF THE POINT. THE HUNTERS, THE R.C.M.P., THEY'RE ARMED. THEY CAN SHOOT BACK.

IT'S THE INNOCENT ANIMALS THAT I'M CONCERNED ABOUT.

AND THE KIDS THAT *YOU* SHOULD BE WORRIED ABOUT.

TIME TO MAKE A CHOICE.

BUT I'M *IN* LIKE *FLYNN*.

OKAY, THEN LET'S GO CATCH US A *MURDERER!*

To be continued

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"PERCEPTIONS" PART 4 OF 5

SPIDER-MAN®

WHILE

WOLVERINE®

OPERATES ON

WENDIGO™

—SPIDEY® TAKES ON THE PRESS AND THE LAW!

Day ten.

It finally happened. Someone else has seen Wendigo. As a matter of fact, six people saw it.

There were officers in the bush. Hunting down this savage baby-killer, when the monster attacked them. Two are in the hospital with injuries; the others are shaken emotionally.

I understand their fear. To face something eye to eye that you don't believe exists is disturbing. It blows all of your previous assessments of life to smithereens.

If a creature like this can roam the forest undetected for who knows how many years--then what else could exist?

PART 4

PERCEPTION

What other horrors could be lurking just outside our windows without us ever knowing?

The blood, fur and flesh wedged into the grill of my now-crushed car said it was.

But now we do know. From my selfish perspective that's good. Ever since that first night when I ran into the Wendigo with my car, I've wondered if it was actually real.

So, even though the attack upon the R.C.M.P. is a horrible reality, their sighting now makes me feel like I'm not totally alone.

The weight off my conscience will now allow me to sleep, with some sort of peace, for the first time in ten days.

As for the R.C.M.P. officers, luckily they were armed. Maybe that's why the creature chose the children.

They were innocent. Harmless.

Easy prey.

GOOD! SHE'S IN HER ROOM.

STORY & PENCILS
TODD McFARLANE

INKS
RICK MAGYAR & McFARLANE

RICK PARKER letters

GREG WRIGHT color

JIM SALICRUP editor

TOM DeFALCO editor in chief

One officer reported that they found the creature almost instantly with local tracker *LUKE THORPE* leading the way.

When the monster viciously attacked, the mounties shot back. They say the "Sasquatch" was hit but were unable to determine the extent of the wounds.

Does this mean that we may have seen the last of *?

KNOCK KNOCK

MS. BROOKS, IT'S ME, PETER PARKER.

SHE'S NOT GOING TO LIKE THIS. HECK, FROM WHAT WOLVERINE TOLD ME--I DON'T LIKE THIS.

PETER! COME ON IN. AND PLEASE CALL ME ANNA.

I WAS JUST WRITING MY COLUMN FOR TOMORROW. I'M SURE YOU HEARD ABOUT THE ATTACK. SO WHAT DO YOU THINK?

THAT'S WHY I'M HERE, ANNA. I'VE BEEN GIVEN SOME INFORMATION THAT *STRONGLY* SUGGESTS THAT SOMEONE IN TOWN KILLED THOSE TWO BOYS.

NOT THE WENDIGO.

WHAT?! THAT'S ABSURD!

I WISH IT WERE. BUT THE INFO I'VE GOTTEN FROM MY SOURCE SAYS THIS WHOLE 'BIGFOOT' THING HAS BEEN A SHAM.

YES, THE WENDIGO EXISTS. BUT IT ONLY HAPPENED UPON THE *NEUSEL* BOY. FOR WHATEVER REASON, IT WAS BRINGING HIM CLOSER TO TOWN WHEN YOU RAN INTO IT.

BUT THAT'S NOT WHY I'M HERE. WE'VE GOT A *MADMAN* RUNNING AROUND WHO'S A POSSIBLE CHILD KILLER AND NO ONE KNOWS.

WE HAVE TO LET THE PEOPLE IN ON THIS.

THIS IS *CRAZY!* YOU COME STORMING IN HERE TO TELL ME THAT THE WENDIGO WHO WAS *CRATING* AROUND A POOR DEAD CHILD AND WHO *ATTACKED* THE MOUNTIES IS INNOCENT?

GIVE *ME* A BREAK!

I'VE BEEN BUSTING MY BUTT ON THIS STORY, COVERING EVERY ANGLE. SO FAR NOTHING POINTS TO HUMANS.

I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU'D DO THIS, PETER, BUT I EXPECTED BETTER FROM YOU. I THOUGHT YOU WERE *DIFFERENT* THAN THE OTHER 'SHARK' REPORTERS! WHAT WOULD POSSESS YOU TO DO THIS?

BECAUSE IT'S THE *TRUTH!*

LISTEN, ANNA, I HATE THIS AS MUCH AS YOU DO. BECAUSE THE SICK THING IS, I WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN SENT HERE IF THIS WAS *ONLY* A MURDER.

ROUTINE MURDERS *DON'T* SELL PAPERS.

I'M NOT HERE TO WRECK YOUR STORY. AT THIS POINT I WISH IT *WERE* TRUE. BUT THE EVIDENCE I HAVE SAYS OTHERWISE.

WHAT *EVIDENCE*!? SHOW ME. AND JUST WHO IS YOUR SOURCE?

I CAN'T SAY RIGHT NOW.

YOU CAN'T SAY?!

THAT DOES IT! YOU TAKE YOUR SO-CALLED FACTS AND YOU *SHOVE 'EM*. I'M WRITING THE STORY OF MY LIFE AND I DON'T HAVE TIME TO DEAL WITH PROFESSIONAL JEALOUSY!

NOW GET OUT OF HERE!

I'M SORRY YOU FEEL THAT WAY. NOW IT'S ME WHO WOULD HAVE EXPECTED BETTER.

BEFORE I GO, YOU ASK YOURSELF A FEW QUESTIONS, SINCE YOU SEEM TO HAVE *ALL* THE ANSWERS--

--WHY DID ONE BOY HAVE ON CLOTHING AND THE OTHER DIDN'T? WENDIGO WOULDN'T *CHANGE* HIS HABITS.

AND WHY HAVE THE FORENSIC REPORTS BEEN DELAYED? EXCEPT FOR A FEW FACTS THAT WERE LEAKED TO HELP FUEL THE FIRES OF CONFUSION.

IF YOU'RE INTERESTED I'VE GOT *PLENTY* MORE UNANSWERED QUESTIONS.

YOU KNOW WHERE YOU CAN REACH ME.

SLAM

SOMEWHERE IN THE DEEP FOREST AN INNOCENT VICTIM STRUGGLES TO MAINTAIN CONSCIOUSNESS.

IT FEELS A BURNING PAIN DEEP IN ITS BELLY, ALTHOUGH IT CAN'T RATIONALIZE WHY ITS THERE.

THE WORD BULLETS HAS NO MEANING.

IT DOESN'T FEEL RIGHT, THAT MUCH IT DOES KNOW. SO, INSTINCTIVELY, THE WENDIGO DOES WHAT IT CAN TO HELP ITSELF.

THE FIGHT WITH THE R.C.M.P. AND WOLVERINE HAVE TAKEN THEIR TOLL.

ESPECIALLY WITH GUNSHOT WOUNDS TO EVEN THE ODDS.

THE CREATURE CARES ABOUT NONE OF THIS.

SOMEONE'S GONNA PAY DEARLY.

SPIDEY'D BETTER BE DOING HIS JOB, 'CAUSE I'M GETTING TIRED OF WAITING.

TIME'S RUNNING OUT. I THOUGHT ANNA COULD HELP ME WITH THE OTHER REPORTERS.

LOOKS LIKE I'M ON MY OWN. CAN'T RISK EXPOSING MYSELF RIGHT NOW 'CAUSE THAT WOULD JUST COMPLI-CATE MATTERS.

SOOO---

-- THE R.C.M.P. IS MY NEXT BET. BUT WHY DO I KNOW THAT THEY'RE *NOT* GOING TO WELCOME THE NEWS?

OR THE RAMIFICATIONS?

BECAUSE, DEAR SPIDEY, YOU'VE BEEN DOWN THIS PATH *TOO* MANY TIMES.

GUESS THE HYPE HAS *SWALLOWED* HER UP, TOO.

I HOPE THEY'LL BELIEVE *SOME* OF THE EVIDENCE I GIVE THEM.

IF NOT, MELVIN IS GOING TO BECOME MY BUDDY *REAL* FAST!

YA KNOW, I'M GETTING *TIRED* OF YOU GUYS. IF YOU CAN'T GET YOUR STORY THE PROPER WAY--

--YOU JUST *MAKE* UP YOUR OWN ANSWERS.

BUT I'LL TAKE ALL YOUR SUGGESTIONS IN A SERIOUS AND PROFESSIONAL MANNER.

UNLESS, OF COURSE, YOU'LL PRODUCE YOUR SOURCE.

I'VE ALREADY TOLD YOU I *CAN'T*. LISTEN, IT'S ALL HERE IN THIS FOLDER.

I JUST THOUGHT YOU MIGHT BE SOMEWHAT CONCERNED ABOUT THE *TRUTH*.

DONUTS

WE'LL HANDLE THIS.

SURE. THANKS FOR NOTHING.

LET ME SEE THAT FOLDER, CARL. WHAT KIND OF TWISTED MIND WOULD BLAME A LOCAL?

WHO KNOWS?

GUY WAS PRETTY HYPER, THOUGH. THINK HE SAID HE WAS FROM NEW YORK.

FIGURES.

SAID SOME INTERESTING THINGS TO FRANK AND ME. BUT YOU'LL SEE IT IN HIS REPORT, INSPECTOR.

GOD, IF THIS GETS OUT WE'RE IN BIG TROUBLE.

SOMEONE GET ME THORPE!

WHERE'D HE GET THIS STUFF?

WOUND'S STARTING TO SOFTEN UP. GOOD OLD MOTHER NATURE WORKS EVERY TIME.

HAVEN'T DONE THIS IN A WHILE, SO I'D BETTER MAKE SURE THE AREA IS NUMB.

DON'T NEED WENDIE TO FLINCH ON ME.

THERE, THAT JUST ABOUT DOES IT. NOW, IT'S WORK TIME FOR--

SNIKT

--DOCTOR ADAMANTIUM.

FUNNY, I DON'T GET TO USE THESE CLAWS FOR POSITIVE REASONS THAT OFTEN.

NICE TO KNOW THAT MY VEG-O-MATICS CAN DO MORE THAN SLICE AND DICE.

THOUGH THERE'S SOMETHING TO BE SAID FOR THAT, TOO.

NOW IF I CAN JUST STOP THIS BLEEDING AND--

GOT IT!

IF THE WOUND'S NOT INFECTED AND WENDIE DOESN'T STRAIN HIMSELF, I THINK THE OPERATION WILL BE A SUCCESS.

HERE'S A SOUVENIR, BUB.

I'D GIVE SPIDEY TWO MORE HOURS, THEN IT'S MY TURN TO CONVINCE THE GOOD CITIZENS OF HOPE.

IF HE DOESN'T COME BRINGING GOOD NEWS, THEN I'LL GO INTO TOWN AND SNIFF DOWN THE BLOODY PIG MYSELF.

NO ONE'S GONNA DIE WHILE I'M HERE.

A LIVING CANCER IS WALKING AROUND KILLING. IT'S MY JOB TO MAKE HIM TERMINAL.

YOU CAN'T BE SERIOUS! C'MON, PETER! YOU'RE JUST A PHOTOGRAPHER. HOW'D YOU GET THAT KIND OF INFORMATION?

IT DOESN'T MATTER.

ARE YOU KIDDING? EVERYONE'S ON THE PATH TO THE LEFT, BUT YOU SAY THE ANSWERS ARE ON THE RIGHT. YOU'D BETTER BELIEVE IT MATTERS!

MEL, I WASTED AN HOUR JUST TRACKING YOU DOWN. TIME IS CRUCIAL. YOU'LL GET ALL YOUR ANSWERS LATER. THE COPS ARE USELESS RIGHT NOW SO WE'VE GOT TO DO THIS ON OUR OWN.

C'MON, EVEN IF THIS WAS TRUE, WE CAN'T STOP THE WHEELS OF PARANOIA. WE'RE IN THIS, WHETHER WE LIKE IT OR NOT.

WRONG!

YOU'RE IN THIS. I'M JUST A PHOTOGRAPHER, REMEMBER? I CAN MAKE AN IDIOT OF MYSELF.

AND BECAUSE MY CAREER DOESN'T HINGE UPON THIS STORY, I CAN LET THE ODD PIECE OF DOUBT ENTER IN.

I'M NOT SAYING I'VE GOT ALL THE ANSWERS.

BUT YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO ACCEPT THAT NEITHER DO YOU.

I'M NOT ASKING YOU TO GO OUT WITH MY MEN THIS TIME. YOU DO WHATEVER YOU HAVE TO.

BUT UNLESS YOU CAN NAIL THIS CREATURE IN THE NEXT FORTY-EIGHT HOURS? I DON'T NEED YOU.

LIKE THE KILLER MIGHT NOT BE THE MONSTER.

WHAT?! HOW'D YOU KNOW?

JUST A HUNCH, AMONGST OTHER THINGS.

LOOK, THORPE, WE NEED TO GIVE THE PEOPLE SOMETHING... *ANYTHING!*

THERE ARE RUMORS THAT COULD DEVASTATE THE COMMUNITY AND...

I UNDERSTAND WHAT YOU NEED. YOU'RE NOT CONCERNED ABOUT THIS KILLER. YOU'RE WORRIED ABOUT YOUR NECK THAT'S ABOUT TO BE CHOPPED.

I'LL GET YOUR "BIG FOOT." BUT IT WILL BE ON MY TERMS. *MY WAY!* I DON'T CARE ABOUT CATCHING A SACRIFICIAL PIG. I JUST WANT THOSE ANNOYING REPORTERS OUTTA MY WOODS.

I'M NOT CONCERNED ABOUT YOUR MOTIVATIONS. IT'S BEEN TEN DAYS.

" I WANT THAT CREATURE DEAD BY DAY TWELVE. "

" THAT'S HOW YOU CAN HAVE THE WOODS ALL TO YOURSELF. "

WEN-DI-GO

GLAD TO SEE YOU'RE FEELING BETTER.

WHO SAYS YOU'RE WIMPY?

NOW BEFORE YOU RIP MY HEAD OFF, LET ME TELL YOU WHAT'S UP.

IF WE DON'T SOLVE THIS LITTLE CASE OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY SOON, I DON'T THINK YOUR ODDS OF SURVIVING THE YEAR ARE VERY GOOD.

HECK, SURVIVING THE WEEK!

BUT WE DON'T HAVE CONTROL OVER THAT. WHAT WE DO HAVE CONTROL OF IS WHERE WE GO AND WHEN WE GO.

SO YOU NEED TO FOLLOW MY LEAD.

I HAVE TO FIND ANOTHER BODY.

THAT'LL BE THE LAST PIECE OF EVIDENCE THEY MIGHT WANT.

I PROMISE YOU'VE GOT NOTHING TO LOSE. TRUST ME.

THOUGH THE CREATURE CAN'T UNDERSTAND. IT TRUSTS SOMETHING...

..ITS INSTINCTS.

THIS STINKS!

ANNA WON'T BELIEVE ME, THE COPS WON'T BELIEVE ME, AND MELVIN'S AN IDIOT.

I JUST CAN'T UNDERSTAND THEM. JUST BECAUSE WENDIGO HAD THE DEAD BOY IN HIS HANDS AND ATTACKED THE MOUNTIES... WHAT KIND OF REASONS ARE THOSE TO ASSUME HE'S GUILTY?

I WOULDN'T BELIEVE ME EITHER.

BUT I CAN'T BRING WENDIGO HERE. HE'D BE DEAD BEFORE HE HIT THE CITY LIMITS.

=WHEW= WHAT A STORY THAT'D MAKE.

ACTUALLY WOLVIE COULD HIDE WENDIGO. THAT'S NOT A PROBLEM. WHAT BOTHERS ME IS THAT A MURDERER IS DOWN THERE AND I CAN'T DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT.

I CAN'T LET ANYONE SEE ME, WHICH HINDERS MY DAYTIME ACTIVITY. I'M GETTING TO BE LIKE THAT BAT FELLA.

I DON'T THINK I'VE EVER SEEN AS *SICK* A STORY AS THIS. CAREERS, HEADLINES, PRESTIGE.

MY *GOD*, ARE WE MISSING THE POINT? EVEN WORSE, DO WE WANT TO GET IT?

ARE SALES GOING TO DICTATE OUR ETHICS? SO THERE'S A MURDER. *YAHOO!* WE'VE READ ABOUT THAT BEFORE.

WE WOULDN'T WANT TO THINK ABOUT THE BOY'S PARENTS AND FAMILY.

THEY'VE BECOME A FREAK SHOW.

I JUST DON'T KNOW ANYMORE.

MARY JANE, WHERE ARE YOU WHEN I NEED YOU?!

WELL, TIME TO MEET WOLVIE. BUT HE IS NOT GOING TO BE *IMPRESSED* WITH MY EFFORT.

THEN AGAIN, NEITHER AM I.

"I

JUST

HOPE

HE

WAS

ABLE

TO

FIND

SOMETHING."

WEN-DI-GO!

IT'S BEEN A LONG NIGHT. FOR THE FIRST TIME WENDIE HOWLS NOT WITH PAIN.

OR ANGER.

BUT WITH ANGUISH.

NEXT: THE CONCLUSION

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"PERCEPTIONS" PART 5 OF 5

SPIDER-MAN®

GUEST-STARRING WOLVERINE!®

THE KILLER REVEALED!

McFARLANE

THE MEDIA WON'T BELIEVE US. THE R.C.M.P. WON'T BELIEVE US. CRIPES! EVEN SPIDER-MAN'S PARTNER WON'T.

THEY'RE IDIOTS ANYWAY.

I'VE GIVEN THEM ALL THE CLUES THEY NEED. BUT EVERYONE'S CAUGHT UP IN THE LIGHT SHOW.

WELL, SPIDEY HAD HIS CHANCE, TIME TO ALTER OUR TACTICS. I'M TIRED OF GIVING THEM A CHOICE. FROM NOW ON WE DO THINGS MY WAY.

PERIOD.

BECAUSE I WANT HIM HERE. YOU GOT A PROBLEM WITH THAT?

NO! NO! JUST-- UH-- WONDERING. THAT'S ALL.

GOOD.

WE JUST FOUND ANOTHER BODY. ANOTHER BOY.- I'M GOING INTO TOWN.

I NEED YOU TO BABYSIT FOR AWHILE.

C'MON, WOLVIE! THAT'S CRAZY! I'LL GO GET THE MOUNTIES, THEN I CAN--

THE CONCLUSION OF:

PERCEPTIONS

BY
McFARLANE
PARKER
WRIGHT
SALICRUP
DeFALCO

WEN·DI·GO!

OKAY! I'M NOT MOVING! I'M NOT MOVING!

=sheesh=

YOU'VE HAD YOUR CHANCE. NOW IT'S MINE.

YOU DON'T EXPECT ME TO--

WAIT HERE?

YOU BET YOUR REAR I DO!

I'VE GOT ENOUGH DEAD ANIMALS OUT HERE TO DAM A RIVER. AND THAT DEAD BOY THERE, HE'S NOT THE LAST. I GUARANTEE IT.

YOUR FRIENDS DON'T WANT TO BELIEVE YOU, FINE. BUT I CAN BE VERY PERSUASIVE WHEN I NEED TO.

SO YOU JUST ENJOY SOME TIME WITH WENDIE AND I'LL BE BACK TO GIVE YOU FURTHER ORDERS.

OH--IF YOU DECIDE TO CHANGE YOUR MIND, I THINK THE MEDIA WOULD BE QUITE ENTHUSED WITH A COUPLE OF FACTS.

GET MY DRIFT-- PARKER!

YEAH. YEAH.

I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE KID.

MY GOD, WHAT HAVE THEY DONE TO HIM?

WEN-DI-GO!

WHAT NOW!?

I'M JUST TRYING TO HELP. AT LEAST LET ME COVER THE BOY UP.

NO!

I NEED THE BOY OUT IN THE OPEN SO I CAN GET A CONFESSION. I WANT THE MURDERER TO SEE THE AFTERMATH OF HIS ACTIONS.

WENDIGO WILL KEEP ANY PREDATORS FROM THE BODY. *YOUR* JOB IS TO STOP THE HUMANS.

MINE'S TO MAKE THEM PAY.

WENDIGO'S BELLY IS STILL MENDING FROM BULLET WOUNDS, MAKE SURE HE DOESN'T GET TOO EXCITED.

I'VE TOLD YOU HE DOESN'T EAT HUMAN FLESH-- NOT YET.

WHAT IF HE TRIES TO GO FOR THE BOY?

HE'S HIDING FROM THE HUNTERS, THINKS WE ARE TOO. NO SENSE CHANGING HIS MIND.

NOW WAIT A MINUTE! HOW LONG AM I SUPPOSED TO WAIT?

AS LONG AS IT TAKES.

NOW KINDLY REMOVE YOUR HAND BEFORE YOU LOSE IT.

BEFORE YOU GO, GIVE ME ONE GOOD REASON WHY I SHOULD LISTEN TO YOU?

I'LL GIVE YOU MORE THAN THAT!

URRK!

ONE! WE'VE GOT THREE DEAD BOYS AND COUNTING.

TWO! WE'VE GOT HUNDREDS OF DEAD ANIMALS AND COUNTING.

TWO AND A HALF--

I'M A MOODY LITTLE CUSS.

I PROMISE YOU DON'T WANT REASON THREE.

I TURN TO LEAVE THINKING THAT I'VE MADE MY POINT.

OR SHOULD I SAY POINTS.

BUT I SWEAR THAT SPIDER-MAN IS ONE OF THE GUTSIEST FOOLS I'VE MET--OR THE STUPIDEST.

EITHER WAY YOU'VE GOT TO ADMIRE HIS PERSISTENCE.

THIS TIME WENDIE MAKES MY POINT FOR ME.

LOOKS LIKE HE'S CONVINCED SPIDEY TO STAY.

MY, AREN'T WE PROTECTIVE?

LATER

HOPE AIN'T SUCH A BAD LITTLE TOWN. BUT IT'D BE A LOT NICER IF SOME OF THE LEECHES WEREN'T HERE. I CAN TELL THE RESIDENTS HAVE JUST ABOUT LOST THEIR PATIENCE. SO I'D BETTER FINISH THIS HUNT.

COVERED HALF THE TOWN ALREADY. SHOULDN'T BE A PROBLEM TO FINISH THE REST.

THE SCENTS COMING FROM THE BOY I FOUND TELL ME WHOEVER DID THIS HANGS AROUND TOWN.

GOOD THING, 'CAUSE I DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO CHECK THOSE WHO LIVE IN THE STICKS.

SAD PART IS, HE'S GONNA MAKE THIS TOO EASY FOR ME.

WHICH BRINGS ME HERE. NOW IF I CAN JUST---

GOTTA DO THIS SO THE BOYS' PARENTS KNOW THE TRUTH.

GOT 'IM.!

WHOEVER THE PIG IS THAT KILLED THOSE BOYS WILL STINK OF DEATH.

NOW AIN'T THAT INTERESTING.

As we enter this eleventh day, the tension is still unbearable. I can't believe how consuming this whole affair has been.

The speculations of the uninformed makes trying to bring you the truth even more difficult. Rumors abound.

I heard one about how Bigfoot attacked a couple in a cabin, but the woman talked the creature out of killing her when she showed him her husband's chest.

The Sasquatch was so impressed with how hairy the man was that they bonded. I guess both were half-man, half-beast.

DE ETE

WHAT A PIECE OF *JUNK!* WHAT AM I WRITING FOR, THE *ENQUIRER?*

FACE THE FACTS, *ANNA*, MY DEAR. PETER HAS YOU CONFUSED. IF EVEN A LITTLE OF WHAT HE SAYS IS TRUE, I'M TOTALLY WASTING MY TIME.

AND TALENTS, BUT...

THIS IS A CHANCE OF A *LIFETIME*. I CAN'T SCREW UP.

"HOW MANY TIMES WILL I GET TO WRITE HEADLINE NEWS?"

Granville

The Vancouver Sun

GERALD VAN VEKLA

50 CENTS

When Will Sasquatch Die?

"ALL THIS STUFF ISN'T *MY* FAULT. I CAN'T CONTROL THE ACTIONS OF OTHERS. BUT I HAVE TO COMPETE WITH THEM. LOOK OUT FOR NUMBER ONE."

DAY ELEVEN:

ANNA BROOKS

THIS IS *UNREAL!* TO USE MY NAME IN VAIN. IS NOTHING SACRED ANYMORE?

OH, YOU GOT A PATENT ON THE NAME? C'MON, *EH,* WOLVIE TOLD US TO SIT TIGHT. HE CAN HANDLE IT.

GRETZKY, KINGS WIN STANLEY CUP

ELEVEN DAYS. I'M NOT SO SURE.

C'MON, LIKE HE'S A PRO, *EH!*

"I'M A PROFESSIONAL. CAN'T LET OTHERS GET TO ME. I'VE A JOB TO DO AND DEADLINES TO MEET."

CAGO GLOBE

Hunt For Baby Killer

"HOPE PETER AND THE OTHERS CAN LEARN TO LIVE WITH THEMSELVES."

I SEND IN A FALSE REPORT THAT GETS THE COPS MOVING IN OUR DIRECTION.

SAYING THAT THORPE HAS WENDIGO PINPOINTED.

THE INSPECTOR SENDS OUT A POSSE OF SIX. ALL ARMED TO THE TEETH.

THORPE IS SUPPOSED TO LEAD 'EM TO THE SLAUGHTER. UNFORTUNATELY, I'VE GOT OTHER PLANS FOR HIM.

THORPE IS CLOSER TO THE SITUATION THAN HE THINKS. HE'S A GOOD TRACKER.

BUT NOT THAT GOOD.

SNIKT

IT'S TIME YOU AND I HAD A FEW WORDS!

WITH THORPE IN MY GRASP I CAN SETTLE THIS THING MY WAY. QUICK AND CLEAN.

SPIDER-MAN'S METHODS DIDN'T GET RESULTS. I DON'T KNOW WHY HE'S SUCH A GOODY TWO-SHOES.

---THIS LITTLE PIGGY WENT TO THE STORE, THIS LITTLE PIGGY WANTS SOME MORE, AND THIS LITTLE PIGGY WENT *WEE! WEE! WEE!* ALL THE WAY HOME!

AREN'T WE MATURE?

HECK, OLD WENDIE'S A PUSHOVER ONCE YOU'VE GOTTEN PAST THE *DISGUSTING* THING HE CALLS A FACE.

SO WHAT'S UP?

THERE ARE SIX MOUNTIES ABOUT A HALF MILE FROM HERE. THREE ARE ON THE NORTHEAST SIDE, THE OTHERS ON THE WEST. I NEED YOU TO STALL THEM FOR ME.

AND WHAT'S YOUR PART?

TO END THIS THING TONIGHT.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON, BUT IF YOU CAN SOMEHOW NAIL THIS CREEP---

--THEN DO IT!

FOR THE FIRST TIME IT LOOKS LIKE WE'RE ON THE SAME WAVELENGTH.

HOPE IT LASTS.

ON THE SOUTH SIDE THERE'S ANOTHER GUEST. I LEAKED OUT A DIFFERENT LOCATION TO THE INSPECTOR'S GROUP.

MARTY? JIMMY? WHERE THE HECK ARE YOU?

I TOOK OUT THE OTHER TWO. NO SENSE IN HAVING A CROWD. BESIDES, IT'S THE INSPECTOR'S PRESENCE THAT I NEED TONIGHT.

BUT FIRST LET'S DIS-ARM HIM.

INTENTIONALLY, I STEP ON A DRY BRANCH TO GET HIS ATTENTION.

UH?

THEN I MAKE SURE I KEEP IT.

CRIPES!

I THINK HE GETS THE MESSAGE.

BUB, I'M LOOKING FOR A CONFESSION AND I NEED YOUR HELP TO GET IT.

SO FOLLOW ME, 'CAUSE THERE'S SOMETHING I WANT YOU TO SEE.

DON'T WANT TO HURT THESE GUYS. JUST RUN A BIT OF INTERFERENCE.

CAN'T LET ANY OF THEM SEE ME, THOUGH. TOWN'S GOT ENOUGH PROBLEMS.

ONLY SIX OF THEM NOW, BUT I HEARD ONE SAY THE HUNTERS WILL BE COMING AS BACKUPS.

I'LL HAVE TO DO THIS FAST. WEBBING THEM UP IS BEST 'CAUSE IT'LL DISAPPEAR IN AN HOUR.

WON'T HAVE ANY EVIDENCE I WAS HERE.

STILL, HOW DO I GET THE MOUNTIES AND MEDIA TO BELIEVE OUR STORY?

CRIPES, IS THAT THORPE?

YOU'RE FREAKIN' RIGHT IT IS. NOW YOU JUST STAND THERE, INSPECTOR, AND I'LL MAKE EVERYTHING CLEAR.

THE FIRST BOY THE REPORTER FOUND, DAVID NEUSEL, WASN'T KILLED BY BIGFOOT. MY SENSES FOUND ONLY HUMAN ODORS. THE REASON THEY SENT OUT THE AUTOPSY TO VANCOUVER WAS TO VERIFY THE INJURIES. THE BOY WASN'T MAULED. ONLY DECOMPOSED.

THE SECOND BOY, BILLY RICE, WAS FOUND AT NICHOLL'S FARM. ONLY THING IS, OLD MAN NICHOLL NEVER PHONED IN THE REPORT. IT WAS A SETUP. THAT BOY WAS DIFFERENT. HE *WAS* MAULED, BUT BY DOGS, NOT MONSTERS. AND HE WAS WEARING CLOTHES. THE FIRST BOY WASN'T.

REPORTS OF DEAD ANIMALS SET THE HUMANITARIANS AGAINST THE HUNTERS. ANOTHER SMOKE-SCREEN.

AND NOW THIS THIRD BOY, NAKED AND DECOMPOSED. CREATURES DON'T CHANGE THEIR HABITS. PEOPLE DO.

YOU WANTED THE HILLS TO YOURSELF, *DIDN'T* YOU, MOUNTAIN MAN?! BUT YOUR *SICK* PERVERSION BACKFIRED.

YEAH, THERE'S A MONSTER OUT HERE ALL RIGHT, BUT IT'S *NOT* THE BIGFOOT!

YOU KIDNAPPED THOSE BOYS-- AFTER THEY RAN AWAY FROM HOME. FIGURED NO ONE WOULD MISS 'EM.

THEN YOU KEPT 'EM AND ABUSED THEM. HAD TO SATISFY YOUR TWISTED NEED FOR *LITTLE BOYS.*

PLEASE...

FUNNY NO ONE NOTICED THE VICTIMS WERE *ALL* YOUNG BOYS.

AND IN THE END, YOU DISPOSED OF THEM WHEN YOU WERE DONE. BURYING THEM TO ROT IN THE GROUND.

YOU'RE SICK! DO YOU HEAR ME!! *SICK!*

THIS IS FOR THE *BOYS!* *DIE, PIG!*

DIE!!

OKAY, THE EASY PART IS STOPPING THESE GUYS.

BUT WHAT DO I DO NOW?

WOLVIE SAID HE'D GET SOME RESULTS. BUT SOMEHOW I DON'T TRUST HIS METHODS. HE SEEMS TO BE EVEN MORE RECKLESS THAN I AM.

UNFORTUNATELY I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO DO SQUAT. BEEN HANDCUFFED INTO TRYING TO HIDE MY IDENTITY.

I THINK IT'S TIME TO FORGET ABOUT MY NEEDS.

PRETTY SICK, HUH? FACT IS, HE DIDN'T KILL THE BOYS--*YOU* DID!!

I JUST DIDN'T WANT ANY WITNESSES TO SEE WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN TO YOU.

I-- I DON'T KNOW WHAT Y-YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT.

HAVE IT YOUR WAY, BUT I THINK THERE'S SOMEONE HERE THAT SAYS *DIFFERENTLY!*

WEN·DI·GO!

PLEASE-- KEEP HIM AWAY! I'LL DO ANYTHING!

THEN START TALKING AND DON'T SKIP THE GOOD PARTS.

OKAY! OKAY! I ADMIT IT WAS ME. THE BOYS, THEY WERE HAVING PROBLEMS, WERE GOING TO RUN AWAY. DIDN'T *MEAN* TO HURT THEM, BUT WHAT IF THEY TOLD?! SO I PLANTED THE RICE BOY...

HAD THE DOGS *CHEW* HIM BEFORE I BURIED HIM -- FOR-GOT TO TAKE OFF HIS CLOTHES. DIDN'T THINK ANYONE WOULD NOTICE THE FIRST BOY DIDN'T HAVE ANY--

THEN I STALLED THE AUTOPSY, SENT IT TO VAN COUVER.

FIGURED IF WE GOT THE *BIGFOOT* THEN I'D BE SAFE BUT THE RE-PORTERS, THEY WOULDN'T--

GUY'S EVEN *CRAZIER* THAN I THOUGHT, BUT HE RAMBLES ON FOR TEN MINUTES BEFORE DOING SOMETHING STUPID.

YOU'LL NEVER STOP ME!

HERE.

THORPE'S BEEN AWAKE THE WHOLE TIME. I PULLED MY CLAWS BEFORE I SLUGGED HIM. HE'S BEEN PLAYING POSSUM SO HE COULD HEAR THE TRUTH.

IDIOT, I DON'T NEED TO STOP YOU.

BESIDES, YOUR CONFESSION'S ON TAPE. STOLE A POCKET RECORDER FROM A REPORTER IN TOWN.

FIGURED IT'D TAKE THE WORD OF THORPE AND YOUR VOICE TO CONVINCE THE MEDIA.

THEY TRUSTED YOU, KRAHN, BUT YOU **ABUSED** THAT POWER.

SO YOU CAN RUN, BUT YOU CAN'T HIDE. WHEN THE TOWNFOLKS LEARN THE TRUTH I'M SURE YOU'LL GET WHAT YOU **DESERVE.**

IF NOT, I'LL EVEN THE SCORE **MYSELF.**

BLAM!

TWENTY-FOUR HOURS LATER.

WELL, THORPE CONVINCED THE COPS ABOUT KRAHN'S GUILT. GAVE 'EM ALL THE INFO THEY NEEDED. FUNNY THING IS, THE MEDIA WASN'T TOO HAPPY.

GUESS A MONSTER-KILLER IS MORE EXCITING THAN A HUMAN. ANNA BROOKS EVENTUALLY WROTE A LEGITIMATE ARTICLE BASED ON A COPY OF THE TAPE, BUT HER EDITORS DIDN'T CONSIDER IT FRONT PAGE NEWS ANYMORE.

RCMP INSPECTOR KILLS BOYS

BY ANNA BROOKS

Section B pg 20

PRETTY SICK WORLD WHEN THE TRUTH ISN'T **WORTH** PRINTING.

GE 20

THE BOYS' FAMILIES HAVE BEEN DISCARDED. THE REPORTERS GOT THEIR STORY, NOW IT'S UP TO OTHERS TO PICK UP THE PIECES.

AT LEAST THEY'VE STILL GOT THEIR BIGFOOT MYSTERY.

PLUS IT'S KINDA POETIC HOW KRAHN WAS SHOT AND KILLED BY HUNTERS WHO WERE CAUGHT UP IN THE HYSTERIA HE CREATED.

BUT THERE ARE STILL A FEW MORE BODIES OUT HERE IN THE FOREST. LEAST I CAN DO IS TAKE 'EM TO TOWN. GIVE THE PARENTS SOME SENSE OF FINALITY. INSTEAD OF HAVING THEM WONDER IF THEIR BOY WILL EVER RETURN.

IT'LL GIVE 'EM AN ANSWER BUT CRUSH ANY **HOPE** THEY MIGHT HAVE HAD.

JEEZ, WHAT A MESS.

NICE JOB, PETE. YOU HAVE DEAD BOYS, DEAD ANIMALS, AND A DEAD CHILD MOLESTER.

I'M GETTING TIRED OF THESE OTHER SO-CALLED HERO'S METHODS.

WE HAVE TO FIND WAYS TO SOLVE THESE THINGS BETTER.

WOLVERINE. PUNISHER. GHOST RIDER. THEY'RE STARTING TO MAKE ME AS **SICK** AS THE VILLAINS.

SEEMS LIKE WE ACHIEVED A LOT.

GOD. WHAT'S EVEN SCARIER **IS** MAYBE THIS IS THE BEST WE CAN DO. HOPE MARY JANE CAN CONVINCE ME OTHERWISE.

NEXT SPIDEY IS BACK IN BLACK!!

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SPIDER-MAN®

THE LEGEND OF THE BLACK KNIGHT™

"SUB-CITY"
PART ONE OF TWO

MCFARLANE '71

OMMPF! Why don't they make this pipe bigger?

They never do nuthin' to help us.

So we got to do dis by myselfs.

Leader needs another bad one. Me get it for him...

--- then me and friends can get food.

And me hungry.

CLANK

Oh good! There be one already.

Time for a surprise.

TODD McFARLANE • ART • STORY • LETTERS

GREG WRIGHT • COLORS

JIM SALICRUP • EDITS

TOM DEFALCO • ?

THE TIRED OLD BUM HAS FINALLY GOTTEN TO SLEEP. HERE IN THE BLEAK BACK ALLEYS OF NEW YORK, A SMALL PIECE OF DIRT HAS BEEN TURNED INTO A TEMPORARY HAVEN.

LOUD NOISES WAKE HIM. HE CAN'T FOCUS UPON WHAT WOKE HIM -- NOR WILL HE EVER BE GIVEN THE CHANCE.

UH? WHOZZAT?!

SHUD UP, OL' MAN!

Stan Lee PRESENTS:

OH-OH! I maybe hit it **too** hard!

City Part 1

I forget how soft the **bad** ones can be.

Now me better hurry back 'fore dis **bad** one wake up.

Leader be hungry. Leader git food. Leader be happy wiff me!

Me good!

good. good. good.

Tomorrow me find another **bad** one.

Maybe one not so **soft**!

But me must go. Lights start to make eyes **hurt**.

Bad ones like lights.

Not me and my **good** friends. no way.

Bye-bye **bad** peoples!

Oooooh ya!!

Dis is better.

AAAH! C'MON, MARY JANE.

IT WAS JUST A JOKE! I'M NOT GOING OUT AS SPIDEY. C'MON, LIGHTEN UP.

IT'S NOT THAT, PETER. I'M JUST BORED.

I KNOW WHAT CAN TAKE YOUR MIND OFF THAT BOREDOM!!

IS THAT ALL YOU CAN THINK OF! LET'S DO SOMETHING FUN. NOT THAT WHAT YOU WANT ISN'T FUN--

--BUT I WAS THINKING HOW 'BOUT WE HIT THE CLUBS?

I CAN CALL FLASH. SEE IF FELICIA AND HE CAN JOIN US. MAYBE HARRY AND LIZ, TOO!

THAT'D BE FUN!

PETER! WHAT ARE YOU--

MY DEAR BEAUTY, YOU WANT FUN--

THWIP THWIP THWIP THWIP

I'VE GOT FUN!

THWIP

NOW AIN'T *THIS* IN-TERESTING?

PETER!! WHAT IN THE WORLD DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?!

NOTHING-- YET!

OKAY, JOKE'S OVER! MAKE THESE WEBS GO AWAY AND I'LL *FORGIVE* YOU.

PETER, DID YOU HEAR WHAT I SAID?

YO, HOME BOY. I SAID JOKE'S OVER.

PETER?

HAVE I TOLD YOU HOW *HAND-SOME* YOU LOOK LATELY?

AH! MY DEAR! *FLATTERY* WILL GET YOU NOWHERE.

BY THE WAY, I LIKE YOUR NEW *KINKY* HAIRDO.

...AND SPEAKING OF *KINKY*...

I SWEAR I'LL SCREAM IF YOU EVEN TRY ANY-THING OUT-OF-LINE!

mwa! mwa! mwa, mwa, mwa, DON'T MATTER, 'CAUSE HARRY AND LIZ ARE OUT TONIGHT-- mwa, mwa, mwa, mwa, mwa!!

BESIDES, YOU ONLY HAVE TO PUT UP WITH IT FOR AN HOUR.

THAT'S HOW LONG IT TAKES THE WEBS TO DISSOLVE. IN THE MEAN-TIME, I KNOW WHERE YOU'RE MOST *SENSITIVE!*

NOT *THERE*, PETER! PLEASE, NOT *THERE!*

THE NEXT MORNING PETER SWINGS ACROSS TOWN TO THE DAILY BUGLE, HOPING TO LATCH ON TO A FEW PHOTO ASSIGN-MENTS AND TALK TO A FEW FRIENDS ABOUT WORK.

I DON'T CARE ABOUT *BUMS!* I WANT *REAL* STORIES!

JONAH, THIS IS WEIRD! ALL THOSE GUYS *KIDNAPPED* IN THE SAME FOUR BLOCK AREA. THE OTHER BUMS ARE AFRAID FOR THEMSELVES. ONE OF 'EM TOLD ME THAT...

HE HAS ONE *FAVORITE* AMONG THEM!

LF

:sniff: :sniff: I THINK I *SMELL* JONAH ALREADY!

ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND!

YOU FIND ME A *MURDER DISASTER* OR *SEX TRIANGLE!*

THAT I'LL PRINT!

YO, CARL! WHAT'S UP?

I TELL YOU THIS JOB GETS HARDER AND HARDER EVERY DAY. THINK I'M *CONCERNED* ABOUT SOME BLOODY BUMS.

I COULDN'T HELP BUT OVERHEAR HIS *LORD-SHIP* RIP YOUR HEAD OFF, BUT YOUR STORY SOUNDS LIKE IT HAS POTENTIAL.

BESIDES, I'M LOOKING FOR WORK.

I'VE BEEN IN CONTACT WITH A FEW HOMELESS THAT LIVE BEHIND THE *PORT AUTHORITY* BUS DEPOT.

NOW I KNOW THEY'RE NOT THE MOST RELIABLE SOURCES, BUT A COUPLE OF THEM WERE TELLING ME ABOUT THEIR FRIENDS.

THEY SAY THAT FIVE OF THEM HAVE DISAPPEARED, NOT LEFT. SAY THEY'VE BEEN *KIDNAPPED!*

THEY AREN'T SAYING THEY LEFT, PETER, THE INFO I'VE GOT SAYS THEY WERE BODILY REMOVED.

ALL FROM THE SAME FIVE BLOCK AREA.

TROUBLE IS, I CAN'T SELL THE STORY AND JONAH DOESN'T WANT ME TO PURSUE IT FURTHER.

BUT, IF WE COULD GET A FEW PICS--!

CARL, LET'S DO IT.

IF ONLY TO *SPITE* JONAH.

BESIDES, WHAT'S THE *WORST* THAT CAN HAPPEN?!

I'D BE STUCK WITH A FEW EXTRA PHOTOS OF PEOPLE LYING IN GUTTERS.

THAT I CAN *SUPER-IMPOSE* JONAH'S FACE ON!

I LIKE YOU, PETER.

num, num, num, num, num...

GOD, I LOVE THE CHOCOLATE ONES!!

MAYBE I SHOULD THINKABOUT DOING A COMMERCIAL FOR THEM.

FELIX 'n NUTS

EVEN IF THIS *ISN'T* HEADLINE NEWS, SOMETHING STRANGE IS DEFINITELY GOING ON. AND I DOUBT THAT ANY-ONE REALLY CARES MUCH ABOUT THE *HOMELESS* TO DO ANYTHING.

SO "PUSHOVER" PARKER LETS GUILT GET THE BETTER PART OF HIM AGAIN.

BUT-- SINCE THERE IS A LULL IN THE ACTION--

--IT'S TIME TO MAKE ANOTHER DECISION. WILL IT BE THE RATHER SWEET LOOKING CARAMEL, THE EVER-TEMPTING APPLE-CINNAMON, THE SIMPLE, YET WELL-STATED VANILLA, OR--

--YA KNOW I'VE *GOT* TO BREAK THIS *BAD* HABIT OF TALKING TO MYSELF

IF *PAULA* AND M.C. CAN DO ONE, WHY NOT LOVEABLE LITTLE OL' ME?!

IT'D SURE BE A HECK OF A LOT FUNNER THAN HANGIN' OUT AT THIS ALLEYWAY. *CARL* SAID THIS WAS THE AREA WHERE THE BUMS DISAPPEARED.

SO A BIT OF SURVEILLANCE JUST MIGHT PAY OFF--

HUH?!

HELP! SOME-ONE HELP ME!

T-THEY'RE *COMING*. PLEASE! I CAN'T LET THEM GET ME! THEY'RE COMING! Y-YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO SEE THEM!

WHAT ARE YOU BABBLIN' ABOUT?

SPIDER-SENSE!

SOMETHING FROM THE *SHADOWS*.

HEY, BUDDY!

SLOW DOWN, MAN. WHAT'S THE RUSH?

YOU JUST RUINED MY LUNCH.

WHOA!

GARBAGE!

SOMEBODY'S TRYING TO BEAT ME UP WITH TRASH.

DO THESE GUYS LIVE ON A DIET OF *IDIOT* PILLS--OR WHAT?!

WHEN ARE YOU BONGHEADS GONNA LEARN THAT I'M QUICK AS A SPIDER?

HENCE THE NAME!

MISSED!

MISSED!

MISSED!

MISSED! MISSED!

AND ONCE AGAIN-- MISSED!!

Leave us alone! Me and friends just want you to go!

me can hurt you if me haff to!

You already hurt friends 'cause you haff ignored them. me just want you to leave alone!

LISTEN, JUNIOR! I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOUR PROBLEM IS--

--BUT YOU'RE THE ONE WHO CAME AFTER ME, REMEMBER?!

Quit tryin' to mix up me, MAN-SPIDER!!

THAT'S SPIDER-MAN!

whatever.

HEY!

WHERE'D EVERYONE GO? DON'T TELL ME THAT BIG GUY FIT DOWN THAT OPEN MANHOLE.

Bye-bye bad one.

SO CARL DOES HAVE THE STORY AND FACTS.

I SAID DON'T TELL ME!!

WELL, IT'S PRETTY OBVIOUS THIS IS THE GUY *KIDNAPPING* THE BUMS IN THE AREA.

PROBLEM IS, I DON'T HAVE THE PROPER FILM TO SHOOT IN THE DARK.

BUT *GUILT* BECKONS ONCE AGAIN.

OH! OH! DARKER THAN I THOUGHT! CAN'T SEE TWO INCHES.

WRONG!

CAN'T SEE JUNIOR, BUT SPIDER-SENSE LETS ME AVOID HIM.

you are dumb to come to my home. Now friends can help!

FRIENDS?! JUST WHAT I NEED!

git the man-bug.

AND I'M ITS HUMBLE SERVANT.

AS USUAL...

MAYBE THIS WASN'T SUCH A *GREAT* IDEA. UH?! SOUNDS LIKE THE SUBWAY TRAIN COMING.

IF I CAN'T SEE--

--I CAN'T HIT Sooooo!

I'M OUTTA HERE!

PETER, NO!

NO!

NO!

NO!

I DON'T CARE ABOUT YOUR REASONS. YOU KNOW HOW I FEEL!

VENOM HURT ME. HURT ME BAD! I DON'T BOTHER YOU WITH THAT BECAUSE YOU'VE GOT YOUR *OWN* PROBLEMS. BUT THE SIGHT OF SEEING YOU IN THAT BLACK COSTUME AGAIN WOULD BE TOO MUCH.

I DON'T ASK FOR MANY THINGS, PETER. I KNEW WHAT I WAS GETTING INTO WHEN WE GOT MARRIED--

--BUT THIS IS ONE TIME I CAN'T FORGET *MY* FEELINGS!

M.J., PLEASE! I'M NOT TRYING TO PUSH THIS ON YOU!

THEN WHAT DO YOU CALL IT?

REALITY.

LISTEN, *SWEETY.* I DON'T WANT TO FIGHT. BUT I'VE BEEN SPIDEY FOR A WHILE NOW--

-- AND I KNOW WHAT IT TAKES TO WIN. THESE *UNDERGROUND* FOLKS SEE MY COSTUME LIKE A BEACON. I NEED TO PROTECT MYSELF.

MORE *IMPORTANT*, I NEED TO FIND THE BUMS THAT ARE MISSING!

LISTEN, MJ, I UNDERSTAND YOUR APPREHENSION, I REALLY DO, BUT YOU'VE GOT TO TRY AND SEE SOME OF MY MOTIVATIONS. I'M NOT ASKING THIS ON A WHIM. YOU KNOW ME BETTER THAN THAT.

I'VE BEEN FIGHTING CRIME FOR YEARS NOW-- AND I'M STILL ABLE TO TELL ABOUT IT. A BIG REASON IS SAFETY.

IF I DON'T HAVE THE CONFIDENCE GOING INTO BATTLE, THEN I SHOULDN'T ENTER IT. BUT--IF I CHOOSE TO GO THEN I NEED TO BE PREPARED.

MY CHOICE OF GOING HAS ALWAYS BEEN THE SAME--

--EVER SINCE UNCLE BEN WAS SHOT.

SO, I KNOW HOW THAT BLACK COSTUME MAKES YOU FEEL. VENOM TERRIFIES ME, TOO!

BUT THOSE HOMELESS PEOPLE ARE ALSO VICTIMS.

JUST LIKE YOU WERE.

WHEN WE GOT MARRIED I KNEW WHAT I WAS ABOUT TO GET MYSELF INTO.

BUT I HAVE TO TELL YOU, PETER, I HAVE TROUBLE COPING WITH YOUR CAREER AT TIMES.

MOST OF THE TIME I HIDE IT--TRY TO LAUGH IT AWAY--BUT THE ODD TIME I HURT INSIDE--

--NOT BECAUSE YOU'RE SPIDER-MAN, AND NOT BECAUSE YOU MIGHT GET HURT.

I THINK IT'S BECAUSE DEEP DOWN I KNOW I CAN'T HELP YOU.

I'D LOVE TO BE OF HELP. YET MY OWN NEEDS MAKE ME GUILTY.

DOES THAT MAKE ANY SENSE?

PERFECT. LOOK, MAYBE I CAN GET ANOTHER HERO TO--

NO!

YOU DO WHAT YOU HAVE TO.

BUT, PLEASE, I JUST DON'T WANT TO SEE IT.

TWO DAYS LATER...

I'VE GOT TO HAND IT TO THE *FANTASTIC FOUR*, THEIR SEAMSTRESS DID A BEAUTIFUL JOB.

MIGHT AS WELL SEE IF IT FITS.

KINDA FEELS GOOD!

IT'S TOO BAD MY POWERS HAVE TO *INTERFERE* WITH MY MARRIAGE, THOUGH.

MJ PUTS UP WITH A LOT.

I OWE HER *BIG* THIS TIME.

LIKE A GLOVE!

NEW YORK. THAT SAME NIGHT.

ANOTHER HOMELESS BUM HAS BEEN SNATCHED TO THE DARKNESS BELOW.

Me am good. me am good.

me am got a bad one.

This one be not as soft as last one. Took four hits to put down.

But he was still mad that him I picked.

It's 'cause I WUV you bad one--

--no, not really.

HA-HA-HA! Me am so funny!

me almost home now.

you stay here bad one.

Time for me to tell leader you am here. He soon be hungry.

me too!

IN THE ABANDONED SHAFTS UNDER THE CITY--A GATHERING OF THE "GOOD ONES" TAKES PLACE.

COME, BROTHER.

ONCE AGAIN, MY DEAR FRIENDS, YOU *RUMBLE* ME. IN THE FEW WEEKS I'VE BEEN WITH YOU. YOUR WANTING TO *PLEASE* ME--

--HAS BEEN MOST *EVIDENT* TO CALL ME YOUR LEADER SHOWS A SIDE OF YOU THAT THOSE *ABOVE* WILL RARELY UNDERSTAND.

AND I PROMISE YOU THAT YOUR LOYALTY WILL NOT GO *UNREWARDED!*

I HAVE FELT YOUR *TORMENT* AND BEEN *REJECTED* BY OTHERS. WE ARE NOT SO DIFFERENT... YOU AND I. BOTH OF US HAVE BEEN *DISREGARDED* BY SOCIETY.

I, MORBIUS, WILL NOT FORGET YOU!

YOU KNOW THAT I DRINK *BLOOD* TO SURVIVE.

SOMETIMES, MY GUILT AND SELF-LOATHING BECOME ALMOST UNENDURABLE. I--A PHYSICIAN WHO ONCE SAVED LIVES, NOW FORCED TO TAKE THEM.

YOU AT LEAST HAVE SPARED ME THE AGONY OF ***CHOOSING*** THOSE WHO WILL DIE SO THAT I MUST LIVE.

--IN RETURN, I PROTECT YOU FROM THOSE WHO WOULD PREY UPON YOU. BITTER IRONY, INDEED I COULD ALMOST LAUGH, BUT IF I DID, I FEAR--

--THAT I MIGHT NEVER STOP.

MY CONTACTS WITH THE *OUTSIDE* CAN HELP US IN SOME *MINOR* WAYS.

I'M ESPECIALLY PLEASED BY YOUR EFFORTS, KEEVER.

'Keever is goodest of 'em all!

SINCE I'M FORCED TO HIDE FROM THE *SUNLIGHT*, YOU, MY FRIENDS, HAVE PROVIDED MY MEALS--

YOU'RE A SMOOTH ONE, MORBIUS, USING PROPAGANDA AGAINST MY PEOPLE. TWISTING THEM. CONFUSING THEM.

WE TOOK TO THE *ABANDONED* SUBWAYS AND TUNNELS BECAUSE THE GOVERNMENT WOULDN'T HELP US ON THE STREETS.

SO WE HAD TO TAKE CARE OF EACH OTHER.

BUT WE'VE BEEN DOWN HERE SINCE '62 AND THE YEARS OF INBREEDING HAVE TAKEN THEIR TOLL.

NOW YOU USE THAT TO *YOUR* AD-VANTAGE. BY PROMISING TO FEED THEM.

YOU CAN GET US FOOD, BUT THE SOURCES YOU USE ARE THE SAME ONES THAT DROVE US TO HIDING.

OUR RANKS HAVE BEEN *DECIMATED* ENOUGH BY THE *MORLOCKS!* NOW WE HIDE FROM THOSE *ABOVE* AND *BELOW.*

NOW YOU APPEAR, USING ALMOST HYPNOTIC POWERS OF PERSUASION TO MANIPULATE US.

WORST OF ALL, I FEAR THAT YOUR VAMPIRIC MUTATION IS BEGINNING TO AFFECT YOUR MIND.

IF YOU WERE TO BECOME TOTALLY INSANE, I FEAR FOR US ALL!

YOU'D THINK AFTER ALL THIS TIME I'D HAVE A HANDLE ON HOW TO KEEP THE CRIME-FIGHTING FROM THE REST OF MY LIFE.

IT NEVER SEEMS TO WORK OUT THAT WAY. INSTEAD OF THE CROOKS GETTING MESSED UP--

--THEY JUST CONTINUE TO GO THEIR MERRY WAY. AFTER ALL THESE YEARS THEY STILL DON'T FEAR US!

WHY SHOULD THEY? THEY KNOW HOW TO USE THE LAW BETTER THAN WE DO.

THOR, CAP, THE F.F. HECK! EVEN GUYS LIKE GHOST RIDER AND PUNISHER ARE IN THEIR FACE--YET THEY'VE ALWAYS GOT A NEW SCAM.

WHAT'S EVEN CRAZIER, IS THERE ARE PROBABLY THOUSANDS OF KIDS WHO WOULD LOVE TO HAVE MY JOB! JOKE'S ON THEM.

THE SAD PART IS I SOMETIMES PUT MYSELF THROUGH THIS JUST TO GET A PHOTO.

SO WHO'S THE BIGGER FOOL-- THEM OR ME!

ANYWAYS, THERE'S THE MANHOLE THAT I CAME UP THE OTHER DAY.

MY BLACK COSTUME SHOULD BE ABLE TO GIVE ME A BIT MORE CAMOUFLAGE AGAINST THESE MOLE PEOPLE--OR WHATEVER THEY ARE.

OF COURSE, ALL MY PLANS HAVE WORKED OUT SOOO PERFECTLY IN THE PAST.

CAN YOU SAY MULTIPLE SCREW-UPS, BOYS AND GIRLS?

GEEZ. IS IT DARK! BEEN NEARLY HALF AN HOUR AND MY EYES STILL HAVEN'T GOTTEN USED TO THE DARKNESS. GUESS I'LL JUST SIT HERE TILL THEY ADJUST.

EH?! MY SPIDER-SENSE ALREADY! MAYBE I SHOULDN'T HAVE PUT SUCH A BIG SPIDER EMBLEM ON MY CHEST!

It looks like a **bad** one that the leader will like!

Let's get 'im! Trade for more food.

A BUNCH OF THEM COMING FROM BEHIND!

CAN BARELY MAKE THEM OUT!

OH, NO!

MORE FROM THE LEFT-- *AND* THE RIGHT! CAN'T QUITE SEE THEM ALL!

the **bad** one! the **bad** one! the **bad** one! the **bad** one!

SPIDER-SENSE TELLS ME THEY'RE HERE, BUT NOT THE DIRECTION THEY'RE COMING

FEELS LIKE THEY'RE EVERY-WHERE!!

I'm hungry!

Some one get the **leader**! fast!

really fast!

Leader!! Leader! We've been invaded by a black badone!

EXCELLENT!

THOUGH I'M SURE DR. STRANGE WOULDN'T APPROVE, LET'S SHOW OUR GUEST WHO RULES THE UNDERGROUND!

NO ONE TRESPASSES WITHOUT PAYING THE PRICE!

NEXT ISSUE: The Conclusion

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SPIDER-MAN®

"SUB-CITY"
PART TWO OF TWO

50 YEARS OF CAPTAIN AMERICA
1941 – 1991

M'FARLANE

STAN LEE PRESENTS
PART TWO:

SUBCITY

TODD McFARLANE - STORY - PENCILS - INKS

RICK PARKER - LETTERS

GREGORY WRIGHT - COLORS

JIM SALICRUP - EDITOR

TOM DEFALCO - BAD ONE

IT'S ANOTHER FAIRLY BRIGHT DAY OVER THE NEW YORK SKYLINE. NOT MUCH CAUSE FOR WORRY. UNLESS YOUR NAME IS SPIDER-MAN.

OUR STORY CONTINUES, NOT UNDER THE RADIANT GLARE OF THE SUN, BUT IN THE DEEP, DARK BOWELS OF THE LONG ABANDONED SUBWAY CAVERNS. THEY STRETCH OUT LIKE THE LINES OF SHATTERED GLASS. DIRECTIONLESS.

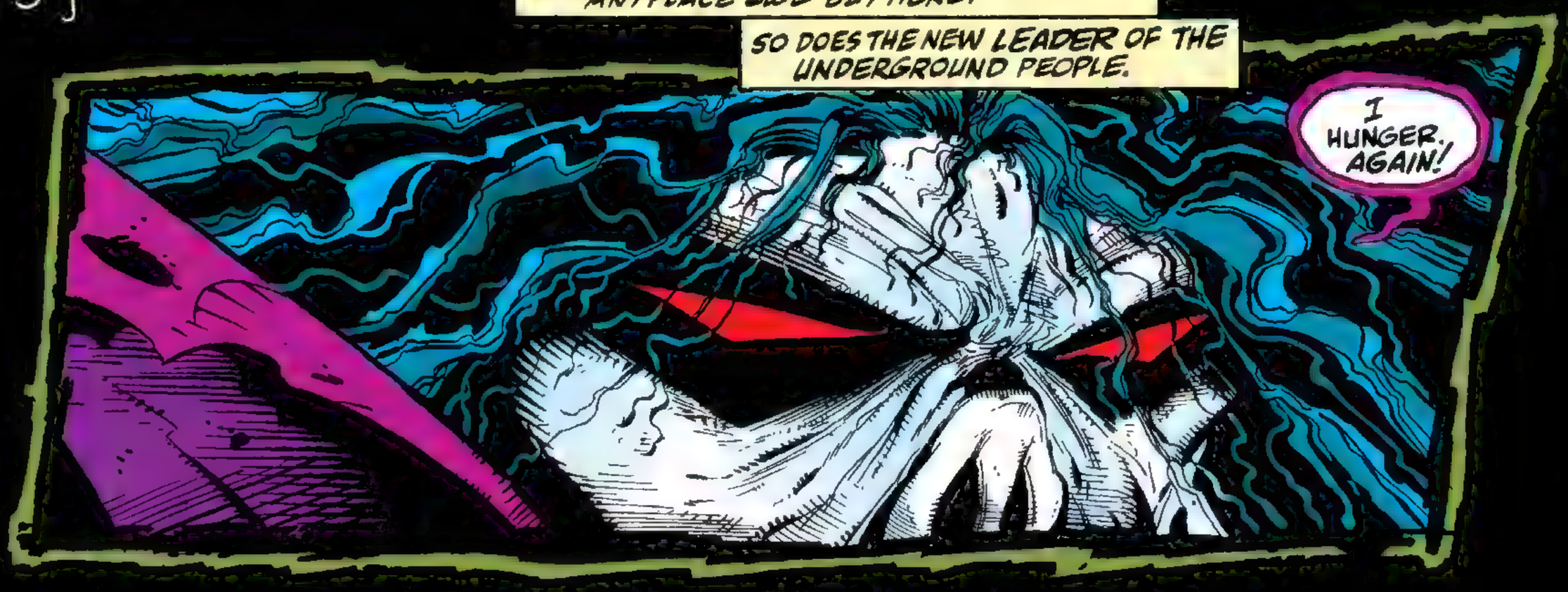
..OR SO IT SEEMS.

FOR UNDER THE SPRAWLING CITY LIVES A GROUP OF MALFORMED HUMANS WHO HAVE TURNED THEIR BACKS ON SOCIETY TO LIVE UNDERGROUND. THEY HAVE BEEN DISREGARDED BY GOVERNMENT. FALLEN INTO THE SO-CALLED "CRACKS" OF OUR SYSTEM.

NOW THEY FOLLOW THEIR OWN RULES. THEY ARE THE GOOD ONES. FOOD AND SHELTER BEING THEIR MAJOR CONCERNS. TO ATTAIN THESE THEY MUST SOMETIMES VENTURE TO THE CITY ABOVE AND GET WHAT THEY NEED FROM THE "BAD ONES."

THIS IS WHERE SPIDEY COMES IN. DRAGGED INTO ANOTHER CONFRONTATION IN WHICH VIOLENCE AND FORCE MIGHT BE HIS ONLY COMPANIONS... AGAIN. HE WISHES HE WERE ANY PLACE ELSE BUT HERE.

SO DOES THE NEW LEADER OF THE UNDERGROUND PEOPLE.



BUT AT THE PRESENT TIME, SPIDEY IS LOCKED IN BATTLE WITH THOSE SELF-PROCLAIMED "GOOD ONES."

THOUGH THEY DON'T POSE MUCH OF A THREAT, IT IS THEIR SHEER NUMBERS THAT IS GIVING OUR HERO A BIT OF TROUBLE.

AND A LACK OF VISIBILITY.

GREAT!

JUST GREAT!!

IT'S AT TIMES LIKE THIS I WISH I WORE A UTILITY-BELT.

THEN I COULD CARRY SPIDEY NASAL PLUGS.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S WORSE--THE FACT THAT THESE GUYS ARE KIDNAPPERS AND *POSSIBLE* MURDERERS--

--OR THEIR INCREDIBLY *OFFENSIVE* BODY ODOR.

Git it! git the bad bug thing!

Stomp the bug! SQUISH the bug!

git him!
stop him!
me will smash!
go for others!
tresspasser!
bad one!
evil spider-thing!
hold him!
you be sorry!
I got him!
watch out you on my foot!
ouch!
me am mad!
GEEZ. YOU SOUND LIKE TWENTY *COOKIE MONSTERS!*
CURSE YOU, *MORBIUS!* LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE TO *MY* PEOPLE.
THEY LEFT THE WORLD ABOVE TO *ESCAPE* SUCH UGLINESS. BUT YOU'VE ABUSED THEIR INNOCENCE. TAKEN ADVANTAGE OF THEIR SIMPLE MINDS.
AND NOW THEY ACT LIKE *YOUR* SOCIETY.
FIGHTING SO THEY CAN GET MORE AND MORE AND MORE.
SORRY TO SPOIL THE PARTY, BOYS, BUT I NEED A *FEW* MORE MINUTES TO MYSELF.
no!
come back!
promise.
we need you!
we be good!
we didn't mean it!
get off my foot!
stop spider-thing!
we like you!
CONFUSED THEM WITH PROMISES OF FOOD AND CLOTHING IN RETURN FOR SACRIFICIAL VICTIMS.

Whew

WHAT A BUNCH OF WACKOS!

WHY WOULD A GANG OF POOR, HOMELESS BUMS, FROM THE SUBWAYS *KIDNAP* A GANG OF POOR HOMELESS BUMS FROM THE BACK ALLEYS?

MORE IMPORTANTLY, WHERE ARE THE KIDNAPPED VICTIMS?

I HEARD THEM MENTION A *LEADER*. BET HE'LL HAVE A *FEW* ANSWERS.

BUT SINCE THESE BOYS WON'T TAKE ME TO HIM WILLINGLY, I'LL HAVE TO RESORT TO OTHER MEANS.

we be nice.

come down.

me like you.

me luv you.

ATTENTION, TROOPS!

A FREE WAYNE GRETZKY ROOKIE CARD TO THE FIRST ONE OF YOU TO STRING FIVE WORDS TOGETHER IN A SENTENCE.

me am friend.

OOOH! ALMOST! BUT *NOT* QUITE.

ANYONE ELSE WANT TO TRY?

LUCKILY MY EYESIGHT'S STARTING TO ADJUST. WON'T HAVE TO RELY ON SPIDER-SENSE SO MUCH.

he comes.

we be good.

yeah, really nice.

extra nice-

best buddies.

aha-ha-ha-ha!

we trick!

me won't be nice!

me not buddies!

you be fooled!

Spider-thing is dumb!

we faked! we faked!

THIS HAS GONE FAR ENOUGH!

oh, oh! bad is mad.

oh, oh!

oh, oh!

oh, oh!

oh, oh!

oh, oh!

Ow!! git off foot!

oops!

oh, oh!

oh, oh!

oh, oh!

THWIPP

THWIPP

THWIPP

THWIPP

THWIPP

THWIPP

THWIPP

THWIPP

THWIPP

I'M SORRY IT HAD TO COME TO THIS, GUYS, BUT WE WEREN'T ACCOMPLISHING ANYTHING.

help.

mmmpffh!

me promise to be good.

SO IF I CAN'T GET YOU TO LEAVE ME ALONE, MAYBE HIDING BEHIND YOUR FRIENDS MIGHT HELP.

NOW I KNOW THAT YOU DUDES ARE *USUALLY* CUDDLY LITTLE BOY SCOUTS AND WOULDN'T HARM A FLEA-- OR SPIDER--

--SO I NEED TO KNOW WHERE YOUR *LEADER* IS!

We can't let you see him. Only the good ones can be at his side. You are from above. you are the ones who forget us. Turned your backs when we needed help.

We won't let you confuse us any more.

Get 'im, friends. He must 'nt escape!

AHA! SOMEONE WHO CAN TALK. WHAT A CONCEPT. WHAT A JOY!

YOU MUST BE A CARD COLLECTOR!

ANYWAY, YOU GUYS WANT A FIGHT! I'LL GIVE YOU A FIGHT! BUT DON'T BLAME ME IF I RIP A FEW ARMS AND HEADS OFF AND USE THEM AS CLUBS. BESIDES, I'M FAMISHED AND YOU GUYS SMELL PRETTY TASTY.

YUM! YUM! YUM!

NOW I'M REALLY READY! SO WHO'S GOING TO BE THE *FIRST* VICTIM ?!

not me.
or me.
no thanks.
take him.
shut up!
enjoy yourself, sir.
LOOK AT THAT! A LITTLE OVERACTING AND THEY PART LIKE THE RED SEA.
thanks for coming
enjoy
say hi to leader for us.
WHICH DIRECTION IS YOUR BOSS, GUYS?
keep going straight!
yeah, straight.
mmmpff!
A FEW MINUTES LATER.
I APPRECIATE THE *INFORMATION*, FELLAS, BUT I CAN HANDLE IT FROM HERE.
I'M GLAD TO SEE YOUR FRIENDS WERE SMART ENOUGH TO STAY BEHIND. WHEN I'M MAD IT CAN GET PRETTY UGLY.

WELL, I WISH I COULD SAY IT'S BEEN FUN--

--BUT I WON'T!

that reminds me.

IN THE MEANTIME, YOU STAY HERE LIKE GOOD LITTLE BOYS. THOSE WEBS WILL *EVENTUALLY* DISSOLVE. I JUST HOPE NONE OF YOU HAS TO USE THE *BATHROOM* IN THE NEXT HOUR.

SOMETIMES I CRACK ME UP.

ahhhhh!

NOW TO GET DOWN TO SOME SERIOUS BUSINESS. I STILL HAVEN'T SEEN ANY HINT OF THE KIDNAPPED VICTIMS.

THEY HAVE TO BE SOMEWHERE.

AND I'M REALLY BUMMED THAT THIS BLACK COSTUME HASN'T HELPED ME ONE *IOTA*. THEIR EYESIGHT IS INCREDIBLE. I COULD HAVE SPARED *MARY JANE* FROM THE PAINFUL MEMORIES THIS COSTUME BRINGS.

UH-OH! SPIDER-SENSE!

LOOKS LIKE SOME GIANT BAT-- OR SOMETHING!

NOT ANOTHER MUTATED CREATURE GONE WILD, I HOPE.

THEY ARE BUT MERE CHILDREN. INNOCENT AND CARING.

BEWARE, BLACK DEVIL!! YOU WILL TORMENT MY FRIENDS NO LONGER!

LET'S SEE HOW YOU FARE AGAINST SOMEONE WHO CAN OPPOSE YOUR POWER!

WHA--?!

HOW CAN IT BE THAT THIS BLACK DEVIL KNOWS MY NAME?

I'VE NOT HAD TO MAKE THE CHOICE OF WHICH VICTIMS I USE-- BUT YOU HAVE FORCED MY HAND!

HEY! THAT'S NO BAT! IT SOUNDS JUST LIKE--

MORBIUS!?

I DON'T LIKE THE KIND OF TRICKS YOU'RE PLAYING, MONSTER, MY PRESENCE DOWN HERE MUSTN'T BE KNOWN!

NO ONE WILL EVER ACCUSE ME AGAIN!

I AM NOT SO EASILY FOOLED, IDIOT! UNTIL RECENTLY I LIVED IN THE CITY ABOVE. I AM WELL AWARE OF WHAT *SPIDER-MAN* IS ALL ABOUT.

YOU'RE NOT EVEN CLOSE!

SO COME UP WITH ANOTHER PLEA OR LIE THAT WILL CHANGE MY MIND.

HA-HA-HA-HA!!!

AWW-- FER CRYIN' OUT LOUD, MORBIUS! IT'S ME! *SPIDER-MAN!*

YOU KNOW, THE FRIENDLY NEIGHBORHOOD KINDA GUY. I'M JUST LOOKING FOR A FEW ANSWERS.

MAYBE YOU CAN HELP ME OUT!!

WHAT D'YA SAY?

WHAT'S WRONG WITH HIM? LAST THING I KNEW, HE WAS HANGING OUT AT *DR. STRANGE'S* HOUSE. TRYING TO COME UP WITH A CURE FOR HIS VAMPIRIC-STATE.

RIGHT NOW, I'D HAVE TO SAY THE GOOD DOCTOR *WASN'T* TOO SUCCESSFUL.

LISTEN, MORBIUS, I DON'T HAVE TIME TO HEAR YOUR PROBLEMS. I'VE GOT A FEW OF MY OWN.

LIKE WHERE HAVE ALL THOSE KIDNAPPED, HOMELESS PEOPLE DISAPPEARED TO? AND DON'T TELL ME YOU DON'T KNOW!

I HAD NO CHOICE, DON'T YOU SEE!!

I CAN'T JUST LET MYSELF DIE!! MY URGES ARE STRONGER THAN ANYONE CAN IMAGINE. BUT I'M TIRED OF HAVING TO PICK OUT THE NEXT VICTIM. TIRED OF PLAYING GOD.

NOW YOU'VE MADE MY CHOICE EASY.

WRONG!

WHETHER YOU WANT TO ACCEPT IT OR NOT, WE HAVE FOUGHT BEFORE. BUT YOU ALWAYS SEEM TO WANT TO FIND ANOTHER SOLUTION TO DRINKING BLOOD.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENED TO YOU LATELY--

-- BUT YOU CAN'T JUST GIVE UP NOW. NOT AFTER ALL THE YEARS YOU'VE STRUGGLED AGAINST IT. YOU'RE BETTER THAN THAT! YOU'RE A DOCTOR FOR GOD'S SAKE!!

YOU'RE RIGHT, I AM A DOCTOR. BUT THIS HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH SCIENCE. EVERYTHING I HOLD DEAR HAS BEEN STRIPPED AWAY FROM ME. MY PRACTICE, MY COLLEAGUES, MY LOVED ONES. AND WORST OF ALL, MY DIGNITY! YOU THINK IT'S EASY FOR ME TO PREY ON OTHERS FOR SURVIVAL? THEN CURSE YOU!!

SPIDER-MAN-- IT DOESN'T MATTER. WHAT DOES IS THAT YOU LEAVE HERE AT ONCE. FOR I HAVE SWORN TO PROTECT THE PEOPLE WHO LIVE HERE.

IN RETURN, THEY BRING ME THE VICTIMS AND EASE MY BURDEN OF HAVING TO PICK THEM MYSELF. I COULDN'T TAKE THAT KIND OF MADNESS ANY LONGER.

NOW GO!!

DON'T YOU DARE THREATEN ME!

IF YOU THINK I'M GOING TO JUST UP AND LEAVE 'CAUSE YOU CAN'T TAKE THE PRESSURE--

--YOU'D BETTER THINK AGAIN!

JNNH!

FOOL!

CAN'T YOU SEE I HAVE NO CHOICE. I'VE AGONIZED OVER THIS TIME AND AGAIN. I NEED THEIR BLOOD! WITHOUT IT I'D SOON DIE.

AND BELIEVE ME, SPIDER-MAN, I'VE THOUGHT ABOUT DYING THOUSANDS OF TIMES. BUT LIKE YOU SAID-- I CAN'T GIVE UP.

MORE IMPORTANTLY I *WON'T*!

I'M NOT ASKING YOU TO DIE, *GIVE ME A BREAK*! I'M TELLING YOU THERE HAS TO BE A BETTER WAY. EVEN I KNOW A BIT ABOUT SCIENCE, AND THERE ARE TESTS THAT CAN--

ARE YOU DEAF?!

I SAID THIS HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH SCIENCE!

I'VE TRIED EVERYTHING! THAT'S WHY I WAS LIVING WITH DR. STRANGE FOR A WHILE. I KNEW MY CURE WOULD NOT COME AT THE HANDS OF MODERN MEDICINE.

NOTHING CAN HELP ME! DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND? ALL I CAN DO IS ACCEPT MY FATE AND LEARN TO LIVE WITH IT.

THAT'S GARBAGE, MORBIUS, AND YOU KNOW IT.!!

SHUT UP! I KNOW WE'VE BATTLED IN THE PAST, I THOUGHT THIS MEETING COULD END DIFFERENTLY.

I'VE OBVIOUSLY GIVEN YOU FAR TOO MUCH CREDIT.

I'VE BEEN TOLD THAT YOU HEROES CAN BE BLINDED BY YOUR OWN FORM OF JUSTICE. NOT WANTING TO REASON OUT AN ANSWER. NOT WANTING TO HEAR THE OTHER SIDE.

SO IF I HAVE TO COME DOWN TO YOUR LEVEL, FINE--

BECAUSE IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR A FIGHT, THEN, MISTER, I'M IN THE *PERFECT* MOOD!!

A FIGHT?

JEEZ! TAKE A LOOK AT WHO'S ATTACKING WHO!

THE ONLY REASON I HAVEN'T MOPPED UP THE FLOOR WITH YOUR UGLY FACE--IS OUT OF RESPECT. BUT EVEN THAT HAS LIMITS. I KNOW YOU'RE A SICK MAN. *FINE!* WE BOTH AGREE ON THAT. JUST GIVE ME BACK THE HOMELESS PEOPLE YOU KIDNAPPED AND I'LL LEAVE YOU TO YOUR OWN DEVICES.

AND!--I'LL MAKE SURE YOU GET HELP FROM THE *AVENGERS* OR *FANTASTIC FOUR* OR WHOEVER IT TAKES TO RID YOU OF YOUR CURSE.

BUT IN THE MEANTIME, YOU CAN'T JUST PREY ON THE UNFORTUNATE. BEING POOR IS NO REASON FOR THEM TO BE VICTIMIZED!

THEY'VE HAD PLENTY OF THAT.

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? THE PEOPLE THAT ARE BROUGHT TO ME DON'T SUFFER ANY PERMANENT DAMAGE. THEY'RE MERELY USED FOR *NOURISHMENT.* AND BESIDES, MY NEW FRIENDS HAVE TOLD ME THAT ONLY THE SO-CALLED "*BAD ONES*" ARE BEING CHOSEN.

PEOPLE WHO *DESERVE* TO SUFFER IF ONLY FOR A SHORT WHILE.

WELL, WHAT THEY'VE *SAID* AND WHAT THEY'VE *DONE* ARE TWO DIFFERENT THINGS.

DO YOU THINK I'D BE DOWN HERE IF NOTHING BUT DRUG DEALERS AND MURDERERS WERE MISSING?

ARE YOU QUESTIONING THE LOYALTY OF MY PEOPLE?

THEY DON'T HAVE THE *CAPACITY* TO LIE. THEY ARE THE TRUE VICTIMS, HIDING AWAY FROM POLITICIANS AND GOVERNMENTS THAT SYSTEMATICALLY CHOOSE TO IGNORE THEM. LIVING IN DARKNESS HOPING NO ONE WILL FIND THEM. THEY ONLY WANT FOOD AND CLOTHING. THINGS WHICH I CAN PROVIDE FROM THE CITY. MY CONNECTIONS AS A DOCTOR GIVE ME SOURCES THAT I CAN USE. AND IF ALL ELSE FAILS I CAN STILL PROVIDE--BEING A VAMPIRE *CAN* HAVE ITS BENEFITS.

SO DON'T TALK TO ME ABOUT VICTIMS,

SPEAK OF THE DEVIL! HERE THEY ARE NOW. WHY DON'T YOU ASK THEM YOURSELF.

IT'LL BE *MY* PLEASURE.

'KEEVER, THE PEOPLE YOU'VE BROUGHT ME, YOU CALL THEM "*BAD*" WHY?

'cuzz they be bad!!

me git them like me wuz told.

but me only take the **bad** ones.

NO! NO! MY FRIEND. WHY ARE THEY BAD?

they live in bad city.

AND WHAT ELSE MAKES THEM BAD?

that's all.

WHAT ABOUT MURDERERS?

they bad.

WHAT ABOUT CROOKS?

they bad.

WHAT ABOUT CHILDREN AND OLD LADIES AND PUPPIES?

they bad.

UNH? NO, I DON'T THINK YOU UNDERSTAND. WHAT MAKES THEM BAD?

they not good.

WHAT ABOUT THE REST OF YOU? I KNOW I SAID I WOULDN'T ASK, BUT HOW DID YOU PICK THE BAD ONES THAT WERE BROUGHT TO ME?

um, we forget.

dunno.

bad is bad.

they help git us food.

and clothes.

they live in light.

they come from above.

they be soft.

and ugly.

yeah!

really, really, ugly!

BUT YOU SAID YOU WOULDN'T HARM ANYONE! YOU MEAN THAT THOSE PEOPLE YOU'VE TAKEN COULD HAVE BEEN ANYONE?

DO YOU UNDERSTAND WHAT THAT *MEANS*...?!

UNFORTUNATELY, THEY DON'T.

THEY'VE BEEN DOWN HERE SO LONG THAT THEIR SENSE OF REASONING HAS BEEN WARPED. THEY ANSWER YOUR QUESTIONS BUT DON'T UNDERSTAND THE MEANING. MOST OF THEM DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT A *PUPPY* IS.

THEY HAVEN'T SEEN THE THINGS YOU AND I HAVE. THAT'S WHY THEY TOOK YOU AS THEIR NEW LEADER WHEN I HAD DONE THE JOB FOR OVER FORTY YEARS. YOU WERE SOMETHING NEW. SOMETHING FRESH.

I CAN'T BELIEVE WHAT I'VE DONE. BECAUSE OF ME, INNOCENT PEOPLE HAVE TURNED UPON OTHERS JUST AS INNOCENT.

I'M SPREADING MY CURSE ON THOSE WHO TRUST ME. CORRUPTING. I-I CAN'T... THEY-- W-WHEN WILL--

NOOOOOOO!

WHAT HAVE I BECOME?!

MORBIUS-- WAIT!

IN WANTING TO PLEASE, THEY DECEIVED YOU. IT WASN'T INTENTIONAL. THEY DIDN'T KNOW WHAT THEY DID WAS WRONG.

TO THEM EVERYTHING WAS RIGHT. NO ONE IS TO *BLAME* HERE. WE JUST ALL GAVE IN TO OUR NEEDS A LITTLE TOO EASILY.

PLEASE. LET ME HAVE MY PEOPLE BACK. I KNOW HOW TO CARE FOR THEM.

LET HIM GO, SPIDER-MAN. HE NEEDS TIME. HIS PROBLEMS ARE DEEPER THAN WE CAN IMAGINE.

NOW I MUST THINK OF MY PEOPLE. THEY HAVE BEEN EXPOSED TO SOME OF THE EVILS OF YOUR WORLD.

"LOOK AT THEM. THEY'RE CONFUSED.

"GOOD OLD 'KEEVER. HE WAS ONLY TRYING HIS BEST. HE HAS A LOT TO FEEL GOOD ABOUT.

"AND THE OTHERS, THEY TRY SO HARD.

"NOW IT'S TIME TO GIVE THEM ANSWERS.

"THEY WANT TO KNOW WHY THEY WERE REJECTED AGAIN.

"CAN YOU GIVE THEM AN ANSWER SPIDER-MAN?"

ANSWER? I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT THE QUESTION WAS.

THEN HOW DO YOU THINK THEY FEEL? I'M NOT GOING TO FIGHT YOU. IF YOU HAVE TO TURN US IN THEN DO SO. I ONLY ASK THAT YOU CONSIDER OUR LIVES. I JUST WANT TO HELP MY PEOPLE.

MAYBE YOU SHOULD *HELP* MORBIUS.

GO, I WON'T STOP YOU.

I THANK YOU FOR YOUR COMPASSION. EVEN THOUGH THIS WILL SOON BECOME A BLUR TO THEM, I WILL NOT FORGET THAT THERE ARE STILL THOSE WHO *CARE*.

LATER, IN THE SUNLIGHT.

I'M GOING TO TALK TO *REED RICHARDS*. HE'S GOT TO HAVE SOME IDEA ON HOW TO HELP *MORBIUS*.

FOR NOW, THOUGH, I HAVE TO TELL *MARY JANE* THAT THIS COSTUME WAS ALL FOR NAUGHT. I DON'T KNOW... I'VE PUT HER THROUGH SO MUCH ALREADY.

SOMETIMES I WONDER WHY SHE PUTS UP WITH ME.

SPIDEY, COMPARED TO SOME, YOU'RE ONE *LUCKY* GUY.

MARVEL® COMICS

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X-FORCE™

GUEST-STARRING: SPIDER-MAN®

SABOTAGE
X-OVER PART 2

MANHATTAN. PICK IT UP AS YOU GO ALONG.

DOES ANYONE HAVE ANY IDEA HOW TIRED I AM OF ALL THIS GRATUITOUS FIGHTING?

NO, DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA HOW MUCH I'M ENJOY-ING IT?

DO ANY OF YOU THINK I GIVE A FIG?

SHUT UP AND LET'S HAVE SOME FUN!

KIDS, KIDS-- PLEASE-- A MODICUM OF DECOR POR FAVOR!

AND IF WE SURVIVE THIS MESS, THAT'LL JUST BE ICING ON THE CAKE!

NOW LET ME IMPERSONATE STORMIN' NORMAN AND OUR LITTLE "DESSERT STORM!"

SABOTAGE: PART 2

IF YOU FEEBS SURVIVE, IT'LL BE A BONAFIDE *MIRACLE!!*

*THE SITUATION: MUTANT TERRORISTS, **BLACK TOM CASSIDY** AND **JUGGERNAUT** HAVE BLOWN UP ONE OF THE TWIN TOWERS OF THE WORLD TRADE CENTER.*

*THE PLAYERS: FIGHTING FOR THEIR LIVES ON THE GROUND, ARE MUTANT REBEL **X-FORCE** MEMBERS **SHATTERSTAR, WARPATH** AND **FERAL**, LED BY YOUR FRIENDLY NEIGHBORHOOD, **SPIDER-MAN!***

THIS IYF JAM IS BROUGHT TO YOU BY:

ROB LIEFELD	FABIAN NICIEZA	ROSEN/ ELIOPOULOS	BRIAN MURRAY	BOB HARRAS	TOM DEFALCO
PLOT /ART	*BALLOON STUFFER*	*PRINT AND BIGGER PRINT*	*STAYS INSIDE THE LINES*	*RECOVERING NICELY*	*LOST, BUT HAPPY*

X-FORCE created by Rob Liefeld

AM I *EXHAUSTED* OR HAS JUG-HEAD GOTTEN *BIGGER* SINCE WE STARTED FIGHTING HIM?

MORE TO ATTACK, NO?

SHATTY-BOY-- YOU'RE DOWN-RIGHT *WEIRD.*

WHAT'S YOUR BIG PLAN, BUG-MAN?

GET A LOAD OF THIS, FERAL-- STRAIGHT FROM THE SUPER HERO STRATEGY BOOK--

-- EVERY-BODY DOG-PILE ON THE JUGGER-NAUT!!

I BEEN SWATTIN' YOU GNATS FOR HALF AN HOUR ALREADY, SPIDEY*...

...SO WHAT SAY YOU GUYS JUST PACK IT IN AND GIVE ME A BREAK!

* SEE *SPIDER MAN* #16. --80BBO

AW, C'MON NOW, JUGGY--YOU *KNOW* WE'RE NOT GOING TO GIVE UP!

WE'RE NOT ALLOWED!

DID *FRANCE* GIVE UP IN *WORLD WAR II*?

DID *CUSTER* WALK AWAY FROM *LITTLE BIG HORN*?

DID-- HECK, I CAN'T THINK OF ANY MORE WITTY LINES!

KTHROOM

OH YEAH, OKAY-- DID **I** GIVE UP LAST TIME I FOUGHT YOU?

NO!!

YOU'RE SQUASHED!

NO, I AM NOT, SIR.

ON THE OTHER HAND, WITH THIS NICE, THICK GOOBERY *WEB-FLUID* IN YOUR EYES, IT'S NO SURPRISE YOU CAN'T TELL!

THWIPP

WHOOOOAH!!

I'M STRONG ENOUGH T'TEAR YOUR WEBBING OFF!

NOW JUST CLEAR OUT--ALL O'YOU--LEMME ALONE!

YOU DON'T WANT T'BE NEAR ME IF I FIND OUT BLACK TOM DIED IN THAT EXPLOSION!

SCOPE IT OUT, *DOMINO*. NICE TO SEE YOU'RE BREATHING.

PLEASURE'S MINE.

WHAT KIND OF STRATEGY ARE YOU GUYS EMPLOYING?

UHM... *STRATEGY*--?

FORGET I ASKED.

NOLAN RYAN. GROIN HIGH.

ONE *FASTBALL SPECIAL* IN THE CHOPS COMING UP...

WHAT'RE YOU GONNA DO--*THROW* THE PRETTY BOY AT ME?

ARE YOU GUYS *NUTS*?

YES!

SLEKT

AARRGH!

YOU LITTLE PRANCIN' SON OF A #$@&!!

SHYRK

BIG MISTAKE, PRETTY-BOY.

SO SAYS THE PIN-CUSHION.

FOR ALL YOUR HYPERBOLIC RHETORIC, YOU *STILL* HAVE YET TO DOWN A *SINGLE* MEMBER OF MY BATTALION...

...WHILE I FREELY *SHRED* YOU TO *RIBBONS!*

YEAH... Y'SEE... YOU CAN CUT ME, I HEAL *REEEEAL* FAST.

LET'S FIND OUT IF WE CAN SAY THE SAME ABOUT *YOU*...

TOPSIDE, WITHIN THE NOW-RAVAGED WORLD TRADE CENTER TOWER--

--HUNTER AND PREY-- X-FORCE LEADER, **CABLE** AND **BLACK TOM CASSIDY**-- PLAY OUT THEIR PARTS OF THE GAME...

--WHILE **BOOM BOOM** AND **CANNONBALL** HELP THE SURVIVORS OF TOWER EXPLOSION.

CASSIDY--!

PLAY IT ONE OF *TWO* WAYS--GIVE YOURSELF UP AND DIE OR MAKE ME COME AFTER YOU TO KILL YOU.

EITHER WAY, I GUESS YOU'RE A *DEAD MAN.*

BUT I HOPE YOU DIDN'T EXPECT ANYTHING *LESS* AFTER BUILDING A STUNT LIKE *THIS.*

WHAT DID YOU EXPECT TO ACCOMPLISH?

ALL THAT I HAVE AND *MORE,* CABLE!

DON'T MOVE, BOYO-- AND DON'T YE *DARE* BE THREATENIN' ME AGAIN!

SO HELP ME, I'LL *FRY* YE WITH ME MUTANT *ENERGY BLAST* AS LIKELY AS LISTEN T'YOUR FOOL'S BRAVADO.

YOU'RE A DEAD MAN, CASSIDY.

COME CLEAN.

WHAT DID YOU GET OUT OF THIS ENTIRE FIASCO?

FIRST AND FOREMOST, THE RETURN OF ME FRIEND CAIN MARKO-- THE JUGGERNAUT.

SECONDLY, THAT BLACK TOM CASSIDY IS A MAN WILLIN' T'BACK HIS THREATS WITH ACTIONS!

THIRDLY, THE PLEASURE OF SEEIN' ONE O' YOUR BLOODY RIGHTEOUS MUTANT X-TEAMS HUMBLED AND ELIMINATED!

WELL, YOU'LL END THE DAY BATTING .666.

NOT BAD FOR A *MINOR* LEAGUER.

BUT NOT GOOD ENOUGH TO PLAY WITH THE BIG BOYS.

NOW, THEN... MAKE ME A HAPPY MAN.

WITH PLEASURE!

SHFYAK!

KRAKOOOM

ACH--!

AHH--

FUNNY.

I MEAN, YOU HANGING ON TO A *CABLE* FOR LIFE.

ENOUGH!

YE WIN, YE BLOODY SCAB!

JUST PULL ME UP AN' I'LL BE SURRENDERIN'!

SO YOU CAN BE ARRESTED AND *ESCAPE* IN TWO MONTHS TIME TO DO THIS ALL OVER AGAIN?

I DON'T PLAY THAT GAME, CASSIDY.

YE DON'T MEAN--YE JUST CAN'T--

BLAM

BLAM

BLAM

AAAAAAA

SHSHSHSH

DON'T SAY A WORD.

OH, SORRY-- I DIDN'T REALIZE YOU CAN'T.

GROSS.

YOU'RE COMING WITH ME. *MR. TOLLIVER* HAS YOU ON HIS HIT-LIST.

AND STOP BLEEDING ON ME.

MEANWHILE, ON THE GROUND BELOW...

BOYO, YOU IN THE MOOD TO GET BEAT AGAIN?

SURE. NICE TO SEE YOU BACK IN THE FIGHT.

ALSO NICE TO SEE YOU'RE A SKEPTIC, *SIRYN.*

YOU *REALLY* THINK SO?

AH PREFER T'THINK O'MYSELF AS AN *OPTIMISTIC CYNIC.*

DOES THAT MEAN YOU DIE HAPPY OR BECOME A BITTER SURVIVOR?

WUSPWUSPWUSPWUSP

YOU GETTING ALL THIS, *BALABAN?*

OMNI-DIRECTIONAL MIKES ARE PICKING UP EVERYTHING THEY SAY, *COLONEL BRIDGE.*

GOOD. EVERY SLIP OF THE LIP WILL GIVE US *MORE* TO GO ON.

AND THE MORE WE HAVE TO GO ON, THE EASIER IT'LL BE TO BRING CABLE *DOWN!*

OUCH
OUCH
OUCH
OUCH

SCREEEEEEEEE

DOMINO-- IT WORKED!

I HAVE HIS HELMET!

HEY! THERESA! GET BACK HERE WITH THAT THING!

HOW THE #$@! DID YOU GET IT OFF ME -- IT'S MYSTICALLY BONDED TO MY ARMOR!

ANY ASSUMPTION MADE IN BATTLE IS A PRELUDE TO WEAKNESS.

SO'S YER MOTHER, YOU PANSY!

MY BLADES WERE FORGED IN A DIMENSION OF MAGIC AND SCIENCE, JUGGERNAUT.

MORE THAN CAPABLE OF SLICING THROUGH YOUR HELMET MOORINGS EARLIER...

...MORE THAN CAPABLE OF SLICING OFF YOUR HEAD NEXT!

THAT'S IT! ENOUGH!!

LEGS FIRST. NO, ANKLES! THEN FINGERS!

OR MAYBE JAWS FIRST, SO YOU'LL ALL SHUT UP?

TELL YOU WHAT, HOWZABOUT I LET YOU DECIDE WHICH BONES I'M GOING TO BREAK IN WHICH ORDER!

Y'KNOW, THAT'S PRETTY DARN POLITE OF THE LUG.

MAYBE HE'S NOT SUCH A BAD GUY AFTER ALL.

ARE YOU ALL THROUGH?

HOW ABOUT IF YOU BEGIN WITH *ME*, MARKO?

BECAUSE QUITE FRANKLY, I AM SO *SICK* AND *TIRED* OF DEALING WITH BLATANT *STUPIDITY* OF YOUR KIND OF MUTANT...

...AND SICK OF *YOU*, TOO! HOW MANY TIMES WILL WE HAVE TO DANCE THE SAME DANCE, *OVER* AND *OVER* AGAIN?

NO WINNERS, NO LOSERS -- JUST THE TWO OF US PLAYING THE PART OF *FOOLS*.

NOW IF YOU TAKE ME ON FIRST AND KILL ME, AT LEAST YOU'LL PUT ME OUT OF MY MISERY!

OF COURSE, IF I TAKE CARE OF YOU FIRST, WHICH WOULD BE A NICE *TWIST* ON THINGS...

..LIKE I ALREADY DID TO YOUR GOOD *FRIEND* UP IN THE TRADE TOWER...

... THEN WE'RE ALL DONE, NICE AND NEAT.

SO TELL ME HOW YOU PLAN TO DIE, CAIN...

... AND I'LL TELL YOU HOW GOOD A FORTUNE TELLER YOU ARE...

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKIN' ABOUT, BUDDY--

--BUT IF YOU'RE TELLIN'ME TOM CASSIDY IS DEAD--

--AND YOU'RE TAKIN' CREDIT FOR IT-- THEN I'M GONNA HAVE TO--

GEEZ... THESE GUYS TALK MORE'N I DO, BUT I NEED YOU, MR MARKO...

... TIME TO SAY GOODBYE.

ZZZAAKKZT

HE TELEPORTED AWAY?

WHY DO THEY ALL TELEPORT AWAY?

IN, OUT, IN, OUT-- CAN'T EVEN END A DECENT FIGHT ANYMORE!

UHM... YOU SURE IT'S SUCH A BAD THING THAT EDSEL-HEAD TOOK A POWDER?

I, FOR ONE, WAS HOPING TO INVITE HIM HOME FOR DINNER.

BRRR-- JUST PICTURED MYSELF ON "DIVORCE COURT!" SCARY.

"HI, HONEY, I'M HOME -- AND LOOK WHAT I BROUGHT WITH ME!"

HEY, LOOKS LIKE WE'VE GOT COMPANY.

BRIDGE? BRIDGE!

FRIEND OF YOURS?

CABLE-- IN THE NAME OF THE STRATEGIC HAZARD INTER-VENTION, ESPIONAGE, LOGISTICS DIRECTORATE--

--YOU ARE HEREBY UNDER ARREST!

IT'S GONE ON LONG ENOUGH, *NATE*.

END IT *NOW*. CLEAN BEFORE YOU FORCE TOO MANY PEOPLE TO END IT *NASTY*.

DOMINO, TALK SOME *SENSE* INTO HIM-- PLEASE...

IS HE *JOKING* OR WHAT?

I CAN TAKE TWO OF THEM DOWN RIGHT NOW. GIVE THE WORD.

NO. THIS ISN'T THE TIME OR THE PLACE.

SCOUTSHIP-- *BODYSLIDE* BY EIGHT. *H-S GENESCAN* ONLY.

SHYFMMMMMMMMM

:GULP: UHM... GUYS... WHERE'D YOU GO?

UHM... AM I IN TROUBLE NOW?

FMMMMSHYYYYFFF..!

EVERYONE CLEAR?

WHAT ABOUT SPIDER-MAN?

HE'LL BE FINE, SAM. HE WANDERED IN, HE'LL WANDER OUT.

BRIDGE HAS NOTHING AGAINST HIM.

AND WHAT DOES HE HAVE AGAINST *YOU*?

WHAT DO THEY *ALL* HAVE AGAINST YOU?

GOOD QUESTION. I WISH I KNEW THE ANSWER.

I WISH YOU'D TELL ME WHAT YOU KNOW.

EVERYONE STRAP IN AND SHUT UP-- WE WALKED AWAY FROM IT, THEY *RAN* FROM IT -- LEAVE IT AT THAT!

NOW LET ME ENJOY TURNING ON THE AFTER-BURNERS!

LET'S BLOW THIS CLAM-BAKE AND GO HOME!

FWSHOOOM

CIAO!

NEXT ISSUE: *THE BROTHERHOOD OF EVIL MUTANTS RETURNS.*

SOME VERSIONS OF *SPIDER-MAN #1* WERE DISTRIBUTED IN A SEALED POLYBAG, SEEN HERE.

***SPIDER-MAN #1* SILVER VARIANT BY TODD McFARLANE**

SPIDER-MAN #1 **PLATINUM EDITION FRONT & BACK COVER ART BY TODD McFARLANE**

***SPIDER-MAN #1* GOLD 2ND PRINTING VARIANT BY TODD McFARLANE**

THE SPIDER'S ?

% MARVEL COMICS GROUP
387 Park Avenue South
New York, New York 10016

JIM SALICRUP
ARACHNERD
DAN CUDDY
ASSISTANT EDITOR

Attention correspondents: All letters considered for publication must include your name and address, though we will withhold that information upon request.

Hello there. This is Todd McFarlane. I've decided to write a text page for the first issue (Wait a minute. I thought I asked him to write this!—Jim Salicrup) because if I didn't, they would just run an in-house ad in its place *(No I wouldn't! I would have written this page.—J.S.)*, and since I used to hate not seeing a text page on an issue #1 when I was collecting, I figured that I had better appease some of the people who feel the same way.

First, the obvious question. We might as well get it out of the way. Why a fifth Spider-Man book? (—If you count MARVEL TALES.) "Why not?", would be the obvious and easiest answer, and then I would be finished with this text page but since that's not going to fill up very much space, I might as well give you the story of how this new magazine came to be and what you can expect in the future.

I had been on the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN title for about two years and was getting a little antsy. By this I mean that I wanted to expand my horizons as an artist *(Well, la dee da!—J.S.)*. I had been penciling for about four years and inking during two of those. As I became more confortable with the inking, I was looking to get even more involved with a project. The natural next step would be the writing. I discussed co-plotting a book with another writer, but knew that my personal tendencies would only allow me to remain in that capacity until I felt completely comfortable with that too, so instead of finding a book to co-plot, I set about the task of finding one that I could write. Having never written anything in the past, I knew the odds would be against me finding such a book, but I figured I might as well at least try. I figured that I would end up, if I did find an editor who would take me on as a writer, on a lesser known book or one that maybe wasn't a big seller. As fate would have it, such was not to be.

Let me back up a little bit and state that one of the reasons for my deciding to leave THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN book was the bi-weekly summer schedule. I didn't feel I was able to give the best quality work I was capable of during those three months, but at the same time felt obligated to do all fifteen issues per year. This only added to some of the frustrations of my wanting to expand my artistic endeavors. Something had to give. After doing some soul searching, I realized that one of the things that I was tired of was that I was always drawing someone else's ideas. Having been associated with some of the finest writers in the comics industry in my short career, (e.g. Roy Thomas, Peter David and David Michelinie) I knew it wasn't a lack of good ideas or good stories that was frustrating me. Rather, it was the fact that I was drawing their stories and their ideas. While I enjoyed my time with each of these writers, I knew that ultimately I was drawing their ideas when they came up with them. By this I mean that even though the stories were interesting and fun to draw, if I didn't feel like drawing an army scene and there were 28 pages of armies that month, I somehow had to get through the pages. *(Sounds like he's lazy, doesn't it?—J.S.)* During the same time I was getting a stronger feel for my style and knew my weaknesses and strengths so there were times that I was doing something artistically that I wasn't skilled at. Which brings us to the obvious way of getting around it. Write the stories myself.

I phoned Jim Salicrup and announced to him that I was going to leave the book. *(It made my day.—J.S.)* I gave him my reasons but also stated that I enjoyed working with him and still had a fondness for Spider-Man. It was just the fact that I needed to have more input into each story, and didn't feel it would be fair to David to try to squeeze in on his territory. So I quit. I told him I was going to be looking for a book to write or at least co-plot and would stay in touch with him. He brought up an idea, which he had tossed around before, of another Spider-Man book. He had mentioned it to me on previous occasions, but I never really took it seriously. *(Gee, thanks!—J.S.)* He again told me his idea for a new book and wondered whether I would be interested. Sticking to my guns and being somewhat cocky, *(Ahem.—J.S.)* I told him that I would need to write the book if he wanted me to do the artwork. Jim, being the nice guy that he is, said yes. *(I'm no dope.—J.S.)* Let me state that in my two years of working with Jim Salicrup, my biggest complaint about him was that he was too nice. *(Does anyone believe any of this?—J.S.)* So anybody out there who might work with him in the future be wary of this fact. Having been a professional for over four years, I knew that having a good working relationship with your editor was probably one of the most important factors in keeping your mind on your work. Seeing as my biggest gripe with Jim was that he was too accommodating, I figured why try another relationship that would only, at best, match the one that I have in the Spider-Man office. So I graciously accepted Jim's offer to start my writing career with one of the biggest comic book characters ever. (And here I thought I was going to have to start on a lesser book like "Revenge of the Rutabaga" or something.)

Now came the time for me to actually formulate some of the details and present them to Jim. At this point, I came across one of the first drawbacks to doing a fifth Spider-Man book, which was that all the good villains had either appeared, were appearing, or were going to appear in one of the other titles. After some discussion, we finally realized that the Lizard had not been drafted yet and, though he might not be Spidey's best villain, he is still considered one of the classics. I felt that we needed something else to add to the story to give it that little boost, since it was going to be issue #1. That boost came while talking to Glenn Herdling, former assistant to Jim. He said that he was working on a story idea involving an obscure Marvel villain that had some ties to a big name Marvel villain. (The reason I'm not being specific is that I don't want to give away any of the plot for the next five issues.) After seeing Glenn's character sketch I decided that this would be the element that I needed. The final version is contained in the first five issues. *(That'll teach Glenn to blab his story ideas to Todd!—J.S.)*

Changing gears somewhat, I'll try and let you know what it is that I am trying to accomplish. Let me tell you that my strengths lie as a story teller. I don't profess to be a writer, but I do think I can tell a story. What this means *(Okay, we're waiting. . .—J.S.)* is that most of the issues will rely heavily on the artistic side. It will also allow me to draw who I want when I want, so I can get wound up artistically and be even more enthusiastic while I am doing the work. At this time, Jim and I have decided that this book will not tie directly into the continuity of the other Spider-Man books. Mainly because of my lack of experience as a writer, it would not be beneficial for me to be concerned with other matters while I was concentrating on learning how to write. We also decided that we would try and give the feel of a mini-series within a series. So for the most part, the stories will be self contained four or five parters. Some may be longer, some may be shorter, but four to five will be the average. This space will allow me to take an idea and draw it out, mostly for artsy reasons, and give me a chance to explore specific traits of the characters in each story. You will find that, although Spider-Man does have a great cast of supporting characters, I will only focus in on one or two at a time, and only if the story directly involves them. My writing will expand and get better as the months go by, *(At least that's the theory.—J.S.)* but I will strive to present Spider-Man in a fashion not seen before, and thus be able to justify the question of why a fifth Spider-Man book. This justification will be my ultimate goal. *(So much for world peace.—J.S.)*

Now onto some more important stuff. Since I am going to be writing the book, it becomes my task to read all the fan mail and help Jim pick out some to be printed. What I am looking for in the letters is specifics on why you either liked or didn't. For instance, if you say you loved it, tell me what it was you liked. *(Do we really want people to think about this, Todd?—J.S.)* Was it the artwork, certain characters, the motivation, the pacing of the story, or whatever. On the negative side, please be more specific than "it stinks." Unless I know what it is that stinks, I can't correct the problem, so please help me try and make this book more what you want to see by telling me what that is. *(Okay, okay, we get the message.—J.S.)*

I will wrap this up by thanking Marvel Comics and Jim Salicrup *(You're welcome.—J.S.)* for giving me this opportunity because it is more of a risk on their part than on mine. *(Who's he kidding?—J.S.)* I hope you'll come along for the ride.

HEY, CHECK THIS OUT!

We are also looking for a title for the letters page and since you're such an important part of the book, we are going to leave it up to you guys. The person to send in the best suggestion will have that title designed and fancied-up atop every letters page. To entice you to send your suggestions in your letters, the chosen suggestion will be awarded an autographed page of original artwork by Todd McFarlane. So good luck!

SPIDER-MAN #1 LETTERS PAGE

SPIDER MANIA

% MARVEL COMICS GROUP
387 Park Avenue South
New York, New York 10016

JIM SALICRUP
ARACHNERD
DAN CUDDY
ASSISTANT EDITOR

Attention correspondents: All letters considered for publication must include your name and address, though we will withhold that information upon request.

As we go to press on SPIDER-MAN #2, it looks like SPIDER-MAN #1 has become the best selling U.S. comic of all time! And we did it without a major motion picture. As a result, it looks like Spider-Mania has busted out all over. For example—

Besides the biweekly AMAZING SPIDER-MAN, the monthly SPECTACULAR SPIDER-MAN and WEB OF SPIDER-MAN, the three Spidey Annuals, and MARVEL TALES featuring SPIDER-MAN, we're also tossing a hardcover graphic novel, "Spider-Man: Spirits of the Earth," written, penciled, inked and beautifully painted by Charles Vess, and a trade paperback, "Spider-Man: Fearful Symmetry—Kraven's Last Hunt," at you. All these Spidey publications are on sale now at your favorite comics shop—if they haven't already sold out.

If you liked the cover of SPIDER-MAN #1, you'll be glad to know it's now available as a Marvel Press poster. It contains all the excitement of the original, only it's bigger! And it's available at that very same favorite comics shop we just mentioned.

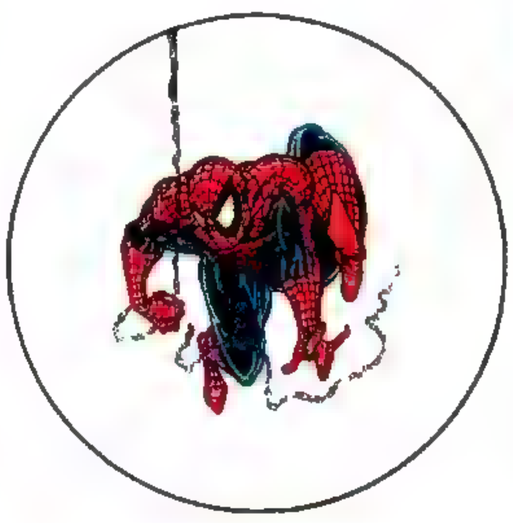
For folks who favor buttons, there's a set of Spider-Man buttons by Todd McFarlane himself. They're all-new, all-round, and all-nifty. They're even pictured on this very page. If you're inclined to purchase them, we recommend trying that favorite comics shop of yours!

Fanzine fans should seek out recent issues of *Amazing Heroes, Comics Scene Spectacular, Comics Interview,* and our very own MARVEL AGE MAGAZINE for all-new covers and interviews with the ever popular Mr. McFarlane. You should be able to find all of the above at your favorite comics shop. David Anthony Kraft, publisher of *Comics Interview* and erstwhile Minister of InFOOMation, has generously made this special offer to all Spidey-fans. You can order *Comics Interview* #81 for $4.95 postpaid from:

Comics Interview Group
234 Fifth Avenue
Suite 301-M
New York, NY 10001

But that's not all. DAK will give this special deal to Spidey-fans who say they saw this plug in SPIDER-MAN #2—a one year subscription for just $24.00 instead of the regular $36.00 or the newsstand cost of $50.00. That's half off for Spidey-fans!

But even that's not all! For those of you who'd like to collect the Spider-Man newspaper strip by Stan Lee you can get it once again in *Comics Revue* starting with issue #51. Believe it or not Todd McFarlane did the cover for that issue and it's available for $5.00 postpaid from the *Comics Interview Group* at the address above. Mention SPIDER-MAN #2 and you'll get the special 12-issue subscription rate of only $35.00—almost half off the newsstand price.



There's even more Spidey stuff coming, including video games, t-shirts, skateboards, not to mention a major motion picture, and much, much more. As much as we want to, we don't have room to plug 'em all. Just keep checking your favorite comics shop for the latest goodies!

And speaking of favorite comics shops, did we mention that *The Spider's Web* (Hey, where'd they come up with that name?) sold 24,000 copies of SPIDER-MAN #1 autographed by Todd McFarlane? Did we mention that Todd's also co-owner of the store? And did we mention that if you're interested in purchasing any original SPIDER-MAN pages by Todd, you should contact:

The Spider's Web
729 River Road
Puyallup, Washington 98371
Phone: (206) 845-6179

And be sure to say hi to Kim Kolomyjec for us. In fact, if you can pronounce his name, ask him how things are in Puyallup!

Next month, we'll turn this page over to you for your letters of comment. So be sure not to miss next issue, it'll be easy to find on the newsstand—it's the comic with the upside down logo! Until next time, buy plenty of Spidey products and hang loose!

—Jim (I'll sell anything) Salicrup

SPIDER-MAN #2 LETTERS PAGE

MARVEL COMICS

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THE OFFICIAL MARVEL FAN MAGAZINE!

MARVEL AGE®

IF YOU MISSED SPIDER-MAN® NO. 1 THE FIRST TIME— THIS IS YOUR SECOND CHANCE!

AND I PROMISE NOT TO RIP UP YOUR X-MEN® COMICS!

JIM LEE SPEAKS! SEE PAGE 12!

CBG FAN AWARDS
WINNER
FAVORITE PUBLICATION ABOUT COMICS

McFARLANE

COVER ART BY TODD McFARLANE

SPECIAL THE NON-MUTANT REPORT SPECIAL

SPIDER-MAN®

Some of the most innovative and popular artwork on SPIDER-MAN over the last few years has been done by Todd McFarlane, who recently completed a lengthy run as penciler and inker of THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN. But Todd is far from finished with the character. He is now the writer as well as the artist on a brand new series, titled, simply enough, SPIDER-MAN, which will present special three-to-five issue self-contained stories featuring Marvel's most popular super hero.

When Todd left AMAZING SPIDER-MAN it was because he had reached the point where he wanted to draw his own ideas for stories, and not those of another writer. "I guess I was getting a little restless on the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN book," Todd explains. "I figured the only way I could have control over what I wanted to draw was to write the book. It was not so much that I wanted to be a writer, but I wanted to have more freedom on the drawing side of it." So Todd made it known that he wanted to start writing. "I figured I'd start in the mail room with whatever book they were able to scrape together. But someone came up with the idea of a new SPIDER-MAN book." In fact, starting a fourth SPIDER-MAN book had been discussed for some time, and with an artist of Todd's caliber available, now seemed to be the right time. So Todd was offered the book, and, as he says, "I'm not a fool, so I said. "Yeah, okay, fine."

Todd's plans for the new series ran into some initial complications. "I found out that the villains for the first twenty issues of storylines I wanted to do were all tied up in the other three SPIDER-MAN books. I wanted to start out with a classic character, someone from Spider-Man's past. One of the few guys no one had dibs on was the Lizard. So the first few issues are going to look like a Spider-Man-Lizard story. Then, about at the halfway point in issue three, it kind of veers to the left." There is much more to the story than a simple one-on-one battle between these two longtime adversaries.

For one thing, this is not the Lizard as you've ever seen him before. "The way I want to play the Lizard is not the way he's been played for twenty years. I'm treating him more as a monster. He's a great visual, with big fangs. The fangs have grown since the last time we've seen him. You never see him as Dr. Connors, his human self. He's this giant monster, more along the lines of the creature in the movie ALIEN. He doesn't talk in five issues."

But what really makes the story "veer left" is the presence of a mystery villain. All Todd will say about the identity of the villain is that it's somebody who's been in the Marvel Universe before." And the villain has the Lizard in thrall. The Lizard is acting "against his will, more or less. Actually, he has no will. There's no remorse for what he does. He's basically a killing machine.

"The first issue is a set-up. The next four issues take place in three hours. Spider-Man's been poisoned, so his mind is really whacked out," so much so that Spider-Man even begins to hallucinate a little, distorting the way he sees things. "It's one bad night for Spider-Man. I'm trying to present it in a way that maybe you haven't seen before in a SPIDER-MAN story."

Todd does not intend to leave Spider-Man's wife out of the series. "Mary Jane will be in there. Even if he goes up to Canada," as Spider-Man will in the following storyline, "he'll phone her, because he's a good husband. In fact, there are really only four people in the first five issues, and that's the Lizard, the mystery villain, Spider-Man and Mary Jane. It's one long night in a city of eight million people, but it's kind of a lonely place where nobody really has a clue what's going on a lot of the time. There are individual situations going on"—including Spider-Man being in dire

peril—"and everybody else is ignorant about them."

But Todd does not plan to feature the other regular members of the supporting cast, or to tie in to ongoing subplots in the other three Spider-titles. "I'll leave people like Betty to the writers of the other books. When somebody is involved with the main crux of the story, then I'll focus on that person for four or five issues."

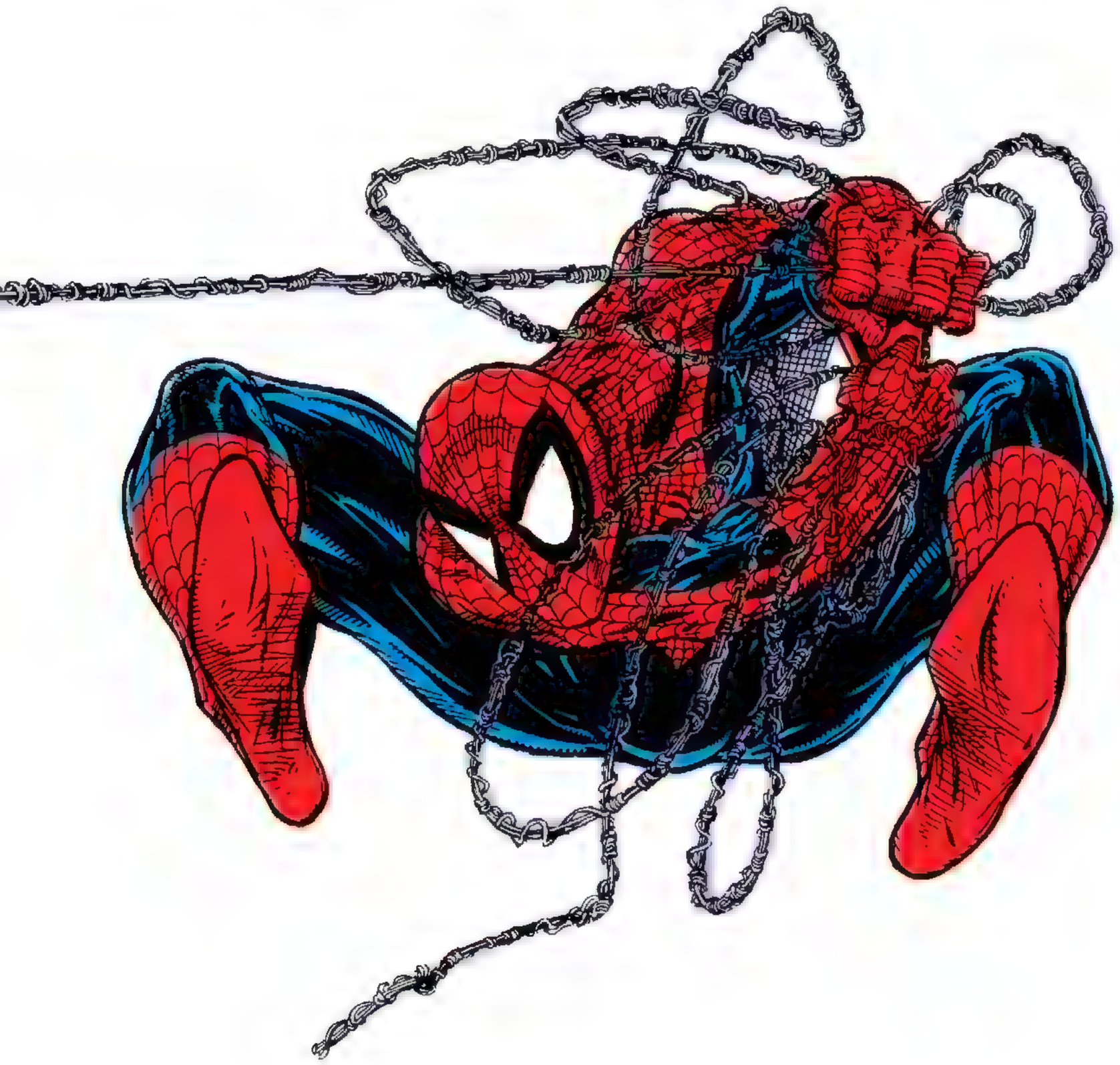
Issues #6 through #10 team Spider-Man up with Wolverine against the ravenous monster of the Canadian woodlands, the Wendigo. "Roughly issues #11 through #15 will probably be a Green Goblin story. I want to make a meaner-looking Goblin. Then probably #16 through #20 will be a Venom story. That's almost two years for four storylines."

Todd has some trepidations about becoming a writer on a major series. "I don't really consider myself a writer. I consider myself an artist who just happens to be writing." However, he continues, "I'm actually amused at how easy a time I'm having. I figured that when I handed it in, Jim Salicrup would have a heart attack and make me rewrite everything twelve times. So right now I don't really see any negative side to it." In fact, Todd regards working with Spider-editor Salicrup as one of the positive aspects of the job. "I have a good working relationship with Jim. Jim's a good guy."

Asked if there is anything specific he wants to do with Spider-Man as a character, Todd replies, "I'm going to try to bring more of my own life into Peter Parker's. I see Peter as being the same age I am. He's got a pretty wife, and I've got a beautiful wife. I want to show a little bit more of Peter and Mary Jane's relationship." Todd also wants to reinforce the idea of Spider-Man as a hero who functions best in New York City, battling the menaces that arise there. "He's more of an urban hero. You won't see him in outer space or doing time travel in my stories."

Todd's very individualistic work on SPIDER-MAN has been compared to that of Spider-Man's co-creator, Steve Ditko. "I owe a lot to Ditko," Todd admits, but more in terms of the overall impression he believes that Ditko's artwork gave to the series. "If you look at what Ditko did and what I do, I think you'll see we're not really close technically. But I think we both give the same impression. When Ditko was doing SPIDER-MAN, Spider-Man was kind of weird and funky. When I did mine twenty years later, again it was weird and funky. I didn't go back and study Ditko. What I did was I pulled out what I thought Ditko probably did, in that he had Spider-Man in weird positions, he made him a little bit darker, he maybe had bigger eyes, and he had more webbing. Now whether he did or he didn't I haven't really analyzed. It's the perception that I remember, not the actual technical thing that he did."

In drawing Spider-Man, Todd tries to make him look and move as spider-like as possible. "If I was to create the SPIDER-MAN logo, it'd be a big 'spider,' little 'man.'" And he extends the same idea to the classic Spider-Man villains, many of whom resemble animals or other inhuman beings. "The same with the Lizard and the Goblin. When he's the Lizard, he's like a lizard, a monster." Similarly, Todd wants to draw the Green Goblin to look as goblin-like as possible, as if there were not really a normal human being inside the Goblin's costume. "I try almost to forget that they're people, because it's more interesting visually to me as a comic book reader to picture them as monsters than to know there's a man under that costume."



But the comics artist who had the biggest influence on Todd was not Steve Ditko but Jack Kirby. "I don't think a lot of people see my stuff as like Kirby's." Again, the influence isn't on Todd's specific drawing style. "I don't draw figures like Kirby. Kirby's probably the biggest influence on the way I tell stories. Kirby always led with the big image. If someone got slugged through a wall, it took up the whole panel. I try to give you the big visual that hits you over the head. That's why when I show Spider-Man or Mary Jane for the first time in an issue, it's in a big panel. Every time you see the villain for the first time in my stories, it's big."

Todd wants to make the new SPIDER-MAN series very different from the other Spider-books, and from any SPIDER-MAN stories of the past. "There's so much SPIDER-MAN stuff out there right now. So my main goal on the book is to try to do SPIDER-MAN stories that haven't been seen before." So give the new SPIDER-MAN series a look. Both you and Spider-Man are in for a new kind of adventure.

—Peter Sanderson

MARVEL® REVIEWERS

We sent out preview copies of the first issue of SPIDER-MAN to a few fortunate Marvelites in hopes of hearing good things. What we got were rave reviews for Todd McFarlane and this exciting new book.

MARVEL AGE MAGAZINE,

This review copy of SPIDER-MAN says one thing loud and clear; Jim Salicrup is giving Todd McFarlane carte blanche on the book to really showcase his style. Todd's storyline and pacing give him that chance to draw exactly what he wants, and the result is . . . amazing? . . . spectacular? . . . the result is pure McFarlane, and that's going to be enough to make this the best selling premiere issue Marvel does this year. The only complaints I have are things I've not liked about McFarlane's work before: Peter's cutesy button nose, the way that nose seems to disappear completely under the Spidey-mask (pg. 3 & 6), and the thin, vertical panels (especially pg. 16). Everything else, I liked, and that's a lot to like!

Spider-Man's various powers are showcased for new readers, with the gritty side of New York City. The Lizard returns in a way that raises plenty of questions and disturbingly tells us that he's *a lot* nastier than Spider-Man recalls; the "light" of Spider-Man's world is contrasted with the "darkness" of the Lizard's realm.

SPIDER-MAN #1 is chock-full of what comics are about: exciting, entertaining stories, told with well-crafted, distinctive artwork. This is the sort of thing that makes me want to yell, "MAKE MINE MARVEL!"

Rick S. Jones
401 East Walnut
Argos, IN 46501

MARVEL AGE MAGAZINE,

The art in this comic is awesome. This is the best SPIDER-MAN issue I've ever seen McFarlane draw, and that's saying a lot! The detail is incredible.

The story was pretty interesting, but the dialogue and narration needs a little work. It should get more realistic in a few issues. I'd advise people to try SPIDER-MAN out. Until Spidey slings french fries instead of webs, MAKE MINE MARVEL!

Chris Cheney
55 Rocca Drive
Petaluma, CA 94952

Dear MARVEL AGE MAGAZINE,

I like Todd's artwork because it's so dimensional. And issue #1 of SPIDER-MAN is definitely no exception since there are several panels in the book where it looks like Spidey is going to swing off the page! In addition, Mr. McFarlane's artwork is always very bold which makes the visual aspects of the story flow gracefully.

The story on the other hand . . . was quite awful. Just kidding! Actually, I was very impressed with Mr. McFarlane's writing ability. "Torment, Part One" had all the elements of a good story such as action, suspense, comedy, and mystery. This time, the Lizard is more terrifying then ever before and he's also a killer which may generate some controversy. I believe that everybody will be happy with the interaction between Peter and Mary Jane. Todd definitely knows how the chemistry between Peter and Mary Jane works! I'm a hundred percent satisfied with Todd's work on this first issue and I predict that this new SPIDER-MAN series will be a major hit!

Stephen Nunet
3520 Standish Lane
Racine, WI 53405

Dear MARVEL,

In response to the first issue of the SPIDER-MAN comic, I found it to be rather intriguing. It combined the elements of suspense and horror rather well, with a bit of humor thrown in. It was really intense, the kind of action you'd expect from a SPIDER-MAN comic.

It's really good to see Todd McFarlane back in action again, especially with SPIDER-MAN. Todd's writing was excellent, up to par with his artwork. This book should go far, what with the success of the other SPIDER-MAN titles, and Todd McFarlane as artist/writer. The story-line of the first five issues should help the book along, also.

Jeffrey A. Moarcotte
9751 Richmond Drive
Kansas City, MO 64134

Dear MARVEL AGE MAGAZINE,

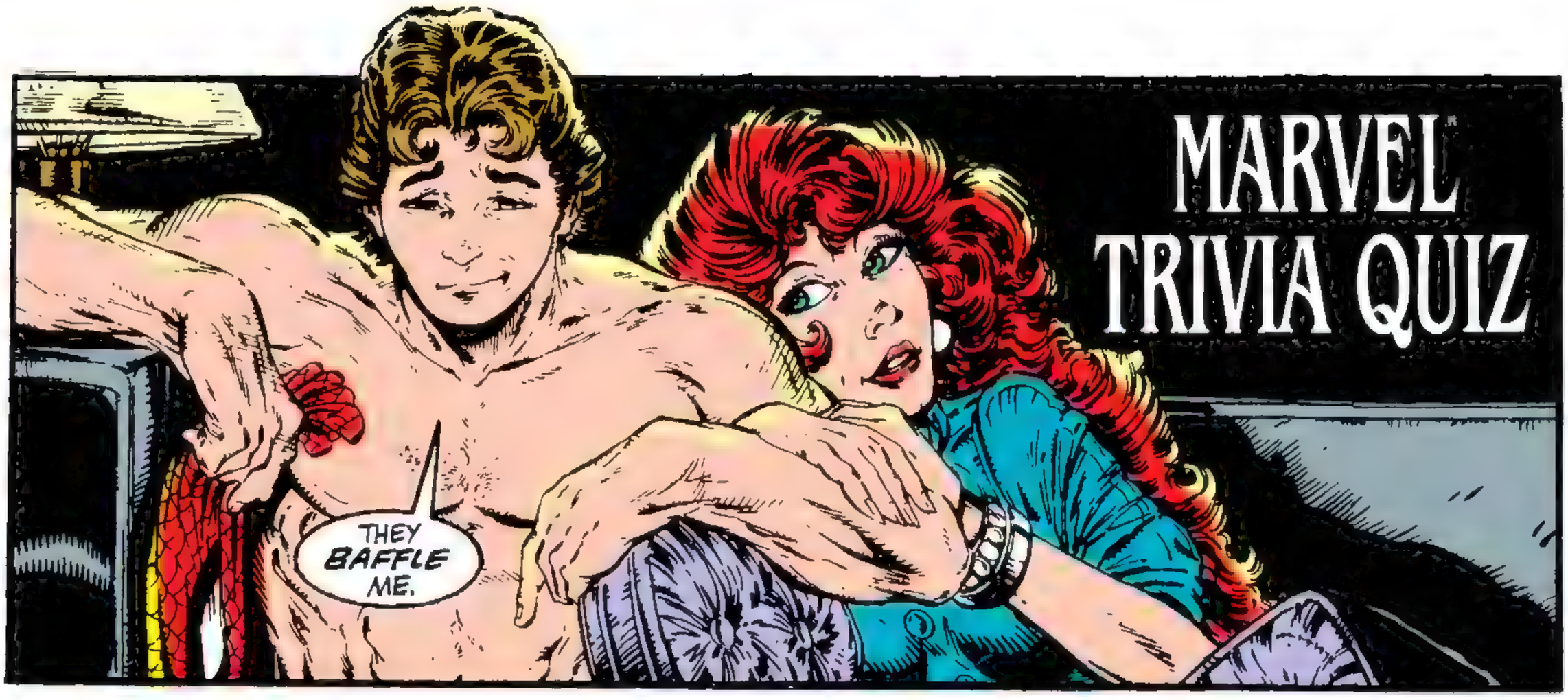
In SPIDER-MAN #1 the atmosphere is set very well, contrasting the light-hearted Spider-Man and the string of killings. Both McFarlane's story and his art are very well done. This book seems a little darker than the other Spider-Man books usually are. This first issue sets up suspense very well, especially as Spider-Man does not even confront his adversary in this first issue. I look forward to seeing more of this storyline and this excellent book.

Thank you again for selecting me to participate. Keep up the good work.

Malin Huffman
401 S. Fountain
Wichita, KS 67218

Well, SPIDER-MAN #1 seems to be a big hit with our reviewers. Several of those reviewing this new book commented on the dark, suspenseful, atmosphere created by Todd McFarlane. And Todd should be pleased to know that his ability as a writer, as well as an artist, is being well received.

And that brings us to the end of another session with our Mighty Marvel Reviewers. But remember, if you would like to become one of "the chosen," simply send a postcard to "MARVEL REVIEWERS," c/o MARVEL AGE MAGAZINE, 387 Park Avenue South, New York, NY 10016.



When Spider-Man first burst on the scene, let's face it, he was no ladykiller. Folks, the boy had problems! Needless to say, things have changed over the years, and and Peter Parker has spent a remarkable share of time surrounded by what David Letterman would call "fabulous babes!" While other articles this month talk about the new action headed Spider-Man's way, we're going to look at, shall we say, a different kind of action? The following twelve questions review the women in Spider-Man's life—including a couple you've probably forgotten about! Answers on page 32.

—Brian Nelson

1. When Mary Jane became Mary Jane Watson-Parker, her wedding gown design was supplied by what real-life fashion designer?
A) Liz Claiborne
B) Giorgio Armani
C) Willi Smith
D) Cher

2. A faithful and complete list of the women in Peter's life should include which of the following females, who had an undeniable chemistry with Peter when her own lover was thought dead?
A) April Maye
B) Shanna the She-Devil
C) Janet Van Dyne
D) Roseanne Barr

3. Peter nearly became involved with the Black Widow when she had been brainwashed into thinking she was:
A) biochemist Nina Robinson
B) aerobics instructor Nita Rubins
C) kindergarten teacher Nancy Rushman
D) international sex star Ursula Andress

4. Which of Peter's fellow students surprisingly turned out to be a member of an alien race?
A) Cissy Ironwood
B) Jean DeWolff
C) Marcy Kane
D) Jane Quexxx'lll—raaa

5. Who considered her belief that Peter Parker was secretly Spider-Man as proof that she was insane?
A) Debra Whitman
B) Mrs. Muggins
C) his neighbor Bambi
D) his neighbor Thumper

6. She met Spider-Man in a cameo appearance in the first issue of MARVEL TEAM-UP, and returned years later in MARVEL TEAM-UP to co-star with Spider-Man. Who is she?
A) Patsy Walker
B) Jean Grey
C) Misty Knight
D) Jane Curtin

7. Which heroine attacked Spider-Man in a story which tied in with her own solo tale in MARVEL SUPER-HEROES?
A) Elektra
B) the Black Cat
C) Medusa
D) Millie the Model

8. Which romance did Peter follow to England?
A) Crystal
B) Mindy Brown
C) Gwen Stacy
D) Glenda Jackson

9. How did Aunt May once foil a gang of thieves robbing her boarding house?
A) fooling them into believing she had super-powers
B) ambushing them
C) feigning a heart attack
D) taking an AK-47 and blowing them away

10. Whose first appearance in Marvel Comics was with the words, "Tiger, you just hit the jackpot!"
A) Felicia Hardy
B) Mary Jane Watson
C) Gwen Stacy
D) the White Tiger

11. In one of Spider-Man's earliest guest appearances, which woman confessed to an instinctive revulsion for him?
A) Jean Grey
B) Susan Storm
C) Betty Ross
D) Janet Van Dyne

12. Which of Peter's early flames was attracted to him because he seemed so unlike her overadventurous brother?
A) Betty Brant
B) Dorrie Allen
C) Liz Allen
D) the Scarlet Witch

ANSWERS TO MARVEL® TRIVIA QUIZ

1. **A**
2. **C**
3. **B**
4. **A**
5. **B**
6. **C**
7. **B**
8. **C**
9. **C**
10. **D**
11. **A**
12. **B**

ONE AFTERNOON, IN THE **CONFERENCE ROOM** OF **MARVEL COMICS**...

YOU HAVE **ANY** IDEA WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT?

NOPE, JUST THAT SOMEONE **VERY IMPORTANT** AT THE COMPANY WANTS TO SPEAK TO US.

HEMBECKSPREAD

BUT ANYBODY WHO'S THE **LEAST BIT** IMPORTANT TO THIS COMPANY IS **ALREADY** HERE. I DON'T UNDERST--

HEY LOOK! IT'S **SPIDER-MAN!** BUT-- WHAT'S **WRONG** WITH HIM?

THAT'LL BE JUST **FINE, FRED.** NOW, IF YOU'D BE SO **GOOD** AS TO MAN THE **SLIDE PROJECTOR?**

CERTAINLY, AMAZING ONE!

LADIES AND GENTS, I WANNA **THANK YOU FOR** SHOWING UP **HERE TODAY--IT'S** APPRECIATED. **Oh, AND BEFORE** ANY OF YOU **GET TOO WORRIED--RELAX.** THIS IS ALL FOR **DRAMATIC EFFECT. CURRENTLY,** I'M IN **TIP TOP SHAPE.**

CURRENTLY.

Y'SEE, I'VE GOTTEN WIND OF YOUR **PLANS**--PLANS THAT ARE SURE TO PUT ME IN BANDAGES AND CASTS **FOR REAL** IF I DON'T DO SOMETHING TO **STOP 'EM**--AND **SOON.**

(WOULD SOMEONE PLEASE HIT THE LIGHTS? THANKS.)

FIRST SLIDE PLEASE FRED.

ANYBODY RECOGNIZE **THIS** SHOT? YUP, IT'S YOURS TRULY IN A POSE CONCEPTUALIZED BY THE **TALENTED**--AND, YES, I REALIZE ALL TOO WELL--**POPULAR** YOUNG ARTIST, **TODD McFARLANE.**

NEXT SLIDE.

Aargh--**ANOTHER** TENDON TRASHING POSE FROM THE MIND OF McFARLANE--YES, THE **VERY SAME** MR. McFARLANE WHO'S BEING PUT IN CHARGE OF BOTH WRITING **AND** DRAWING MY ALL NEW **"SPIDER-MAN"** TITLE--NO, DON'T **DENY** IT. I HAVE MY SOURCES. I **KNOW THE PAINFUL** TRUTH.

SLIDE.

oOOoooo--IT HURTS JUST TO **LOOK AT THIS** ONE! NOW, I REALIZE, PEOPLE, THAT THERE'S A VERY **GOOD** REASON I'M CALLED SPIDER-MAN, BUT SHOULDN'T ONE OF COMPANY VETS TAKE YOUNG TODD ASIDE AND **EXPLAIN** TO HIM THAT EVEN SPIDERS HAVE THEIR **LIMITS?** PLEASE?...

SLIDE.

PRIOR TO McFARLANE, MY GREATEST ENEMIES WERE THE GREEN GOBLIN, DR. OCTOPUS, AND J. JONAH JAMESON.

NOWADAYS MY GREATEST ENEMIES ARE MUSCLE SPASMS, TORN LIGAMENTS, AND GROIN PULLS!

SLIDE.

AND THAT **WEBBING!** IF JAMESON AND THE **BUGLE** EVER TRY TO NAIL ME ON A LITTERING RAP, I'M AFRAID THEY'LL HAVE ME **DEAD TO RIGHTS!!**

OKAY, FRED, THAT'S ENOUGH; FACT IS, THAT'S ABOUT ALL I CAN **TAKE**...

ONCE MY **GREATEST ALLIES** WERE THE FANTASTIC FOUR, PARTICULARILY **BEN GRIMM.**

NOWADAYS MY GREATEST ALLIES ARE LINEMENT MEDICINES, PARTICULARILY **BEN GAY!**

NEXT SLIDE PLEASE --AND **HURRY!!**

I TRUST I'VE MADE MY POINT. THIS TODD McFARLANE IS A FINE, FINE ARTIST, TRUE, BUT IF HE'S GIVEN **FREE REIN** TO DO WITH ME AS HE WILL--AND **WORSE,** INFLUENCE MY **OTHER** ARTISTS TO FOLLOW HIS LEAD--WELL, I DON'T THINK IT'S **UNREASONABLE** TO IMAGINE ME GAUZED UP LIKE **THE LIVING MUMMY** WITHIN, oh, SIX MONTHS, TOPS.

LET HIM TAKE THE **HIGH ROAD** AND VOLUNTERILY SWITCH OVER TO DRAWING SOMEONE LIKE **IRON MAN, CAPTAIN AMERICA, THOR**--OR LET HIM TAKE THE **LOA ROAD** AND TAKE ON **BROTHER VOODOO**--**I DON'T CARE!** JUST KEEP TODD McFARLANE **AWAY FROM ME!**

UNLESS, OF COURSE, SOMEONE CAN COME UP WITH A VERY GOOD **REASON** TO DO OTHERWISE?

WELL, SINCE YOU **ASKED,** SPIDEY...

FRED, IF YOU'D PLEASE SHOW SPIDER-MAN THOSE **SLIDES** WE GAVE YOU?...

RECOGNIZE HER, WEBHEAD?

WHY, THAT LONG FLOWING RED HAIR IS **UNMISTAKABLE**--THAT'S **MY WIFE,** MARY JANE, AS... AS DRAWN BY (gulp) **TODD McFARLANE...**

ABSOLUTELY RIGHT! NEXT SLIDE, PLEASE.

IT'S **ANOTHER** PORTRAIT OF THE MISSUS BY McFARLANE. GOSH, SHE SURE DOES LOOK **GORGEOUS** IN THAT **EVENING GOWN!**

NEXT SLIDE.

OH MY! THERE MUST'VE BEEN SOME SORT OF MIX UP WHEN MJ BOUGHT THAT **BIKINI!**--IT'S GOT TO BE AT **LEAST** ONE SIZE **TOO SMALL!** AT LEAST.

NEXT.

eeps!!

MARY JANE'S **BLACK TEDDY?!?**

I'VE SEEN **ENOUGH!**

WHY THE SUDDEN RUSH, SPIDEY? WHERE YA GOING?

HOME, OF COURSE. AFTER ALL, I'VE GOT TO PREPARE FOR TODD'S **FIRST ISSUE,** DON'T I?

BUT--BUT WHAT ABOUT YOUR CONCERNS FOR ALL THE CONTORTIONS YOU'RE SURE TO BE PUT THROUGH?

AW, IT'S NOT SUCH A **BIG DEAL.** Y'SEE, I **JUST** RE-MEMBERED--

--MARY JANE GIVES ONE **HECKUVA MASSAGE!**

'BYE!

Pro File: TODD McFARLANE

Writer/Artist on: The new SPIDER-MAN comic book.
Marvel freelance credits (past): G.I. JOE, DAREDEVIL, SPITFIRE, HULK, MARVEL TALES covers, AMAZING SPIDER-MAN.
Marvel freelance credits (present): SPIDER-MAN.
My place of birth: Calgary, Alberta, Canada.
People who knew me in high school thought I was: Touched. (As in retarded).
My hobbies are: Sports.
My pet peeves are: Profile forms.
My favorite performers are: Wayne Gretzky.
The last good book I read was: THE 1990 HOCKEY GUIDE & RECORD BOOK.
The last good movie I saw was: WHEN HARRY MET SALLY.

If they were making a movie of my life, I'd like to see my part played by: Wayne Gretzky.
My oddest habit is: Working for Jim Salicrup.
My greatest accomplishment outside the comics field is: Meeting, marrying, and loving my beautiful wife, Wanda.
The reason I got into comics was: Foolish me—I liked them.
The biggest influences on my work include: My wife, Terry Austin, Gil Kane, Jack Kirby, John Byrne, George Perez & Mike Golden.
The single work of which I am most proud is: The last issue I handed in.
My greatest unfulfilled ambition in the comics field is: To just get as good as I think I can get.
The worst part of my job is: Backgrounds.
When nobody's looking I like to: Draw like Erik Larsen.
The one thing I really want the world to know about me is: I am uncoachable.

MARVEL AGE #90

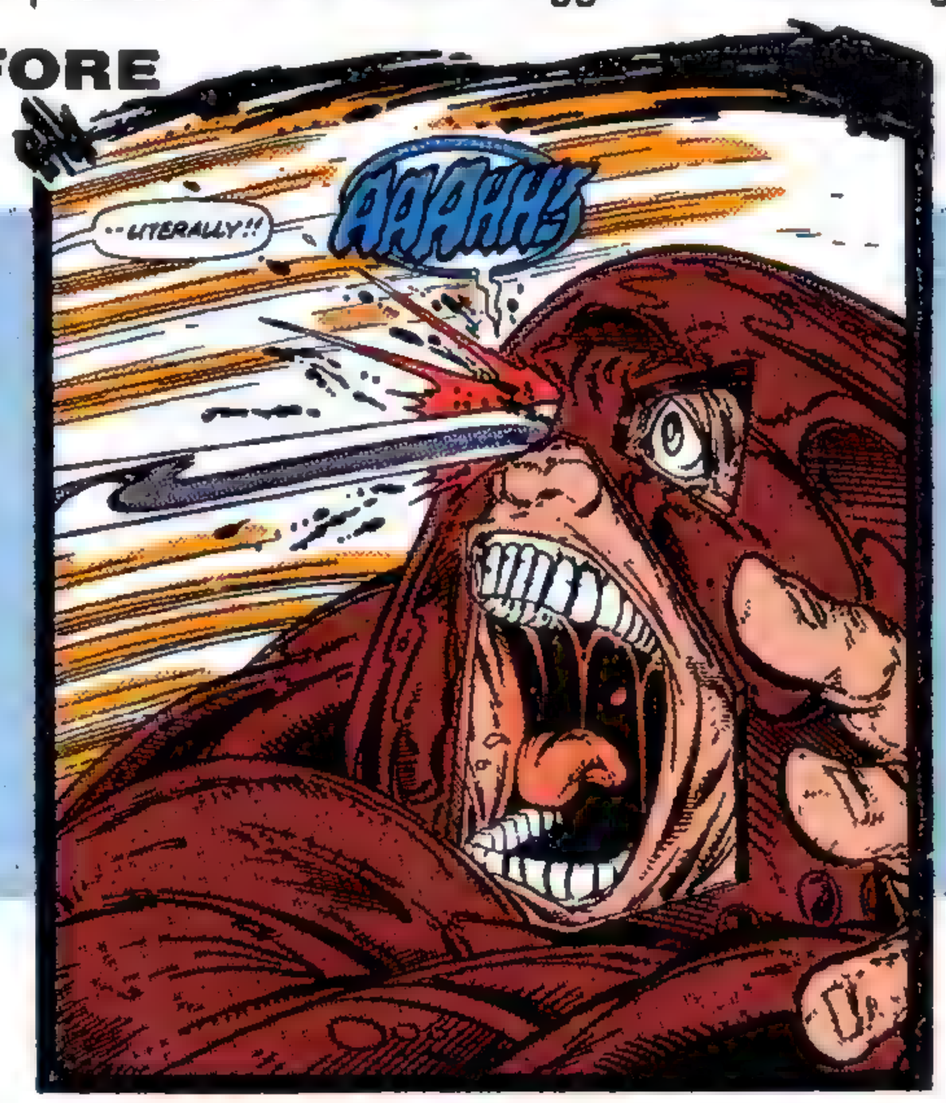
THE EYES HAVE IT!

ITEM! During the production of Todd McFarlane's sideways swan-song issue of SPIDER-MAN, Marvel's Editor in Chief noticed a pointed discrepency. It appears that while Spidey and X-Force were in pitched combat with the Juggernaut, the big villain gets his eye poked out by Shatterstar's sword. OUCH!

Well, wouldn't you know, it was simply too graphic for the code approved comic book and the scene needed to be corrected. But, seeing that MARVEL AGE *isn't* a code approved book, we're able to show it to you here. Hmmmm.

So during the First Annual Marvel Company Picnic, the full scoop on which you can spy in this very issue, Tom pitched the idea to our editor to run both pieces side by side, so that the readers could see the before and after. So here you go, Marveloids! Enjoy — and don't run with scissors!

BEFORE



AFTER

MARVEL AGE #107

A CASE OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY

An Out-of-Character Lizard Plays Pit-Bull to a Would-be Kraven

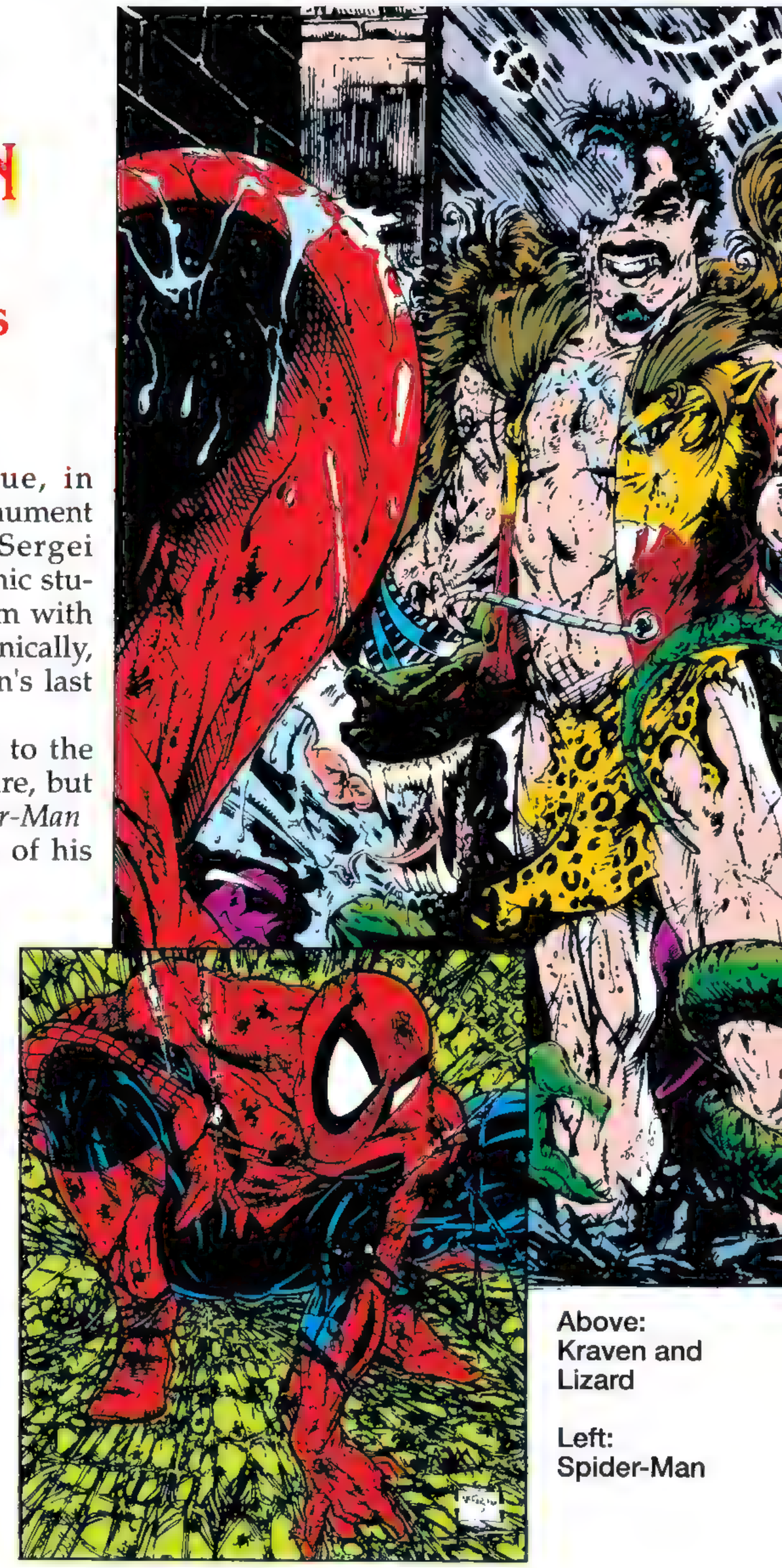
On the corner of 96th Street and Third Avenue, in Manhattan's upper east side, there once stood a monument to perhaps the greatest hunter of all time — Sergei Kravinoff, otherwise known as *Kraven*. There, in a dark, Gothic studio apartment building, Kraven would adorn his trophy room with the rarest, deadliest, and most beautiful of his recent prey. Ironically, this sanctuary also served as the hunting ground for Kraven's last victim — himself.

Several weeks ago, the sanctuary mysteriously burned to the ground. Officials were unsure as to the exact cause of the fire, but witnesses agree that the wall-crawling wonder called *Spider-Man* staged an extraordinary battle there with not one, but two of his adversaries prior to the structure's demise.

Although there are conflicting reports as to the identity of the first combatant, the second was unanimously identified as the lethal *Lizard*, who had been conducting a rampaging murder spree throughout the city. The nature of these attacks were more barbaric than anything the Lizard has carried out in the past. The humanoid reptile usually prefers cold, calculated planning over such savage measures to exert the dominance of his reptilian world.

Officials agree that the Lizard may have been under the control of some outside force, perhaps the unidentified combatant. The letters "CNNR" were written in blood upon the walls of several murder sites, suggesting that the Lizard may have been trying to leave a message for someone.

Mysterious drumbeats were heard by several bystanders in the vicinity at the time of the murders. *Jericho Drumm*, a noted psychologist and Haitian *houngan* (voodoo priest), identified the description of the drumbeats as those used in voodoo hunting ceremonies. "The Yoruba Spirit Drum is used by the *hounsi* (member) of a tribe to send their prey stampeding into their snares," said Drumm. "It does so by affecting the reticular system of an animal's brain, which controls its instincts and reflexes."



Above:
Kraven and Lizard

Left:
Spider-Man

artist's representations

If voodoo magic is indeed a factor in the Lizard's violent behavior, then it might also explain some other puzzling aspects of this case. For instance, police officials discovered huge quantities of reptilian blood on a warehouse floor after Spider-Man's initial encounter with the monster, indicating that the web-slinger had to use lethal force to subdue it. However, the Lizard apparently did not die from this "mortal" wound.

"Reptiles have the ability to regenerate missing body parts, but there is no way this creature could have survived the loss of so much blood," Drumm said, "unless, of course, it was aided by some supernatural voodoo potions."

Spider-Man also did not remain unaffected by this voodoo magic. During his subsequent battle with the Lizard, the creature somehow injected him with a poison, either on its teeth or its claws. "Voodoo hounsi use many hallucinogenic potions to work their magics," explained Drumm. "That way they can make their victims see what they most fear."

One witness, a homeless person named Jake, swears he heard Spider-Man call out the name "Kraven" to his tormentor. "That Spider-fellow sure must've been on somethin' lots stronger'n I ever drunk. I mean, sure, this person dressed all prissy like that Hunter, but these eyes ain't too old to see that the bod behind them clothes was definitely female!"

American authorities have discovered that at least on two occasions, Kraven was arrested along with a female accomplice for certain misdemeanors, one for which they were deported to Haiti. Haitian officials have since revealed that this woman, *Calypso Ezili*, is wanted for the murder of her own sister.

— *Glenn Herdling*

SUCKING IN THE SEWERS: THE MORBIUS TRIP!

The always controversial *Dr. Michael Morbius*, infamous as "The Living Vampire," made headlines once again this summer as he battled the costumed adventurer *Spider-Man* in an abandoned tunnel beneath Manhattan. The web-slinger donned his rarely-seen black-and-white costume for subterranean camouflage in what photographic evidence suggests was an all-out slugfest.

Once a Nobel Prize-winning biochemist, Morbius has long been plagued by a compulsion to feed on human blood to survive, a condition brought about in an attempt to cure himself of a rare blood disease. Over the years, his gruesome exploits have garnered Morbius the attention of an equally bloodthirsty band of ghouls: our nation's press corps. Recently, Morbius has been linked to the disappearance of several homeless people in the vicinity of the Port Authority bus terminal. "The Living Vampire" apparently used an unidentified accomplice to procure his victims.

According to Daily Bugle photographer *Peter Parker*, Morbius was abetted by a community of "Mole People," the inbred inhabitants of the city's many subterranean tunnels. Parker, a young shutterbug who's made a career out of photographing Spider-Man in action, claims that Morbius had been manipulating the "Mole People" (or "Good Ones" as they supposedly refer to themselves) into providing fodder for his unsavory appetites.

New York media mogul *J. Jonah Jameson* has called Parker's claims "unfounded."

"Mole people, schmole people!" said Jameson. "It's obvious from Parker's photos that the web-headed menace was in cahoots with that blood-sucking freak, Morbius! God only knows what that wall-crawling weirdo hoped to gain by preying on our city's homeless! I'm sure he gets some kind of perverse kick out of stunts like this!"

Parker counters that Spider-Man was there to rectify a situation he characterizes as "unfortunate."

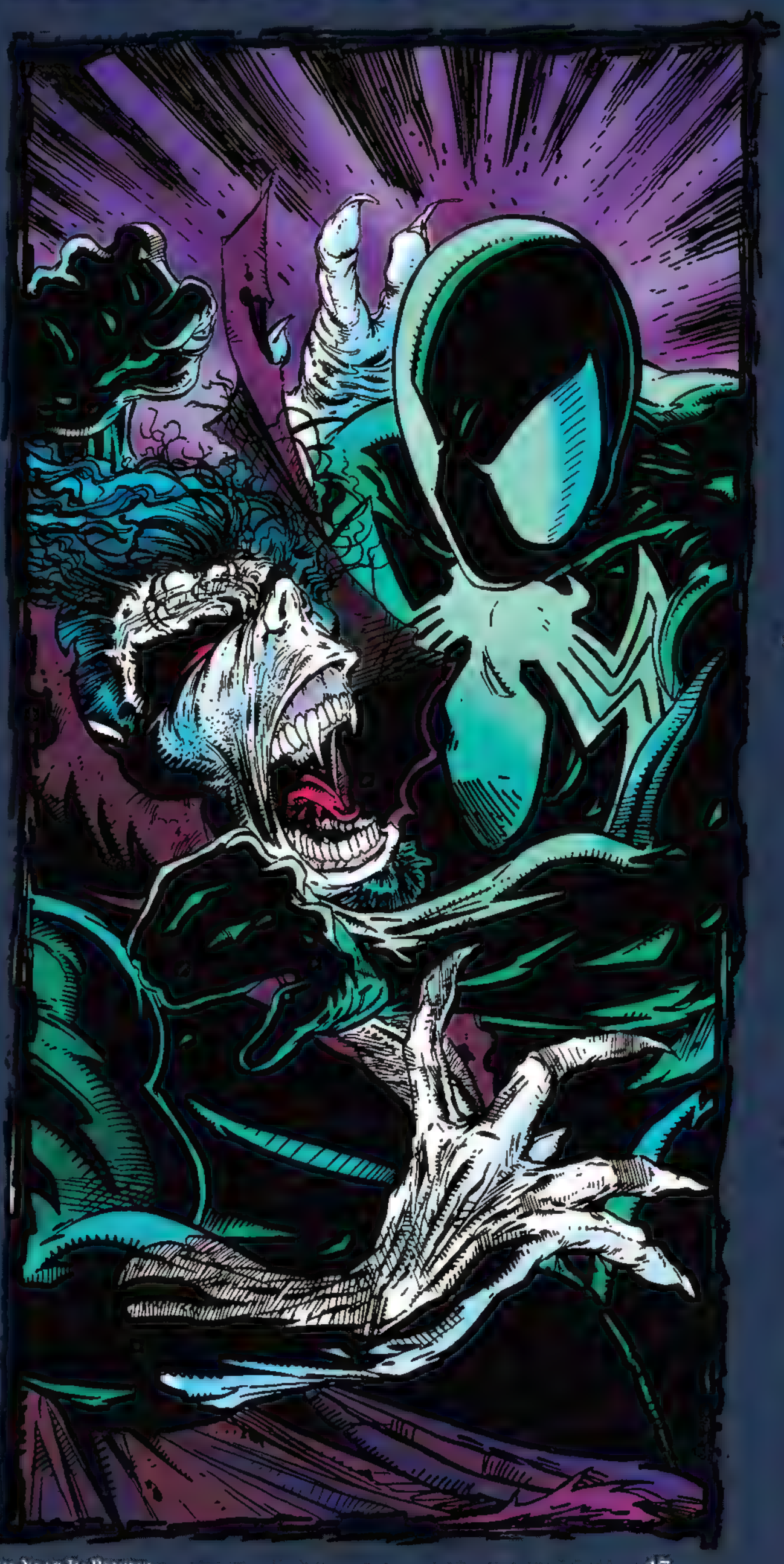
"It was really just a big misunderstanding. Morbius didn't mean to hurt anyone. He's a very sick man. He needs help, not persecution."

Unfortunately for Morbius, a cure for his macabre affliction seems as far off as ever. Still, he remains a strangely noble figure, a man of reason driven to kill by forces beyond his control. The tabloid press has played up the sensational aspects of his curse, but what of the man behind the grisly headlines? Morbius, "The Living Vampire," is a pale nightmare. A story to frighten children. A shadow at the end of a dark street.

Dr. Michael Morbius remains a mystery. His current whereabouts are unknown.

— Carl Karl

Stranglehold: "Spider" and "Vampire" reach a stalemate.



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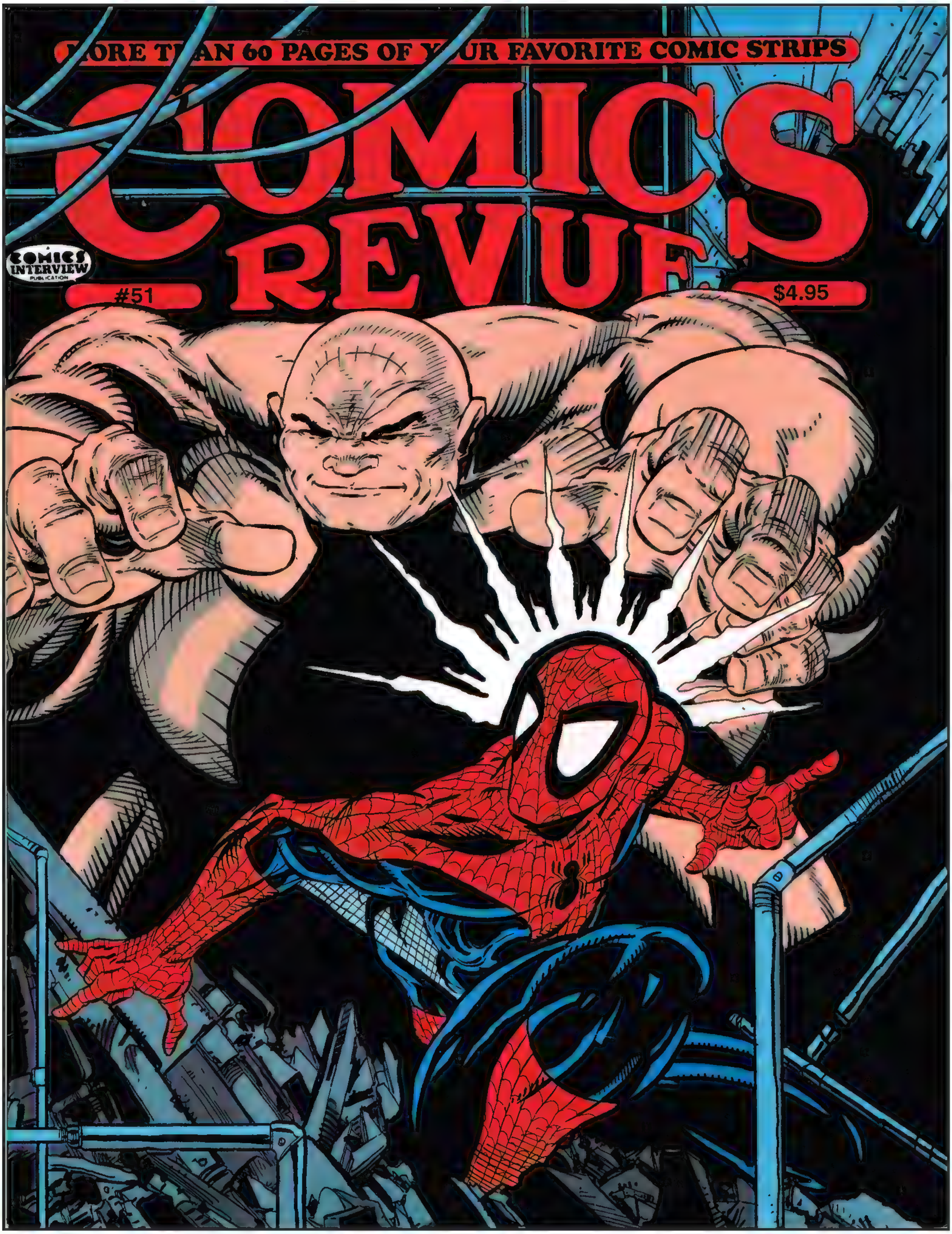

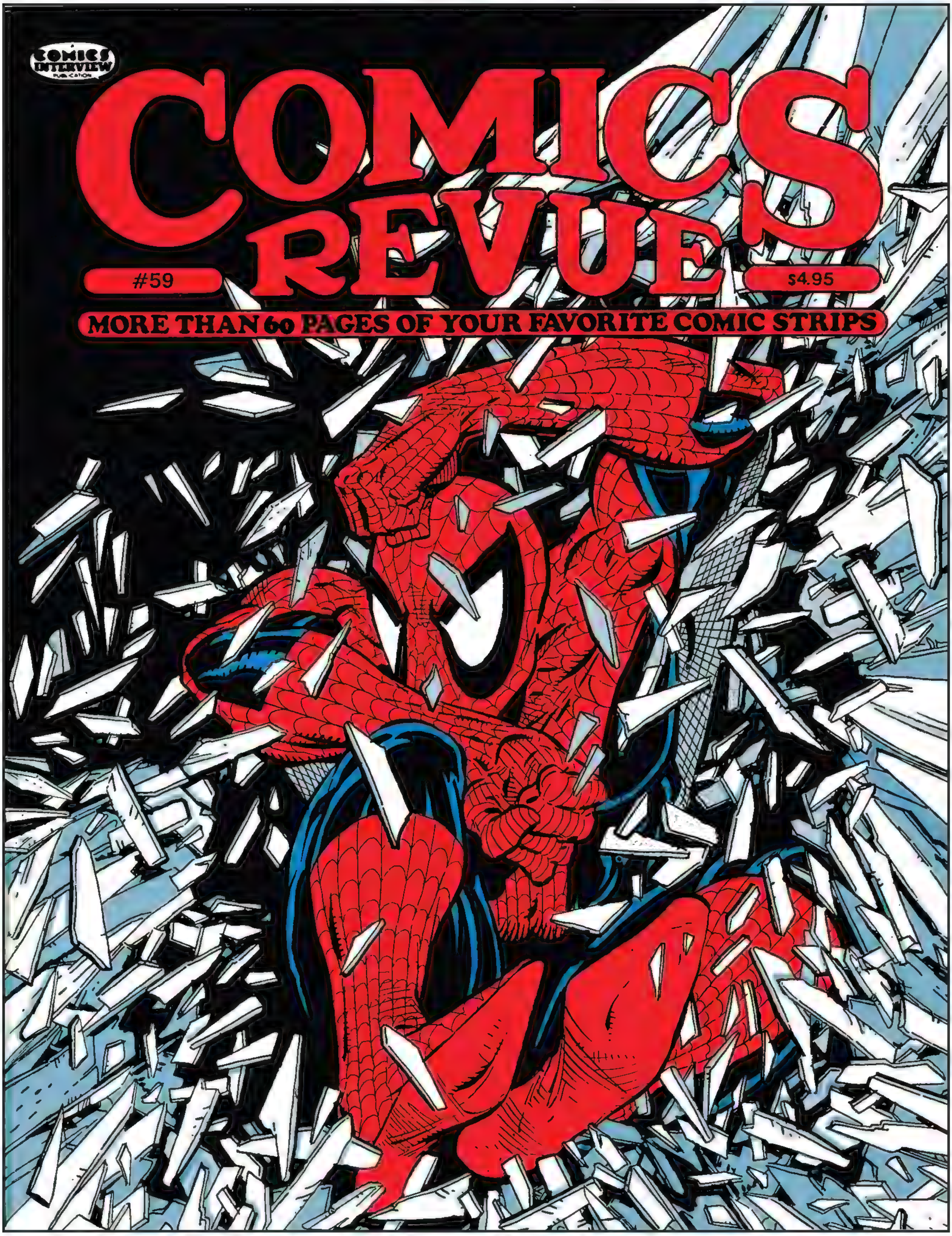
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No. 1

THE GUIDE TO COMICS

COLLECTOR'S EDITION

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***WIZARD #50*'S COVER FEATURED AN AIRBRUSHED VERSION OF ISSUE #1'S COVER ART.**

INTRODUCTION

BY JIM SALICRUP

THE FOLLOWING IS AN IMAGINARY STORY.

The new comics have arrived at your favorite comics shop. The excitement is more intense than usual because TORMENT, the new Spider-Man trade paperback, is here! Before the usual books can be unpacked, the store is filled to capacity, the overflow is creating a mob scene outside. The police have to be called in for crowd control. One confused bystander asks, "What's the big deal? Didn't Marvel already sell millions of copies of Todd McFarlane's five-part 'Torment' story? Isn't the book merely a reprint?" As dozens of jaws drop, the confused bystander is greeted by stunned silence. All eyes fix on the poor soul. "What?!" he asks, more confused than before. Finally, someone takes pity on him and blurts out: "Yeah, but it's got a *Jim Salicrup* introduction!"

Here's the real story:

I'm tickled pink that demanding Danny Fingeroth and earnest Eric Fein asked me to write the introduction to this sure-to-be-a-best-selling trade paperback. I'm thankful for the opportunity but wondering what the heck I could say about Todd McFarlane, TORMENT and Spider-Man that hasn't been said a thousand times already. Well, I'll give it a shot.

Perhaps the most controversial aspect surrounding the original publication of SPIDER-MAN—of which I was the editor—was the impression that Todd has complete creative control and was free to write whatever he wanted. This isn't the first time people had gotten this false idea. Way back, when I edited the FANTASTIC FOUR, I decided to let John Byrne write and draw the World' Greatest Comics Magazine. I thought he did a great job, but virtually everyone I met had an opinion on John's writing, many not very favorable. As editor, I felt that as long as I was happy with what John was doing, that he was in no way messing with the integrity of that title and its characters, it didn't matter what everyone else thought. The important thing was that we had gotten everyone's attention, and since then, those naysayers have come to respect John's writing.

I feel the same way about Todd's work on SPIDER-MAN. Thanks to Todd McFarlane, Spider-Man is receiving more attention now than five years ago. Did either John or Todd have complete creative freedom? Of course not. Neither John nor Todd own these characters, and it was my job to be the characters' caretaker. Just as John wanted to do stories that I didn't want to see done, Todd had to compromise as well. The TORMENT series is a perfect example. Todd would've preferred to use the Green Goblin or several other villains. All of Todd's first choices were already being utilized in the three other Spider-Man titles. Todd settled for the Lizard. I also didn't like how Todd planned to use Mary Jane in the stories. I didn't see MJ sitting at home alone pining for Peter Parker. That's why MJ takes off to a trendy New York nightspot. The point is that Todd didn't get any kind of special treatment. He got the same amount of creative freedom and respect I give to all the writers and artists I'm lucky enough to work with. And Todd did a great job.

All that doesn't answer the question: Why was Todd allowed to write a new Spider-Man title in the first place? Many cynics feel it was purely economic. Todd sells comics, give Todd anything he wants. While I don't have much of a problem with that logic, it's just not how things really happened.

Perhaps it's best to go back to the beginning. One day, years ago, Mark Gruenwald came into my office and asked if I was interested in seeing an artist and his samples. I agreed, and the artist happened to be Todd. I looked at Todd's pencils for DC's *Batman: Year Two* and was knocked out. The pages were sensational. Todd did a variety of assignments at Marvel, including a memorable stint on the HULK. Then, when I was looking for a new artist on

THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN, I offered Todd the job. Todd preferred the old red-and-blue Spider-Man costume as opposed to the black-and-white outfit Spidey was then wearing. I agreed. I had been planning to return to the old costume in AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #300 anyway. It was the beginning of a beautiful friendship.

As each issue of AMAZING SPIDER-MAN came in from Todd, the more we "discovered" the changes he was making with Spidey's costumes and webs. Todd's secret ally at Marvel was my then-assistant Glenn Herdling. Glenn was relatively new at Marvel and very excited to be working on the Spider-Man titles. He thought what Todd was doing was great. To my regret, I was stuck in the "we must keep thing consistent" mode. Fortunately, I've always tried to convince people my way was best and didn't *demand* that Todd come around to my viewpoint. I was confident that once I explained to Glenn and Todd the wisdom of my view, they would readily come around. I argued and argued, until finally Glenn and Todd won. They convinced me they were right, and I went with it. To Todd's shock and surprise, I then requested that the artists on the other Spider-Man titles incorporate Todd's changes. I just couldn't completely break out of my consistency mode.

To jump ahead a bit, before there isn't any room left to run the comics, a couple of years later Todd was getting restless. He felt constrained illustrating other writers' stories. Todd never asked to take over the writing himself—he respected the rights of other professionals — nor did he ask that a new Spider-Man title be created just for him. Todd simply told me that he was planning to leave AMAZING SPIDER-MAN and look for an assignment where he could both write and draw. Todd didn't care if it was backup stories in an annual or taking over the poorest-selling comic around, he just wanted a new challenge. I persuaded Todd to give me the chance to make him an offer, to let me come up with a project for him. He agreed.

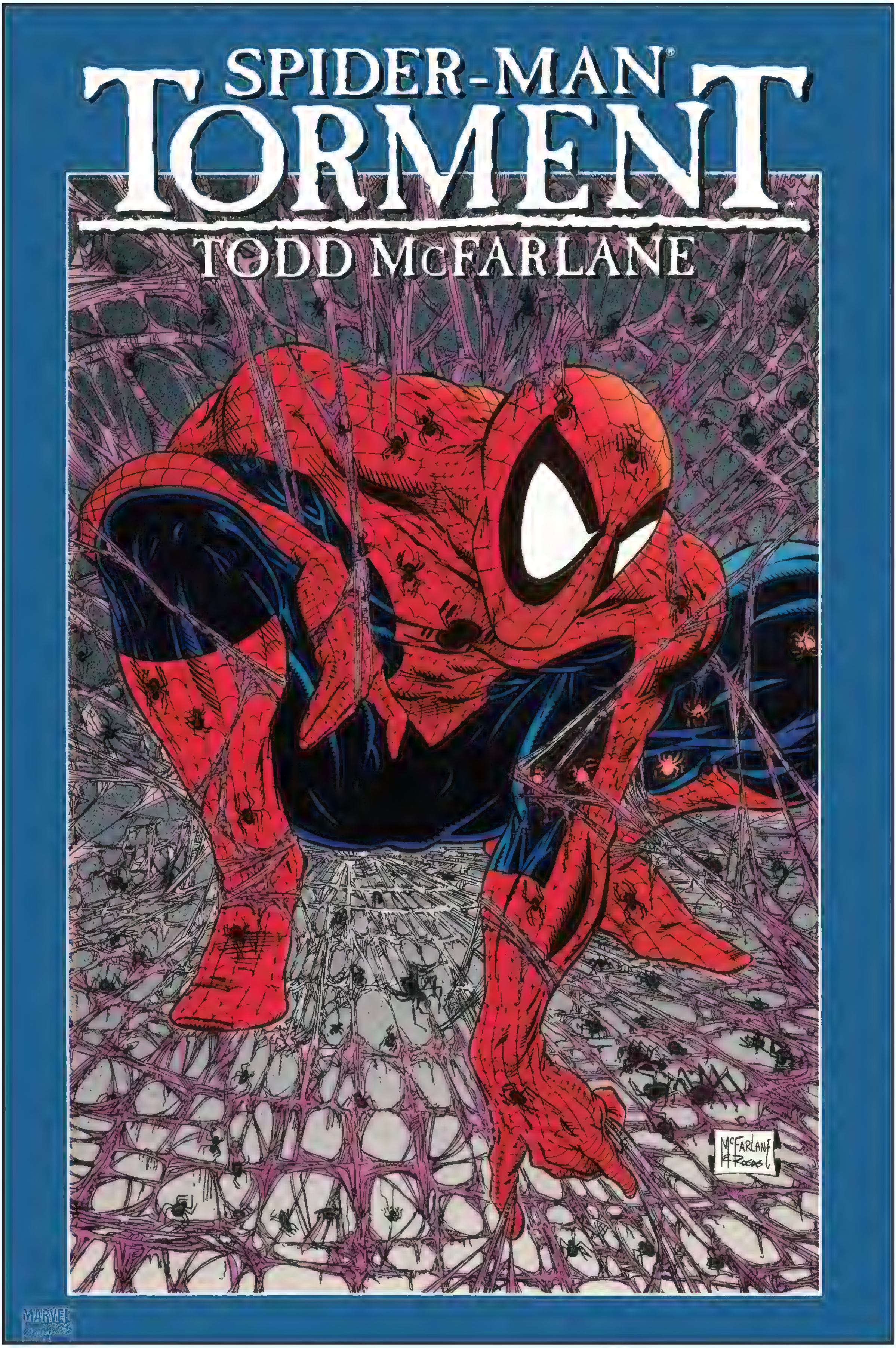
In the back of my mind, I saw this as an opportunity to solve a few problems. First, I wasn't happy with the reproduction Todd's work was getting with the printing and paper used on THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN. I had earlier requested that AMAZING switch to better printing and paper but was informed that would mean raising the price of the comic, which Marvel was reluctant to do. I also wanted to start a new Spider-Man title that would have out-of-continuity, five- or six-part stories to fill the growing demand for Spider-Man trade paperbacks. Choosing material for those books wasn't easy when storylines stretched on forever. If material was designed for the books in the first place, the end result would be more satisfying. And finally, I didn't want to lose Todd. Todd's energy and creativity made my job far more exciting and rewarding. The chance to take a leap to the next level with him was irresistible. And the powers that be granted us that chance. Having watched what Todd could do with other writers' plots, I knew he had the instincts to be a great comic book writer himself. Todd just naturally knew how to make every scene more dynamic and exciting. And if that's not important in creating super hero comics, I don't know what is.

I offered Todd the chance to write and draw SPIDER-MAN and I haven't regretted it yet.

Well, I've filled up my pages. It's time to let you get to the real reason you've picked up this book—Todd's classic five-part TORMENT series.

Have a good time. I know I did!

JIM SALICRUP
ARACHNERD EMERITUS
NOVEMBER 1991



SPIDER-MAN: TORMENT TPB **(1992 1ST PRINTING) COVER ART BY TODD McFARLANE & JOE ROSAS**

SPIDER-MAN: TORMENT TPB **(DIAMOND RETAILER VARIANT) COVER ART BY TODD McFARLANE**

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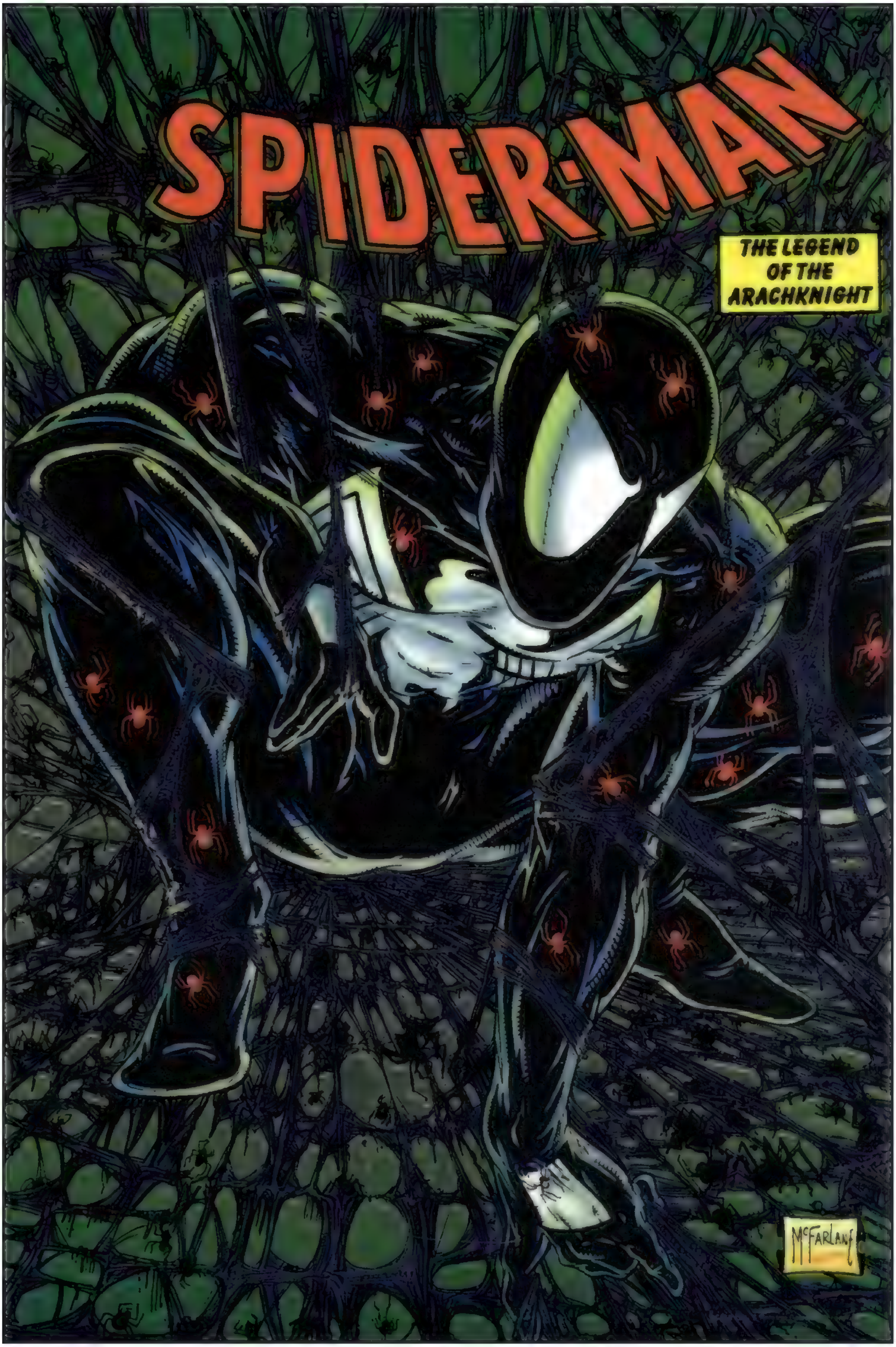
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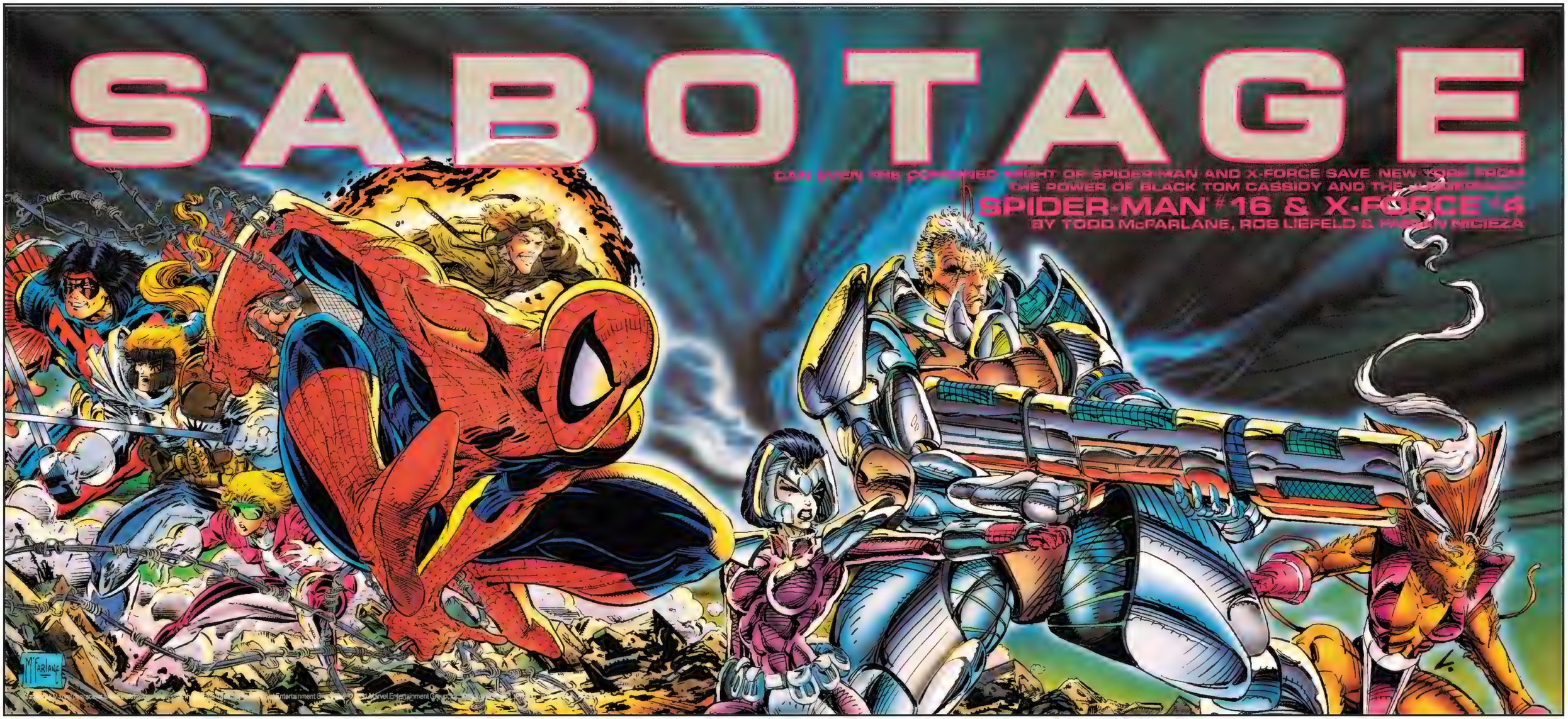

SABOTAGE **PROMOTIONAL POSTER BY TODD McFARLANE & ROB LIEFELD**

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***SPIDER-MAN #2* COVER**

CRIPES!

WHAT WAS THAT!

MY SPIDER-SENSE WON'T SHUT OFF.

THE POUNDING-- --THE BUZZING--

CAN'T CONCENTRATE.

WHY WON'T IT STOP--

--GO AWAY--

DOOM

DOOM

TODD McFARLANE

SPIDER-MAN #2, PAGE 10

***SPIDER-MAN #3* COVER**

YOU FEEL YOURSELF WOBBLE-- JUST AS THE CREATURE PREPARES TO FEED.

THE POUNDING BECOMES LOUDER.

DOOM AND LOUDER.

DOOM AND LOUDER.

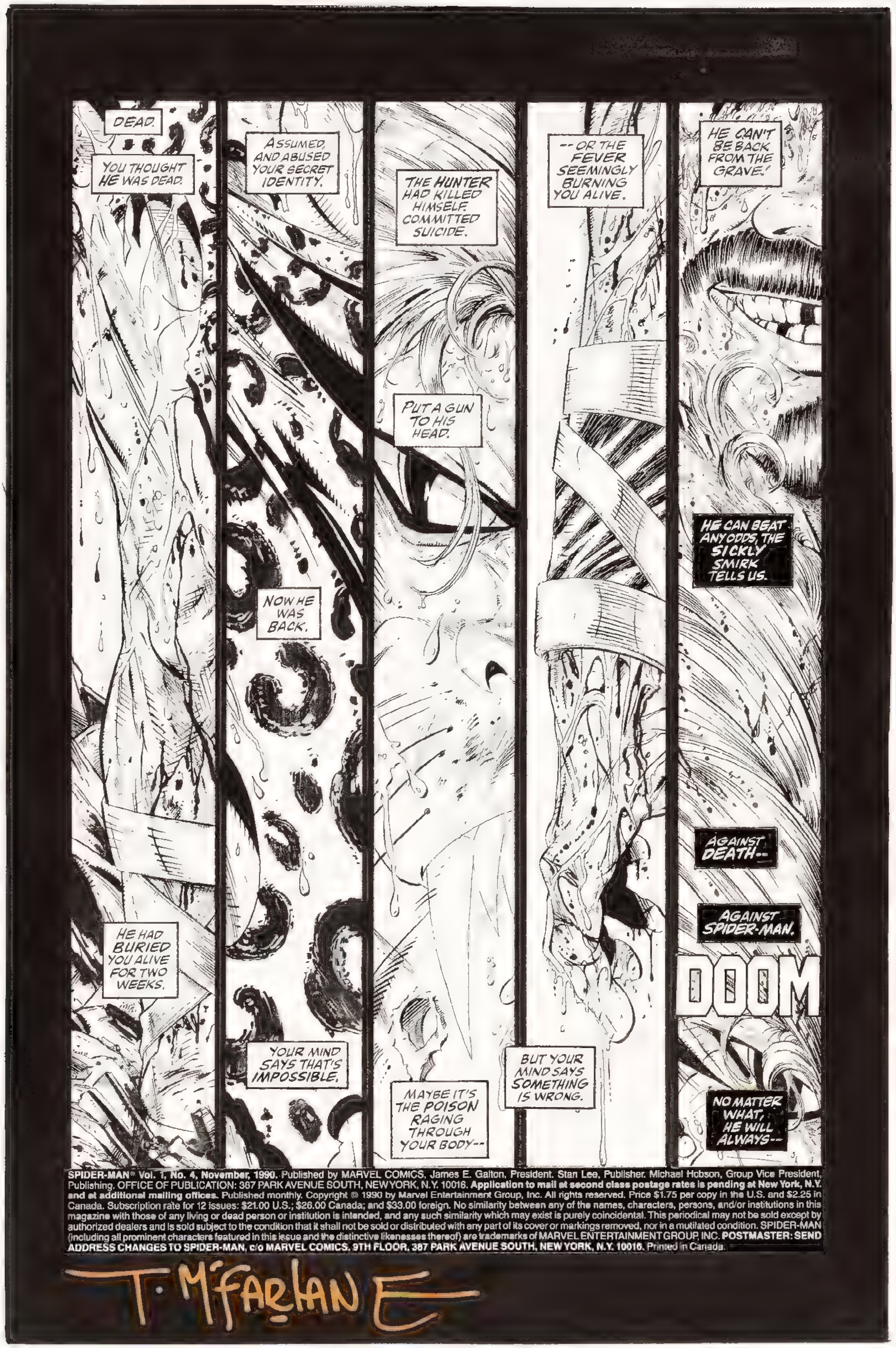
STOP!

DOOM DOOM DOOM

TODD McFARLANE

• STAT: (NEXT PART) FROM ISSUE 1.

***SPIDER-MAN #3*, PAGE 22**



***SPIDER-MAN #4*, PAGE 1**

SPIDER-MAN Issue #4 Pg. 7

EVERYTHING HAS TURNED OUT PERFECT.

SHE CACKLES INTO THE NIGHT.

DOOM

SOMEONE IS CONTROLLING IT.

LET US GO.

DOOM

DOOM

AT HER SIDE IS THE TRANSFORMED FIGURE OF DR. CURT CONNORS --

DOOM

WITH AN UNSPOKEN COMMAND, THE LIZARD TURNS. INSTINCTS, WANTING TO LEAP FORWARD AND TEAR APART THE HERO, ARE HELD IN CHECK.

--NOW KNOWN AS THE LIZARD!

DOOM

SINCE ITS REAPPEARANCE TWENTY-FOUR HOURS AGO THE USUALLY TALKATIVE CREATURE HAS NOT UTTERED ONE SYLLABLE.

DOOM

T. McFARLANE

***SPIDER-MAN #4*, PAGE 7**

T. M'FARLANE
OUR NEEDS ARE FAR BEYOND THOSE OF MORTALS.

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***SPIDER-MAN #7*, PAGE 5**

FOLD

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TODD McFARLANE

McFARLANE

FOLD

***SPIDER-MAN #8* COVER**

SPIDER-MAN - ISSUE #9 PG 5

OH, ONE MORE THING. YOU BREATHE A WORD OF OUR MEETING TO ANYONE--YOU WON'T BE GIVEN A CHANCE TO *BEG.*

FORTUNATELY FOR YOU, I'M IN A GENEROUS MOOD TONIGHT.

YOU SPREAD THE WORD TO YOUR FRIENDS THAT KILLING IS WRONG. MAKE SURE THEY GET YOUR POINT.

sure--sure, okay, I-- I promise.

CREG - ALL CAPTIONS ARE WOLVERINE THINKING.

NO FURTHER WORDS ARE SPOKEN. NONE IS NEEDED.

T.M. FARLANE

KINDA FUNNY THOUGH, DON'T THINK I'VE EVER SEEN A FAT MAN MOVE SO QUICKLY.

HOPE HIS FRIENDS DON'T SHOOT HIM.

***SPIDER-MAN #9*, PAGE 5**

OKAY, BIG FELLA, I GUESS IT'S TIME TO JOIN YOU AT YOUR LEVEL.
COSTUME WAS BUGGIN' ME.
I NEED TO BE AS FREE AS POSSIBLE.
SEE HOW IT REACTS TO SOMETHING AS SAVAGE
AS ANIMALISTIC
AS WILD AS ITSELF.
-91- TODD McFARLANE

ALL BLEED ART MUST EXTEND TO EDGE LINE

24

SPIDER-MAN | Issue 10 | Pg. 18

INKED BY SCOTT WILLIAMS

NAH! BESIDES, IT KEEPS ME YOUNG.

SO WHAT BRINGS YOU HERE? IT CAN'T BE THE CROWDS OR THE HYPE!

IT'S THE *KILLINGS*! THE THOUGHT OF DEAD ANIMALS, ESPECIALLY DEAD CHILDREN, SICKENS ME. I'VE SEEN MY FAIR SHARE OF SICK SITUATIONS, BUT THIS ONE'S CONTAGIOUS.

THOSE FRAGGIN' HUNTERS ARE DETERMINED TO KILL *EVERYTHING* UNTIL THEY GET IT RIGHT. AND, UNFORTUNATELY, I CAN'T STOP 'EM ALL.

WHICH IS WHERE YOU COME IN.

GREAT!

NOW I'M SUPPOSED TO STOP THE HUNTERS, AND LEST WE FORGET, THE R.C.M.P., THE ENVIRONMENTALISTS, AND THE REPORTERS.

FACTS, BUDDY. I'VE GOT TO HAVE SOMETHING SOLID.

AH, SHUT UP, KID! I DON'T WANT YA TO MOW 'EM DOWN. JUST REMOVE THEIR MOTIVATION. LET THEM KNOW THEIR TARGET IS IN TOWN. JUST KEEP 'EM OUT OF THE FOREST.

LISTEN, I'VE GOT A HUNDRED INNOCENT ANIMALS SLAUGHTERED OUT IN THE FOREST BY SOME HYPER-ACTIVE WEENIES. THEY THINK "BIGFOOT" KILLED THE BOYS.

I SAY HE DIDN'T.

SCOTT Williams

T. McFARLANE

***SPIDER-MAN #10*, PAGE 18 — INKS BY SCOTT WILLIAMS**

SPIDER-MAN #12 Pg. 5

OOPS !!

WEN-DI-GO!

WHAT NOW!?

I'M JUST TRYING TO HELP. AT LEAST LET ME COVER THE BOY UP.

NO!

I NEED THE BOY OUT IN THE OPEN SO I CAN GET A CONFESSION. I WANT THE MURDERER TO SEE THE AFTERMATH OF HIS ACTIONS.

WENDIGO WILL KEEP ANY PREDATORS FROM THE BODY. *YOUR* JOB IS TO STOP THE HUMANS.

MINE'S TO MAKE THEM PAY.

T. McFARLANE

***SPIDER-MAN #12*, PAGE 5**

ON THE SOUTH SIDE THERE'S ANOTHER GUEST. I LEAKED OUT A DIFFERENT LOCATION TO THE INSPECTOR'S GROUP.

MARTY? JIMMY? WHERE THE **HECK** ARE YOU?

INTENTIONALLY, I STEP ON A DRY BRANCH TO GET HIS ATTENTION.

UH?

THEN I MAKE SURE I KEEP IT.

CRIPES!

I THINK HE GETS THE MESSAGE.

BUB, I'M LOOKING FOR A CONFESSION AND I NEED YOUR HELP TO GET IT.

SO FOLLOW ME, 'CAUSE THERE'S SOMETHING I WANT YOU TO SEE.

% MARVEL COMICS GROUP
387 Park Avenue South
New York, New York 10016

DANNY FINGEROTH
EDITOR
ERIC FEIN
ASSISTANT EDITOR

Well, folks, I know you don't want to hear this (or maybe some of you do), but this is my last issue of SPIDER-MAN for the forseeable future. I'd like to thank a few people who, in my three or four year stay with Spider-Man, have made the stay more than a pleasure. First off, I'd like to thank *Rick Parker*, *Bob Sharen* and *Greg Wright* for adding their creative touches of coloring and lettering. Thanks to *Dan Cuddy* and *Glenn Herdling* for putting up with some of my bellyaching and dumb excuses for not getting work done on time. And I'd like to specifically thank *Jim Salicrup* for having enough confidence in me to allow changes to Spider-Man that helped push me and my career in a positive direction. He had the confidence to stick behind me even when I wasn't doing the right thing because he genuinely was concerned about me as a person first, and as a creator second. I'd like to say that in the time spent with Jim, the highest compliment I can pay him is that I never once thought of him as my editor, but as my friend. For this I'll always be grateful.

Now, the reason why I am quitting the book. On August 9, 1991, at 5:04 p.m., my wife and I were blessed with our first child. I had for months planned to take time off to be around my baby, and now that the time is here, seeing her pretty face makes that decision much easier. Besides seeing my daughter, Cyan, grow up, it's also time to lend a helping hand top my wife, Wanda, who has stood by me through thick and thin.

The other people without whom none of this could have been possible, are you, the readers. I thought that as a tribute to all the loyal Spider-Man fans out there, instead of answering regular mail, I would list the names of all of you who have written to me over the last couple of months. Those of you still writing after a year of publication are some of the most special fans that I could ever hope to have. Thanks for your support. Maybe we can do it again soon.

Carl Anderson, Brandon Sims, Jason Hilbel, Ryan Mozert, Nathaniel Lee Cozart, Mike Hruden, Corey Corcoran, Jon Smith, Kevin Hurtack, Ken Dowsland, Andy Brown, Grae Desmond, Michael Siegenthuler, Eric Realander, Dough Boy, Ed Masiello, David Patchell, John Tripp, Josh Roesch, Todd Meyers, Randy Alicea, Michael Stevens, Michael Lynch, David McGruther, Cindy Lewis, Jessy Cosada, John Daniel Ceine, Kody Chamberlain, Chris Mackowski, Philip Rivera, Mark DeWolfe, Rob Hagen, Charles Biddy, Paul Ufford, Casey Carmical, Erech Overaker, Andrew Vungaro, Ben Sum, John Millner, Nathan Dreierhofer, Jack Lambert, Gary Stuckey, Joesph Battle, Greg Streuly, Dave Carlson, Christian P. Lichtner, Shannon Murphy, Patrick Smith, Aaron Hale, Michael Givnish Jr., Jason Shiroky, Dean Browell, David Hilliard, Sean Kiley, Jason White, Nate Fanberg, Brian Neubauer, Jus. Atwood, Carlos Munoz, Jackie Rae Hannigan, Hard Harry, Clay Ketterman, Mark Sam, Alex Ferrari, Joey Hamill, Jose Valadez, Marc Fanberg, Michael Gabriel, Vince Kugler, Steve Dunagan, Tim Sattler, Cormac Cummane, McBride, Andrew Brown, Jason Olendese, Kirdes Noble, Michael Shirley, Steve Swenston, Riwan Khalil, Henry Kong, Miguel Corti, Evan Harris, Chris Connelly, Nick Viola, Grant Lee, Dan Garcia, David Velazquez, Chad Connally, Jeremi McGee, Chad Nuss, Derrick J. Courville, Joseph P. Berube, Brian Knowles, Anthony Donaldson, Fabian Sifuentes, Matthew French, Chris Algier, Chris Reiger, Brent Blakley, Lance Shaw, David Frueh, L.R. Goetz, Peggy Eagan, William Burrell, Charles Fitler, Allen Whitt, Jason Bray, Brent Goldberg, Guy Demong, Simon Price, Miguel Bryant, Jacob Brennan, Doug Miller, Marc Lawrence, John R. Beck, Josh Reece, Edward Del Resco, Dominic Maisano, Rob Potchak, Steve Shirilla, Leo Tomei, Benjy Rodriguez, Dude Mann, Ken King, Jason Jacoby, John St. John, Justin Carmona, Tony Karnowski, Tim Luz Jr. Darren Cruz, Derek Paradis, Zachary Larner, Shane Salerner, Billy Church, Brian Milson Jr., Steve Shepp, Brad Brandhorst, Adam Liebling, Casey Robbins, Bill Demarest, Patrick Guthrie, Naser Subasic, Pete Leousis, Frank Sims, Jamie Trecycer, Dan Santoro, Brian Wilmeth, Brian Barton, Dennis Cassidy, Steven Taylor, Jerry Nelson, DAvid Davidson, Ray Kelley, Charlie Sydnor, Steve Sonneueld, Joe Underwood, Jason Grimer, David Boum, Ryan Will, Dan Russell, Paul J. Martinez, Ehud Iazin, David Brewer, Joey Burbo, David L. Alexander, Vincent Seiberling, Michael Davis, Richard Hopkins, Jason Burns, Daniel Ryan, Jose Corona, Jamie Trelleux, Lucas Johnson, Jonathon Colman, Ron Retsch, Clay Tipton, Peter Prichard, Chris Beebie, Ryan Cooper, Ken Krouner, Anthony Simeone, Cyhuck Moore, Ryan Pasquini, Matthew Solnit, Sean Knight, J.J. Miller, Logan Dempsey, Nick Guzick, Jon Priadka, Ryan Mozert, Gina Smith, M.C. Azha, Scott Hildebrandt, Dan Buczynski, Tao Ming Yeung, Jason Wiltz, Richard Hansen, Chris Webster, Christopher Tamayo, John Kretzer, Chad Sager, Tim Luz Jr., Vince Dill, Chris Allen, Scott Hinsel, Syed Waseg, John Yokitis, Wayne Mark, Mark Griffen, Cory Kleinschmidt, Jason Irving, Jason Hill, Jeff James, Tony So, Glenn H. Collier, Brad A. Davidson, Gooch, Kelly Babauta, Jimmy Walker, Carsopn Craig, Eric Wedige, Mike Leonard, Trent Link, Nic Weismiller, Gerald Kirkham, B.J. Sizemore, Scott Powels, James Cooper, Phillip Daniels, Rob Ayres, Matt Powers, The Pigeon, Bryan Lucas, Jim Waters, Marke Frentz, Michael Hoover, J. William McNeil, Jason Alexander, Alex Brashears, Greg Bayless, John W. Hildebrandt, Thomas Schloendorn, Chris Loch, Robert McIlroy, Mike Linley, Andrew Moodre, Joe Tolliver, Daniel Loew, David DeBoe, Ismael Davila, Steve Dalla Vecchia, Ed Coker, Andrew Long, Scott Hippenstiel, John Betz, Shing Ho Cheng, Luis Torres Lamboy, David Price, Steven J. Acevedo, Heather Driscoll, Jason Ceresa, Aaron Friedman, Christopher McCray, Marcus G., Morgan Yerger, Jeffery Leeds, Mark W. Billian, William deBray, Christian De Matteo, Jacob Kinser, Mike Reiter, Andy McCorkle, Steve Durman, Jonathan Walls, Gordon Baldwin, Dwain Pruitt, David Frost, Sean P. McGee, Aaron Masik, Falkon R. Caywood, Travis Kramer, Rob Rhoden, Matt Miller, Drew Pence, Ramon A. Carcases, Brad J. Williams, Douglas Beaver, Guarino Guseffe, Jared Millet, Adam Frazier, Frank Cockrell, Billy Korn David Brown, Noel Green, Daniel Reyes, Ernesto Ocampo, Mark Jankowski, Adam James, Dave Twigg, Darren Buettner, Timothy Grant, Daniel Tate, Marson Fedrick, Brent Woodard, Greg Bodwin, Uncle Elvis, Son Do, Jackson Gibsonn, Mike Olsen, Jeff Geisbauer, Matt Beatty, Baldwin Marte, Alexis Frias, Brandon Rowlett, Jade Laye, Don Steer, Mike Thomas, Jerry Wasik, Dusty Smith, David Lawrence, Chris Bradley, Bennett Schmid, Brent Perkins, kMike Barsotti, Jason Pucilowski, Jim Cannon, Shane Corathers, Dave Pruitt, Steve Semrad, Scott E. Johnston, Scottie Wiggins, Jon Brandi, John W. Piceno, Ray Leung, Kristen Westberg, Rick Motz, Jay Pelluccu, Benjamin Stone, Rudy Pankratz, Daniel CAssity, Edwin S. Nieves, Christopher Andrews, Matt Taylor, Keith Urkiel, Jay Farrow, Larry Stark, Tucker Hiner, Carlin A. Trammel, Larry Martin, Ryan Taylor, Eric Bentley, Russell Pustejorsky, Robert Lambert, Jeffrey A. DeWitt, Tom Cipullo, Ron Retsch, Matthew Hawes, Arul Sriram, Brian Martin, David Somers, Damon Copeland, Ryan Reposar, Clayton Taylor, Kevin Shun, Brian Dominque, E. Forrest Carpenter, W. Al Reide, Christopher Lebron, Steve Artrip, Joseph Capriccisso, Russell jarvis, Britten Martin , Jeff Johns, Pat Rorick, Bradford R. Poston, Steven Paluch, Jonathon LaBonte, Robert Verdibello, Jason Robinson, Rich LaPointe, Steven Fegely, Bryan Crockett, Robert Ahrenz, Erick Rudolph, Bill Mitchel, Mike Walker, Jason Shum, Cliff Watson, Mark Redman, Jerry Beaucheane, Yuly Margulis, Paul Acevedo, Christopher Day, Christopher Craddock, Charles Tayson III, Augie De Blieck, David Bowen, Rol Hirst, Michael Cross, Jarrod Love, Chris Banul, Matthew Mazer, Kent Burton, Kevin Borchardt, Joe Litak, Christopher Beleznay, Andy Smith, Kevin Cureton, Jason Torres, Mark West, Jeff Ponder, Brenda Roberts, Edward Arseneau, Mark Prier, Rob McKinney, Kevin Brooks, James H. Peers, Sam Delong, Bill Yang, Peter Shaulis, Shawn Shepley, Chris Keenan, Josh Deck, Juan-Jose Pichardo, Joshua Costa, Michael McGrath Sandy, Danieley, Mike Garvison, Michael J. Palmer, Walter Poulos, Keith Previc, Michael MacEachern, Jim Maciorowski, Robert Rivera, Chris Khalaf, Bryan Alexander, Ryan Chung, John Touzios, Tim Childers, Walter Wurzburger, Gabriel Garcia, Shelton Galloway, Jay Patterson, Peter Vile, E.J. Skudlarczyk, Zaldy Ramirez, Scott Morgan, Brian Sullivan, Dominic Cagliostro, Justin McFarr, Big T, Mike Weyer, Parker Holden, John Blandford, Patrick Smith, Felix Garcia, Sam Brown, Tim Matson, William Leung, Christopher Lebron, David Clark, Chad Fontanini, Shannon Stansbury, Josh S., Warren J., Michael A. Harper, Carlos Gallega, Charles Johnson, Jeff Fawcett, The Rat, Noel Loubier, John Steib, Eddie Maldonado, Steffan May, Holly Mayer, Greg Pinkley, Kristian Jackson, Simone Jenkins, Chris Dittmar, Timothy Dement, Ben Mehl, Jeremy Painter, Monti S. Floyd, Joe Kushner Justin D. Haslett, Warren Ripley, D. Maloy, Johnny Robinson, Daniel Williams Brendon, Borrell, Brian Taylor, John Archer, Mike Rogers, Ryan Powell, Jasor Dvorak, Brad Alan Redford, Brent Foster, Cliff Roberts, Marc Williamson, Todc Kaslar, Linus Quanttrocchi, Aaron Stoddard, Dexter A. Riley, Travis Sluiter, Jared L Mitchell, Luke Rogers, Tony Samboa, William Maynard, J. Neufeld, Todd Simonton Jeff Walker, John Gore, S. O'Connor, E.J. Vogt, Jeremy Tankard, Randy Cole

Here is the winner of the "Inker Contest" in Spider-man #10.

Muriel Ferrier

Congratulations, Muriel!

The page numbers, not counting advertisements, and inkers, were as follows:
Rick Magyar - Pages 7, 9, & 10
Rob Liefeld - Pages 15, 16
Scott Williams - Pages 14, 18
Jim Lee - Page 17

--Todd McFarlane

I hope all you Todd-fans will stick around, even with Todd leaving. We've got some special events lined up to entice you to do so. Next month, we've got a wild story by *Ann Nocenti*, *Rick Leonardi* and *Al Williamson* in which Spider-Man dies. Really. Dies. It also features the villainy of *Thanos*!

Then, starting in issue #18 *Erik Larsen* (who so heroically pitched in with issue #15), will write, pencil and ink the five part "Revenge of the Sinister Six" featuring Doc Ock and the rest of Spidey's fiercest foes against the web-slinger (he really *was* dead; he got better) and some very special guests including *GHOST RIDER*, the *HULK* and some very hot characters we can't divulge yet. Not too shabby, eh?

Stick around. The next great era of SPIDER-MAN is about to begin. And you'll be here for it.

--Danny Fingeroth

THE BOOK THAT TRANSFORMED COMICS!

Todd McFarlane became a superstar illustrating *Amazing Spider-Man*, but he changed the industry forever with his next project: the "adjectiveless" *Spider-Man*! Taking on both writing and art duties, McFarlane ushered Peter Parker into a gritty new era — and it began with "Torment"! When the Big Apple's streets run red with blood, the web-slinger heads into the sewers to stop the Lizard's homicidal rampage. But what is driving his old friend and foe? Plus: Ghost Rider lends a bony hand when the deranged Hobgoblin returns, the wall-crawler finds himself at the center of a clash of claws between Wolverine and Wendigo, and Pete goes back in black to face Morbius the Living Vampire! And in the ultimate '90s team-up, Spidey joins X-Force to battle the unstoppable Juggernaut!

Collecting *Spider-Man (1990) #1-14* and *#16*, and *X-Force (1991) #4* — written by Todd McFarlane with Rob Liefeld and Fabian Nicieza; and illustrated by Todd McFarlane with Rob Liefeld.

MARVEL

In *X-Force #3*, Black Tom Cassidy and the Juggernaut took hostages inside the World Trade Center, including mutant businessmen Gideon and Sunspot. X-Force arrived and attacked the villains, and while Warpath battled Juggernaut in the street, Cable fought Black Tom on the roof. Just as Spider-Man swung by, an explosion rang out…

CABLE, LEADER OF THE MUTANT GROUP X-FORCE, AND BLACK TOM CASSIDY, WERE LOCKED IN BATTLE HIGH ATOP THE WORLD TRADE CENTER, NEITHER ONE WILLING TO GIVE AN INCH.

THAT WAS A MINUTE AGO.

OUTSIDE, PETER PARKER -- OTHERWISE KNOWN AS SPIDER-MAN -- WAS SWINGING MERRILY ON HIS WAY TO THE DAILY BUGLE.

THAT WAS THIRTY SECONDS AGO.

BLACK TOM DETONATED A BOMB.

THAT WAS TWO SECONDS AGO.

THIS IS NOW!

WHOA, NELLIE!

I THOUGHT BY SWINGING AS HIGH ABOVE AS POSSIBLE, I'D HAVE A *LITTLE* SERENITY.

BUT *NOOOO!*

LOOKS LIKE THERE'S SOME SORT OF *COMMOTION* BELOW. BETTER CHECK IT OUT.

STAN LEE PRESENTS:

THE SABOTAGE

CROSS-OVER PART ONE

SPECIAL ASSIST BY ROB LIEFELD

TODD McFARLANE STORY PENCILS INKS

GREG WRIGHT COLORS

CHRIS ELIOPOULOS LETTERS

DANNY FINGEROTH EDITOR

TOM DEFALCO CHIEF

OH NO, NOT JUGGERNAUT!

YOU'D BETTER SAY YOUR PRAYERS, PAL!

'CAUSE IF THAT'S THE BEST YOU CAN DO, THIS FIGHT IS GONNA BE OVER A LOT SOONER THAN YOU'D LIKE

I'LL FINISH YOU, THEN I'M OUTTA HERE.

'CAUSE THINGS ARE GETTIN' A BIT TOO MESSY FOR MY LIKING.

AND THERE AIN'T NO ONE GONNA STOP ME, TONTO!

WHY DOES IT NOT SURPRISE ME THAT YOUR EVIL ALSO INCLUDES RACISM? LOOKING TO MAKE YOURSELF BETTER AT THE EXPENSE OF OTHERS.

WELL, YOU HAVEN'T HURT ME SO FAR, EITHER.

SO WHY DON'T WE TURN THIS FIGHT UP A NOTCH?

BUDDY, I DON'T HAVE TIME FOR YOU.

THEN, MAKE IT!

FROM THE TOP FLOORS OF THE TRADE CENTER, STRONG WINDS BLOW THE BLACK BILLOWS ACROSS MANHATTAN--

--SENDING A MESSAGE THAT THE THREE DAY OLD TAKEOVER MIGHT SOON BE COMING TO AN END.*

*SEE X-FORCE #'S 2 AND 3. -- DANNY

BUT AT THE BOTTOM OF SAID BUILDING, TWO MORE HEROES HAVE COME INTO PLAY.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT THAT SOUND WAS, FERAL, BUT HOPEFULLY CABLE AND THE OTHERS CAN HANDLE THE SITUATION.

I'M SURE THEY CAN.

TIME FOR US TO DO OUR PART.

WARPATH, IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU *STANDING!*

I THOUGHT YOU COULD USE A LITTLE HELP FROM A *TRUE* WARRIOR.

THANKS FOR YOUR CONCERN, SHATTERSTAR. I'M TOUCHED. WHAT'S HAPPENED TO THE OTHERS?

SHOULD I OR SHOULDN'T I?

AW, DANG IT! I'M GOING TO HATE MYSELF FOR THIS.

WE'LL WORRY ABOUT THEM LATER.

FOR NOW, I WANT TO SEE JUST HOW TOUGH HIS SKIN IS WHEN IT MEETS MY *RAZOR SHARP* CLAWS.

FERAL, *NO!* WE CAN'T LET YOU ATTACK BY YOURSELF. IF *I* COULDN'T STOP HIM, WHAT CHANCE WOULD *YOU* HAVE?

WAY TO BUILD HER CONFIDENCE, *INJUN'*.

ON MY WORD, PREPARE TO--

THOSE KIDS DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY'RE GETTING THEMSELVES INTO. JUGGERNAUT HAS YET TO BE STOPPED DEAD IN HIS TRACKS. WHEN HE DECIDES IT'S TIME TO GO-- IT'S *TIME* TO GO!!

SO WHETHER THEY WANT IT OR NOT, THEY'RE GOING TO NEED HELP FROM A PAST JUGGERNAUT OPPONENT.

UNFORTUNATELY, *I'M* THE ONLY ONE HERE WHO FITS THAT BILL.

ATTACK!

YOUSE GUYS ARE DUMBER THAN COWS BEING LED TO SLAUGHTER.

WHERE I COME FROM, WARRIORS WIN FIGHTS WITH SKILL AND DETERMINATION, *NOT* WITH SHALLOW THREATS.

LET'S SEE WHAT KIND OF WARRIOR *YOU* ARE.

LET'S SEE IF HE CAN TAKE A SHOT-- FULL FORCE-- TO THE CHEST.

CANNONBALL-STYLE!

BUT BEFORE OUR HEROES CAN MAKE FINAL CONTACT, THEY ARE DEAFENED BY THE SOUND OF A FLYING ROCKET.

HEADS UP, GANG!

THE ROCKET'S NAME IS SAM GUTHRIE. A.K.A. CANNONBALL.

THIS'LL BE AMUSIN'.

AND FUN!

LUCKILY FOR SAM, HIS BODY IS PROTECTED FROM HARM WHEN IT IS IN ROCKET MODE.

BUT THE SHEER IMPACT HAS DISRUPTED HIS POWER. SO SAM IS ONCE AGAIN JUST HUMAN.

HURLING 137 MILES AN HOUR TOWARDS CONCRETE WALLS WON'T HELP THE SITUATION ANY.

OOPS.

FORTUNATELY, FATE IS ON HIS SIDE.

UUMMPH!!

IZZAT YOU-- MOM?!

KID, I THINK YOUR TEAM'S LACKING A BIT OF LEADER-SHIP.

WHERE'S CABLE?

THAT'S A QUESTION ON EVERYONE'S MIND.

TO FIND THE ANSWER, WE MUST LOOK PAST THE DESTRUCTION TO THE FLOORS JUST BELOW THE IMPACT.

IT IS HERE WE FIND CABLE AND THE REST OF THE SURVIVING X-FORCE.

EVERYONE'S ACCOUNTED FOR--GOOD!

MY ARMOR SHIELDED ME. BUT IT SAYS SOMETHING THAT YOU GUYS MADE IT WITHOUT THAT KIND OF PROTECTION.

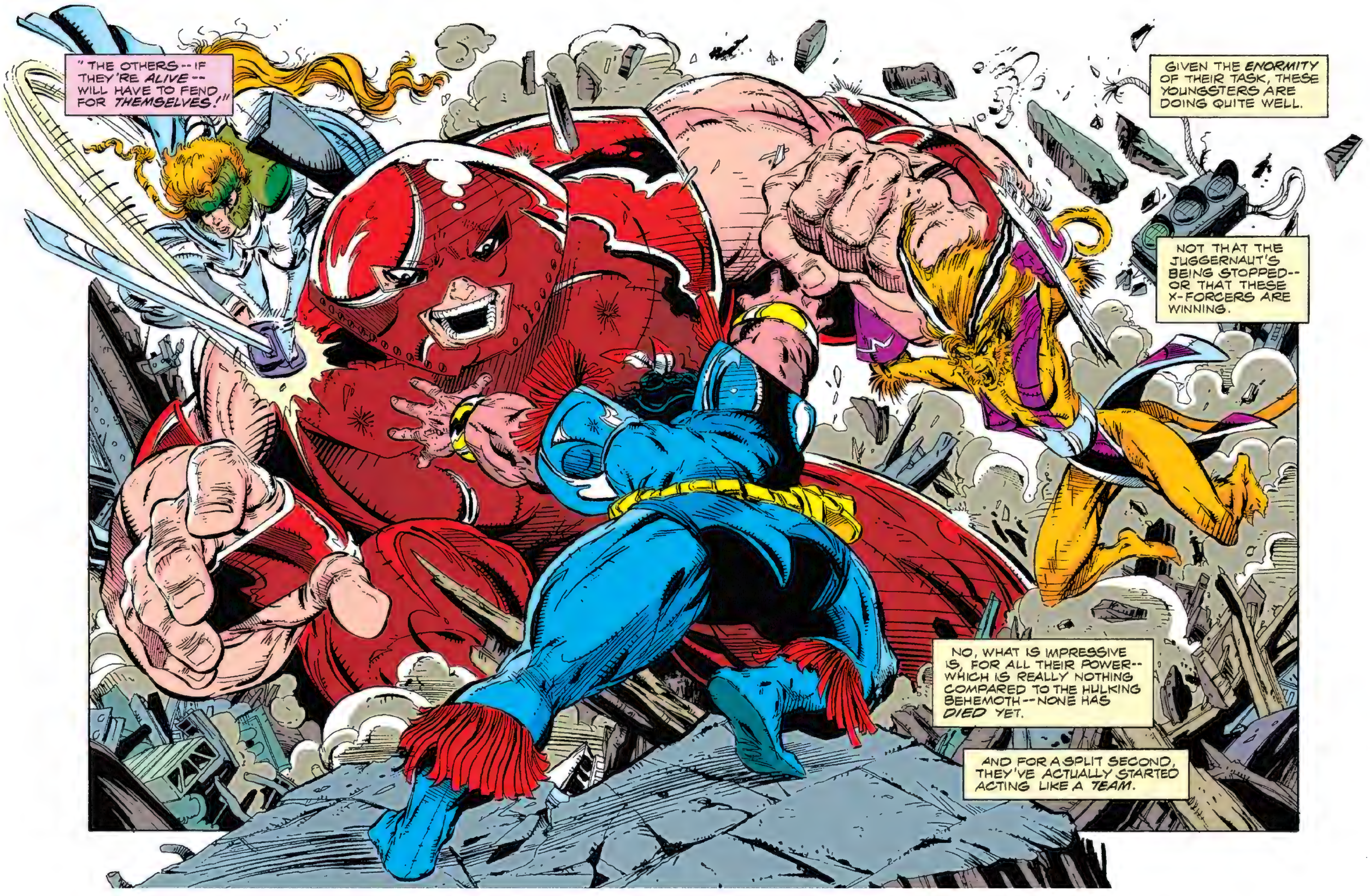
MAN! WHAT A *MESS!*

CABLE! WHERE IS BLACK TOM? I THOUGHT HE WAS STANDING BY YOU WHEN THE BOMB WENT OFF.

I DON'T KNOW. I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR HIS BODY IN THE WRECKAGE SINCE THE SMOKE CLEARED--BUT I CAN'T FIND A TRACE OF HIM.

FOR NOW, I NEED YOU AND SIRYN TO GET DOWNSTAIRS AND SEE WHAT HAPPENED TO WARPATH AND JUGGERNAUT.

TELL THE TEAM TO TAKE HIM OUT *AS FAST AS* POSSIBLE. I'M GOING AFTER BLACK TOM!


"THE OTHERS -- IF THEY'RE *ALIVE* -- WILL HAVE TO FEND FOR *THEMSELVES!*"
GIVEN THE *ENORMITY* OF THEIR TASK, THESE YOUNGSTERS ARE DOING QUITE WELL.
NOT THAT THE JUGGERNAUT'S BEING STOPPED -- OR THAT THESE X-FORCERS ARE WINNING.
NO, WHAT IS IMPRESSIVE IS, FOR ALL THEIR POWER -- WHICH IS REALLY NOTHING COMPARED TO THE HULKING BEHEMOTH -- NONE HAS *DIED* YET.
AND FOR A SPLIT SECOND, THEY'VE ACTUALLY STARTED ACTING LIKE A *TEAM*.

CANNONBALL, I WANT YOU TO STAY HERE AND REST FOR A WHILE. IF YOU THINK YOU CAN HELP LATER, FINE.

FOR NOW, IT LOOKS LIKE YOUR BUDDIES COULD USE A BIT OF HELP.

YOU'VE GOTTA ADMIRE THOSE KIDS. JUGGY'S WIPING THE FLOOR WITH THEM AND THEY KEEP COMING *BACK*.

MAYBE THEY'RE JUST STUPID.

DON'T WORRY, SPIDER-MAN, AH'LL BE ALL RIGHT IN A FLASH! THE REST OF THE TEAM SHOULD BE OKAY SINCE IT WAS THE *TOP* STORIES OF THE TRADE CENTER THAT BLEW UP.

OOW!!

CABLE CAN HANDLE BLACK TOM.

UH-- BE WITH YA IN A SECOND.

TIME TO GIVE 'EM A LESSON IN SIMPLICITY.

AW, JUGGY, MY FRIEND. HOW LOVELY TO SEE YOU AGAIN.

BUT PICKING ON THESE YOUNG HEROES DOESN'T QUITE BECOME SOMEONE OF YOUR STATURE. BESIDES, THESE KIDS HAVEN'T QUITE GRASPED THE IDEA THAT YOU CAN'T BE STOPPED.

NOW, WHAT SAY YOU DANCE WITH ONE OF YOUR *OLD BUDDIES* INSTEAD?

SPIDER-MAN!!

HOW MANY HEROES ARE *IN* THIS TOWN, ANYWAY?

GRETZKY

THIS AIN'T *YOUR* FIGHT, SO WHY DON'T YOU MIND YOUR OWN *BUSINESS*?

THAT'S RIGHT, FOLLOW ORDERS LIKE *GOOD* LITTLE SOLDIERS.

HAS ANYONE STOPPED TO THINK THAT BY LISTENING TO YOUR SO-CALLED LEADER, *EVERYTHING* HAS BEEN SCREWED UP?

POSSIBLE CASUALTIES, MILLIONS IN DAMAGE AND NO CRIMINAL. THAT'S A HECK OF A RECORD SO FAR.

YOU OTHERS MIGHT HAVE A DEATH WISH, BUT I'M SICK OF LISTENING TO THIS GREY-HAIRED RAMBO.

YOU'VE GOT TO BE *KIDDING!*

NOW, TELL ME, WHO DIED AND *MADE YOU KING?* I DON'T LIKE THIS ANY BETTER THAN YOU DO -- *NONE* OF US DOES!

WE DIDN'T *START* THIS, BUT WE SURELY CAN TRY TO DO SOMETHING TO STOP IT.

IT'S NOT THE STOPPING I'M CONCERNED ABOUT. WHAT BUGS *ME* IS THAT I DON'T THINK CABLE WANTS TO END THIS SO FAST.

I ACTUALLY THINK HE'S ENJOYING HIMSELF, AND THE REST OF US -- THE GENERAL PUBLIC INCLUDED -- ARE *JUST* AN AFTERTHOUGHT.

CLAM UP.

TOUGH GUY, AREN'T YOU, CABLE? WELL, I DON'T BUY IT.

IT'S AMAZING HOW THE OTHERS CAN'T SEE THROUGH YOU. THEIR LIFE I GUESS.

SHORT AS IT MAY BE.

YOU LISTEN AND YOU LISTEN GOOD!!

I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU OR SUNSPOT DO. YOU THINK YOU CAN DO BETTER-- *FINE!* IN THE MEANTIME, WE'VE A BUNCH OF INNOCENT PEOPLE THAT WERE CAUGHT IN THE BLAST. WHY DON'T YOU TRY AND HELP THEM? YOU AND I CAN SETTLE OUR DIFFERENCES LATER.

TRY AND ACT A LITTLE RESPONSIBLE FOR ONCE.

RESPONSIBLE!

I'LL TEACH YOU ABOUT RESPONSIBILITY. C'MON, BIG MAN-- WHY DON'T YOU TAKE OFF THAT ARMOR. SHOW ME WHAT YOU'RE *REALLY* MADE OF.

EASY, *FELLAHS!* THIS ISN'T THE TIME OR PLACE. WE'VE GOT PEOPLE COUNTING ON US.

HEAR THAT, GIDEON? TIME TO PUT THAT GIANT CHIP ON YOUR SHOULDER ON THE SHELF. I'VE GOT A TERRORIST TO CATCH WITH OR WITHOUT YOUR HELP.

RESULT'S GONNA BE THE *SAME* ANYWAY.

DOMINO, GIVE THE *PUNKS* SOMETHING TO DO.

UH-- YES, SIR.

HOWZAT, AGAIN?

LIKE I SAID, IF YOU DON'T STOP THIS COMMOTION *IMMEDIATELY* AND HAND YOURSELF OVER TO THE AUTHORITIES-- I'M GOING TO BE *FORCED* TO TAKE SOME DRASTIC ACTIONS.

HEE-HEE.

IZZAT RIGHT?

WELL, UNLESS I'M STUPIDER THAN YOU LOOK--YOU'RE MISSING THE OBVIOUS. I'M *BIGGER* THAN YOU! AND SINCE THE ONLY THING THAT CAN STOP ME IS MYSELF, I SUGGEST *YOU* LEAVE IMMEDIATELY OR I'LL BE *FORCED* TO BLOW MY NOSE WITH YOU.

WELL, YOU'VE HAD YOUR CHANCE.

THIS IS GOING TO HURT *ME* MORE THAN IT IS *YOU*.

NOW, X-FORCERS, TAKE NOTE! I KNOW I CAN'T STOP HIM-- BUT I SURE AS HECK CAN SLOW HIM DOWN.

NOW, PUSH!!

SPIDEY, YOU'RE A GENIUS.

THAT WASN'T FUNNY.

OKAY, NOW WE'RE GOING TO DO IT *MY* WAY--

--HARD, FAST AND UGLY!

YEAH! YEAH!

YOU SURE TALK A MEAN FIGHT WHEN YOU'RE *BELLY DOWN*. DID ANYONE EVER TELL YOU THAT-- *HUH?!*

HEY! GET THAT THING *OUTTA* HERE! YOU CAN'T PARK IT NOW. WHO'D BE *DUMB* ENOUGH TO TRY AND LAND A SHIP DOWN HERE ANYWAY?

UM-- SPIDER-MAN-- SHE'S ONE OF *OURS*.

NOW I'M MAD!!

JUST WHERE DO YOU GUYS GET OFF TRYING TO *HOG* ALL THE ACTION FOR YOURSELVES?

WHY, IF I HAD HALF A MIND I'D--

THANKS FOR THE DISTRACTION, CHICK!

OH, OH!

UH-- NEVER MIND.

AS A MATTER OF FACT, DO *WHATEVER* YOU WANT. I DON'T CARE. BUT I'VE GOT A PSYCHO TO CATCH-- MUST HAVE LEFT TRACKS SOMEWHERE--AND I *WON'T* BE SLOWED DOWN.

IF YOU THINK I'M HERE TO BABYSIT, THINK AGAIN. I FIGURE YOU'RE ALL BIG ENOUGH TO MAKE THE *RIGHT* DECISIONS ON YOUR OWN.

IF NOT, THEN GET *OUT OF THE WAY!!* 'CAUSE I CAN'T STOMACH THOSE WHO WON'T DEAL WITH THEIR *OCCUPATIONAL HAZARDS!*

WHEN YOU STOP POUTING, SEE IF YOU CAN'T HELP THE BUSINESS FOLKS.

LITTLE GIRL, YOU'D BETTER HAVE A *WHOLE* LOT MORE THAN THAT!

OOOH, JUGGY, I LOVE IT WHEN YOU TALK DIRTY.

BRAVADO IS ALL THEY HAVE.

SO IT'S TIME HE SAW OUR *POINT* OF VIEW--

AND IF IT'S MORE YOU WANT, I'VE *PLENTY* LEFT TO GIVE!

DON'T LET HIM INTIMIDATE YOU, BOOM-BOOM. I'VE DEALT WITH HIS KIND BEFORE.

HOPE HE BUYS THE *BLUFF*!

HELLO? X-FOLKS?! HOW MANY TIMES DO I HAVE TO TELL YOU... HE *CAN'T* BE STOPPED, ONLY SLOWED DOWN.

AAAHH!

--LITERALLY!!

IDIOTS!

I HAVE--MAGIC COURSING THROUGH--MY--VEINS. IT PROTECTS AND *HEALS* ME--AT A RATE--FAR GREATER THAN YOURS.

I CAN ALREADY FEEL IT WORKING.

THERE!!

I CAN SEE AGAIN.

BUT THAT STUPID ACT JUST BOUGHT YOU A DEATH SENTENCE. I WAS ONLY TRYING TO LEAVE. WITHOUT BLACK TOM, I HAD NO USE FOR FIGHTING.

TOO BAD YOU WON'T ACCEPT THAT.

FINE BY ME.

IT'S ALREADY A GREAT DAY FOR YOU TO DIE.

ESPECIALLY SHATTERSTAR.

WHEN I FIND YOUR BODY, I'LL RIP IT FROM *LIMB* TO *LIMB*.

OH, OH.

HA-HA-
HA-HA-
HA-HA--

OH,MY--
HA-HEE-
HA-HA!

HA-HA-
HA-HEE!

HEE-
HEE.

HUH?

BOOM

TO USE YOUR, TIRED CLICHE-- IS *THAT* THE BEST *YOU* CAN DO ?!!

WELL, NOW YOU'VE MADE ME *MAD!*

OKAY X-FORCE, I'M RUNNING THIS PARTY NOW. IF YOU WANT TO STOP HIM, THEN I'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO DO IT.

WITH PLEASURE.

CONCLUDES IN *X-FORCE #4* -- ON SALE NOW ! AND BE BACK *HERE* NEXT ISSUE FOR THE *DEATH OF SPIDER-MAN!*

TO ALL YOU READERS OF THE PAST FEW YEARS !! THANKS!! IT'S BEEN A BLAST--!

TODD McFARLANE